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THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

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THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS - BOYCE

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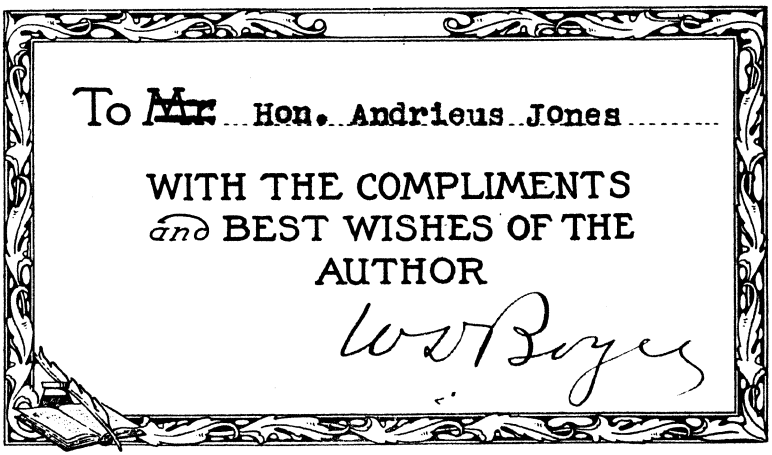
To ~~Mr.~~ Hon. Andrieus Jones
WITH THE COMPLIMENTS
and BEST WISHES OF THE
AUTHOR
W W Boyce

WILLIAM D. BOYCE.

THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

ILLUSTRATED

By

WILLIAM D. BOYCE

PUBLISHER OF "THE SATURDAY BLADE," "CHICAGO LEDGER," "THE FARMING BUSINESS," AND THE "INDIANA DAILY TIMES."

RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

CHICAGO NEW YORK

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INTRODUCTION

FEW citizens of the United States, I believe, fully appreciate the fact that the Philippine Islands are made up of 3,141 separate islands, and contain 76,800,000 acres of land. Few of them wholly realize, too, that this vast acreage is largely made up of valuable timber and good soil for the production of sugar, tobacco, corn, hemp, rice, fruits and other sources of wealth and sustenance for the human family. They are also, I believe, only vaguely aware of the fact that this splendid possession is just as much a part of the United States as Kansas or Alaska, and, further, they are only partly awake to the truth that, to gratify political party promises, there is a movement under way to hand this vast property of theirs back to the ignorant natives of the Islands, *free and without cost.*

Comparatively few people in the United States, in my opinion, have ever seriously weighed the fact of our ownership of these Islands and what that ownership means and what it has cost us. In the first place, the Philippine Islands cost the people of the United States a pro rata share, amounting to many million dollars, of the enormous expense of the Spanish-American War; second, upon taking over the Islands we paid Spain $20,000,000 from the United States Treasury, and paid for the transportation of the Spanish soldiers back to Spain, all of which was contributed by the taxes of the people; third, in order to hold the Islands, we spent $170,000,000 in stamping out the Aguinaldo rebellion, besides a payment of hundreds of American lives. The cost of local government and improvements has been paid by the people of the Islands, the same as any State or city in the Union pays its separate expenses. Then, unquestionably, the Philippine Islands are the *property of the people of the United States,* and I protest against the legal or moral right of any political party or group of men to hand over the people's property to others, unless upon receipt of full compensation or the voluntary consent of all the owners.

That the public may have a fuller realization of the magni-

tude of our Philippine possessions, of the scope of our work there and how great would be the folly of intrusting these people with self-government, has been my object in publishing this book. It is my belief that if readers will carefully weigh and consider what follows in these pages, they will be aided to a larger view of the value of the Philippines, and realize how unwise and unjust it would be to cut adrift these half-civilized children of nature, trusting alone to luck that they may swim rather than sink in the sea of difficulties that surround the most hazardous of all human tasks—self-government.

Because of the importance of the matter and the fact that invisible influences, political and private, are working in both the lower and upper houses of the United States Congress in both parties to force these valuable Islands out of the hands of their real owners—the American people—I am reprinting in this smaller form the Philippine section of my larger work, *United States Colonies and Dependencies.* In that are gathered the results of my observations and investigations in Porto Rico, Alaska, the Hawaiian Islands, Guam, the Philippines, the Panama Canal Zone, and interesting matter relative to our dependencies, Cuba, Haiti, the Dominican Republic and the Republic of Panama. The gathering of this material involved a special trip of 8,000 miles to Alaska, visits to Porto Rico, the West Indies and the Panama Canal, and a journey around the world. Altogether, I traveled about 50,000 miles in securing the photographs and information used in my complete work, *United States Colonies and Dependencies.* The matter herein contained first appeared in *The Saturday Blade,* one of our four publications. If widening of human knowledge and a better capacity for the solving of our national problems are in any degree the result of this or my larger book, I shall count myself well paid. It certainly has given me a broader and more certain understanding of the world, and a larger love for my own country.

Very truly,

W. D. Boyce.

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THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Number of islands 3,141, total area 120,000 square miles—Population, 1913, estimated, 8,831,000; 25,000 Americans and Europeans (including troops), 40,000 Chinese, balance mostly Malayan, with some tribes of Negritos—Dominant religion Roman Catholic, with many Mohammedans and 725,000 Pagans—Chief resources rice, copra, hemp, sugar, corn, tobacco, timber, with some gold and iron—Total imports, 1913, $56,327,533, exports $53,683,326; imports from United States, $25,646,876; exports to the United States, $19,970,642—Cultivated area, 1913, 5,717,598 acres, with crop value of $77,456,471—Forest area, 40,000 square miles—Capital, Manila, population, 250,000—United States troops in Islands, 12,000; native infantry, 5,000—Governor, Francis Burton Harrison.

CHAPTER I.

SOME STRAY PACIFIC ISLES.

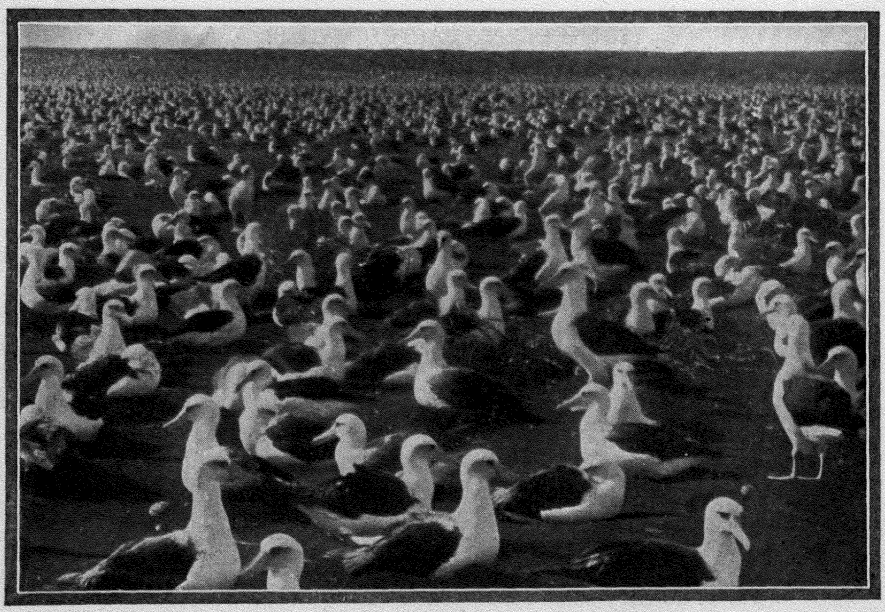
HONOLULU, the Hawaiian capital, faded into the distance as we stood watching on the steamer's deck. Then the Island of Oahu dropped out of sight. The long, wave-plowing course to the Far East had begun. I thought I had seen the last of the Hawaiian group when the captain, a jolly old salt—British born but a naturalized American—surprised me by remarking:

"We'll pass Laysan Island in a couple of days. It's 700 miles to the west and belongs to the Hawaiian archipelago. Then there's Lisianski Island. Ever heard of it? Well, it's in the reservation, too. Uncle Sam has been annexing stray islands in the Pacific for a number of years. They are all sizes, from mere coral reefs to real food producers. They'll all come in handy some of these days. An assortment of islands is a fine thing to carry in stock. We use one of the Midways and Guam now as cable stations."

"What do they raise on Laysan?" I inquired.

"Birds! The island is covered with them. It's their resting place after weary ocean flights. It's two miles long and half a mile wide and the Laysan albatross go there by the hundreds of thousands at nesting time. They are queer birds and carry on just like human beings, with a grotesque dance. I call it the 'Albatross Waddle' and think it may become popular some day, as it's something like the 'Turkey Trot.'"

It seems that four years ago a Honolulu man fitted out an expedition and sailed for Laysan Island with twenty-three Japanese employés. On learning of the expedition the United States Government dispatched the revenue cutter *Thetis* and arrested all of the men. They had butchered 300,000 birds, however, before the arrival of the cutter. The albatross is the largest of sea birds and gathers all its food from the surface of the water, seizing, with its big bill, fishes, smaller birds and the refuse thrown from ships. These birds have great power of flight and follow ships for days at a time. Superstitious sailors believe that the killing of an albatross is always followed

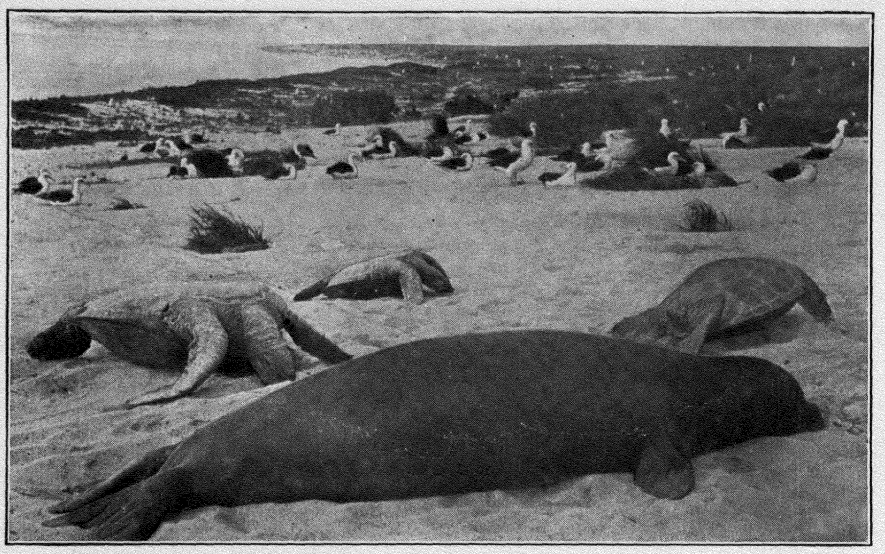


ALBATROSS ON LAYSAN ISLAND.

by misfortune. The average albatross egg weighs one pound. Many thousands of the eggs are collected annually on Laysan by natives of nearby islands, who use and sell them as food. The eggs are also served as food on passing steamers, chiefly as a novelty. This recalled to my mind an experience while in Africa hunting big game, exploring and taking aërial photographs. One morning our chief cook announced that we would have ostrich-egg omelet for breakfast. I had misgivings about the agreeableness of the prospective dish, thinking it would be strong, but it proved as delicate as an omelet made from fresh hens' eggs.

About 1,300 miles northwest of the Hawaiian Islands are the Midways, two little isles, mere freckles on the face of the ocean, but important to America. Their name was derived from their location about midway between the United States and Japan, and on the larger of these islands is the most isolated cable station in the world. This is Sand Island, about one and a half miles long, three-quarters of a mile wide and only forty-three feet above sea level at the highest point. A

COLLECTING ALBATROSS EGGS, LAYSAN ISLAND.



SEAL TURTLE AND ALBATROSS ON LAYSAN ISLAND.

coral reef, twenty-five miles in circumference, protects the islands from the sea and a rift in the reef admits vessels of light draught into a deep and safe harbor. Away back in 1887 *The Wandering Minstrel* was wrecked on the reef and the captain, with his wife and crew, lived on fish and sea gulls' eggs for fourteen months, when they were rescued.

In 1903 the Commercial Pacific Cable Company established a station on the island and today twenty of its employés call this little sand heap "home." Every three months a supply ship arrives and you can just imagine what mail from the States means to these modern Robinson Crusoes. In 1906 there was great excitement in the colony, for a big Pacific mail steamer grounded on the reef while landing the manager of the cable company. It was six days before the ship was floated. Five hundred visitors all at once were a delight to the Midwayites, who were so hospitable that the passengers later sent them a loving cup in remembrance of the sojourn.

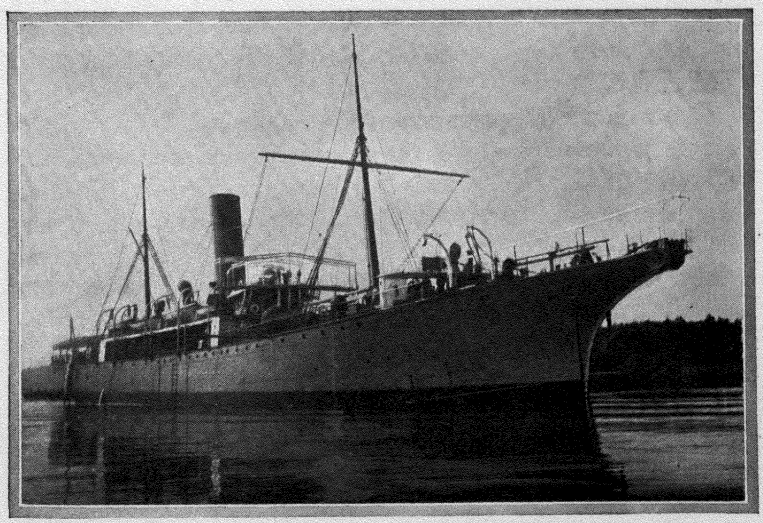
The employés at the cable station live in comfortable, well-

equipped buildings and indulge in tennis, golf, billiards, fishing and sea-bathing during leisure hours. They have cows, sheep and chickens and grow vegetables on soil brought over from Hawaii. Exiles from civilization, theirs is a great work, for here, in this remote post, under the Star Spangled Banner, they keep the people of the West in touch with those of the Far East. When you read in the morning that the Moros are acting up in the Philippines you know that the boys on Sand Island flashed the message along in the night.

Guam, with an area of about 200 square miles, is the largest of a group of islands called the Ladrones, or Thieves, a title which the natives deeply resent. When Magellan was on his way from the tail end of South America to the Philippines in 1521 he stumbled on these islands. He did some trading with the little brown men and on a dark night lost one of his ship's boats.

"Thieves!" cried the navigator in rage. I'll make you pay for this!" And he did. He branded them *ladrónes*, or thieves, and the name has clung to them through the centuries.

The natives claimed that they fed Magellan and his starving crew and did not steal the boat, but they got the worst of it



THE "RESTORER," OF THE COMMERCIAL PACIFIC CABLE COMPANY.

from the start, for the Spaniards, besides "marking them for life," brought them rats, flies, mosquitoes, and a batch of strange diseases and made the place into a penal colony.

Guam was a Spanish possession until June 30, 1898, when it was captured by Captain Glass of the United States cruiser *Charleston*. On his way to Manila with several troopships, he had been instructed to take Guam. He had been told that the island's seaport was protected by two forts and on its arrival the *Charleston* fired a number of shots to unmask the batteries. At last a small rowboat, flying the Spanish flag, put out from the shore and landed the commander of the forts on the cruiser. He begged pardon for not having returned their salute, as he was out of powder. We had not hit the fort. The poor fellow nearly lost his breath when Captain Glass informed him that the United States was at war with Spain, and that the *Charleston* would wreck the forts, if need be. As soon as he recovered from the shock he surrendered. At the close of the war the island was formally ceded to us and Spain held out the rest of the group. Being in need of ready money to clear away the wreckage, she sold the lesser Ladrones to Germany for $2,500,000.

In taking over Guam we secured the only island of the group with a good harbor. When we counted noses in 1901 we found there were 10,000 inhabitants. Ten years later there were 12,000.

The title of Governor was well established, for from the time it was colonized by the Spaniards in 1668 until the beginning of our rule, exactly fifty-seven varieties of Spanish Governors had held sway on Guam. Since then we have sent over ten Governors, but all of one variety, all high-class naval officers who have done everything in their power to promote the health, wealth and prosperity of the people. The Government has put up liberally, for every year's naval appropriation carries quite a sum for the upkeep of Guam.

Our chief object in taking the island was to secure a landing place for the trans-Pacific cable. The cable is still its excuse for living, for today four lines land at Sumay, not far from the

capital: The American cable from San Francisco via Honolulu and the Midways; the American cable from the Bonin Islands connecting with the Japanese cable to Yokohama; the German cable from Java via the Caroline Islands and the American cable from China via the Philippines.

Agaña, the capital, has about 8,000 inhabitants. Our first Governor, by damming a mountain stream, provided the people with pure water, which worked wonders with the death rate.

OLD PALACE OF THE SPANISH DAYS, GUAM.

Lepers were isolated and a cure was found for *gangosa,* a terrible disease peculiar to Guam. Hookworm was driven out. We built hospitals, restored highways, started English schools, even installed electric lights. We are publishing a monthly magazine in English and the Guamaños have just seen their first automobile. Baseball is in full swing.

Twice a month a transport arrives from San Francisco or Manila and there are great doings at Government House, the old palace of Spanish days.

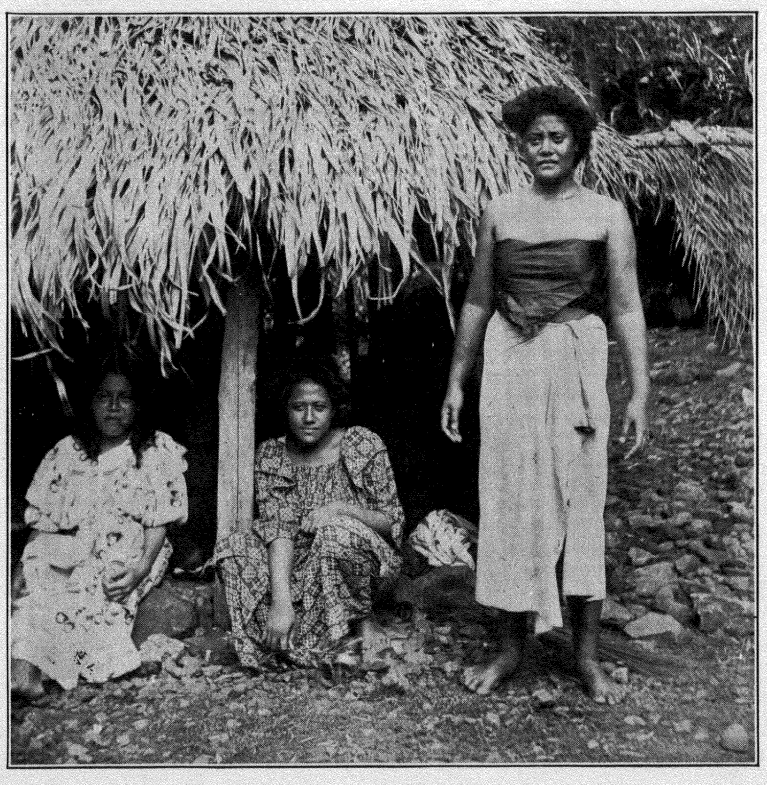
The main product of the island is, and ever will be, copra, the dried meat of the coconut. The yearly yield, about 600

tons, is bought by Japanese traders who ship it in their own schooners.

There are few masters and few servants in Guam. Nearly every man has his own farm. Life on the island would be probably ideal if it were not for the frequent occurrence of hurricanes.

The United States has a number of "stray" possessions in the Pacific which are not to be found in the average geography. Among them are the Marcus and Wake Islands, and lower down, to the south, are the Howland and Baker Islands—none of them large enough to be worth visiting.

Farther south, in the Samoa group, are several islands, belonging to us, the only one of consequence being Tutuila. It



NATIVE WOMEN OF SAMOA.

AN ISLAND FAMILY.

contains the port of Pago Pago, one of the best harbors of the Pacific Ocean, and is therefore exceedingly valuable as a coaling station. All the other Samoan islands that amount to anything were the property of Germany, until England, as a war measure, forcibly took them on August 29, 1914. Copra is the chief Samoan export. The islands are noted for their beauty and their picturesque people.

CHAPTER II.

DOCKING AT MANILA.

WE AMERICANS discovered the Philippines on a fair May Day in 1898, when Dewey sailed into Manila Bay. Before then we did not even know where our clotheslines came from. Now Manila, capital of our possessions in the Far East, which we no longer spell with two l's, occupies the center of the stage.

If you are working for Uncle Sam, you came to the Philippines on a U. S. army transport for $1 a day from San Francisco via Honolulu and Guam. It takes you about twenty-eight days. If you are just an ordinary traveler, you come via Japan, the voyage, including port stops, averaging twenty-six days. Some steamers go via China, which means five to seven days longer.

Sailing from Nagasaki in southern Japan on a Friday night, you enter Manila Bay on Tuesday morning, unless you are delayed by a typhoon. The typhoon season on the China Sea begins in June and lasts until October. September is the worst month. We got into the tail end of a typhoon on the voyage to Manila and, from the sample, we were not eager for the full exhibit. The wind howled about the ship as though all the lost demons were loose and the great craft pitched and creaked in alarming fashion.

The first you see of the Philippines is the light on northernmost Luzon, and it is then a twenty-four hours' journey to Manila.

The island of Luzon on which Manila is situated, is the largest of the Philippine group, Mindanao being second in size. There are over 3,000 islands in the archipelago and only about 1,600 of them have been named. The main ones, going south from Luzon to Mindanao, are Mindoro, Masbate, Samar,

Panay, Negros, Cebu, Leyte, Palawan and Bohol. Between Mindanao and Borneo stretch the islands of the Sulu archipelago, included in the Philippines.

The Philippine archipelago as a whole is about opposite the coast from Vera Cruz, Mexico, to the Panama-Colombian border in the New World; and it faces Indo-China and the Malay Peninsula in the Old World. The Philippines are only a few hundred miles from the Asiatic shore and are really a broken-off fringe of that continent. In area they are nearly twice the size of the New England States and larger than the British Isles.

We hear of these Islands first through old Chinese records when Mongol junks sailed over here in the thirteenth century, about the time that Marco Polo visited China. Magellan, with the flag of Spain, came next in 1521, meeting death as the price of his discovery. Del Cano followed, also in the name of Spain, but only looked in and sailed away. The Islands were named for Philip II., and the Spaniards spell it with an "F"—Felipe, hence the Spanish word Filipinos. We Anglo-Saxons spell the country with a "P"—Philippines, and the people with an "F"—Filipinos, with our usual irregularity in such matters.

Legaspi was the real conqueror of the Islands. He sailed over from New Spain (Mexico) in 1565 and it was a case of the sword and the cross as in Latin America, for with him came Urdaneta, the priest. On the island of Luzon they found the most civilized of the many Malay tribes occupying the archipelago. They were the Tagalogs, a trading people, who had developed quite an enlightened form of government, and these are the Filipinos who form the dominant class today. Spanish conquest spread over the Islands and these alone of all the people of the Far East, were Christianized. Today there are eight so-called Christian tribes numbering, in rough figures, 7,000,000. About one-sixth of these are Tagalogs of southern Luzon. There are 360,000 pagans, known as the "Wild Tribes," and 275,000 Mohammedan Moros.

These, then, are the Filipinos we first came to know in 1898:

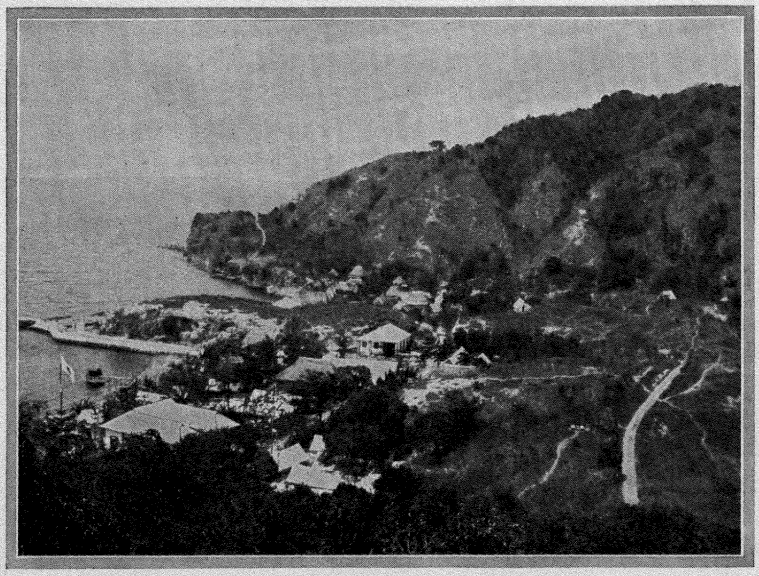
1. A small class of educated people, speaking Spanish as well as their native dialects—a class known as the *gente ilustrada,* or "upper people."

2. A larger number of *gente bajo,* or "lower people," Christians, but uneducated and still pure Malays.

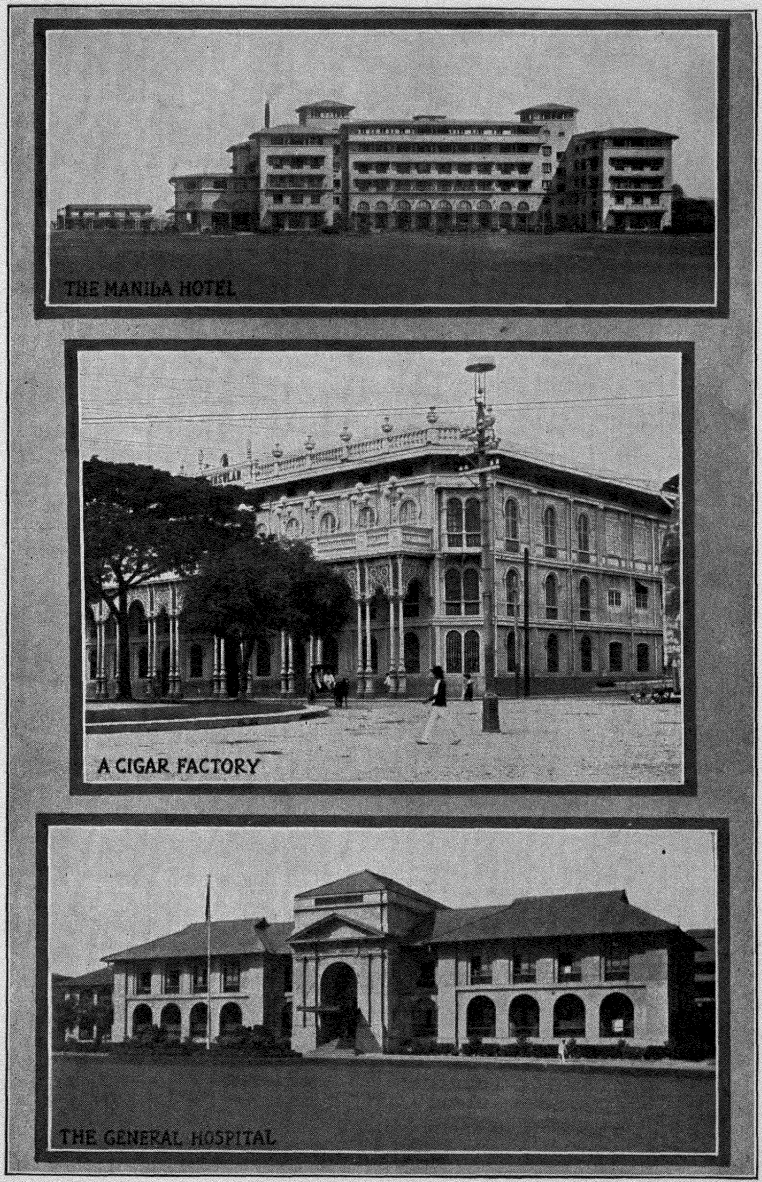
3. A great number of pagan savages and bloodthirsty Mohammedans.

Nature has erected a fortress to guard the harbor of Manila. The Spaniards did not make the most of it—the island of Corregidor, which we have made as impregnable as the Rock of Gibraltar. It lies between the Boca Chica, or narrow mouth, which we entered, and the Boca Grande, or wide mouth, used by vessels going to or coming from the south. In front the bay opens in a great sweep. On the Boca Grande side is the province of Cavite, which Dewey skirted on his way up the bay to sink the Spanish squadron. Nearly all of Cavite was fought over again and again in the stormy days between 1898 and 1902.

It is twenty-nine miles from Corregidor to Manila. We



CORREGIDOR ISLAND, NOW BEING FORTIFIED TO PROTECT MANILA HARBOR.



PUBLIC BUILDINGS OF MANILA.

neared the breakwater, protecting the inner harbor, too late to be received by the port doctor, so had to lie off the city all night. Its sparkling lights, festooning the shore, looked alluring, although some of the passengers were disappointed that the lights did not climb the hills as in Hong Kong, where the incandescents meet the stars. Manila was evidently a flat city.

Next morning, after the American doctor, clad in khaki, had looked at our tongues, we steamed past the breakwater and straight up to one of five great docks. The ship drew thirty feet. This then was American work, a mighty work which impresses the newcomer. In 1906, the transport *Logan* was laid alongside one of these new piers, the first time a vessel of equal draught had tied up to a port in this part of the world. Manila Bay is now considered the best in the Orient, a haven from the severest typhoons. We have spent $5,000,000 on harbor improvements in this port alone, and it is worth it. Think of Uncle Sam owning the best port in the Orient!

A park-like expanse along the waterfront, a breathing space between city and sea, also pleases the visitor. This is all reclaimed land, a stretch one and one-fourth miles long and one-third of a mile wide, extending from the Malecón Drive to the bay.

"What is that fine new building in the midst of the park?" I asked.

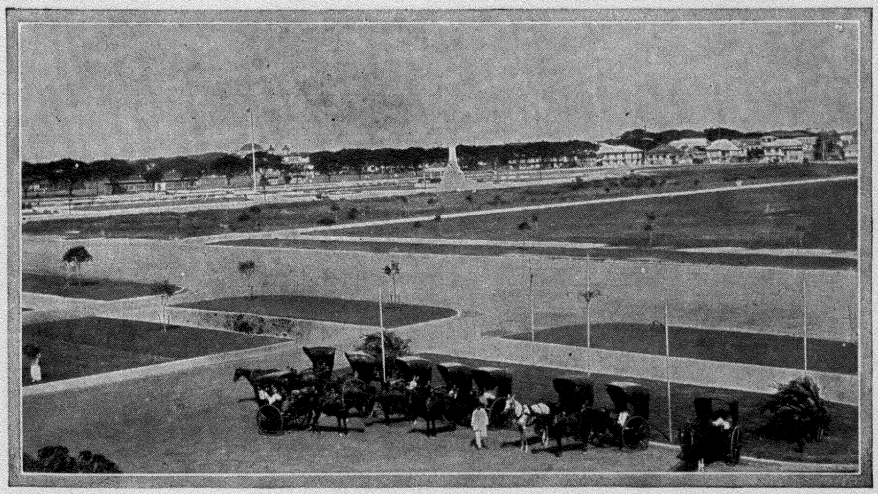
"That is the New Manila Hotel," some one answered. "It is a year old and cost $450,000. Uncle Sam advanced two-thirds of the money and took a mortgage. A good many Government officials live there, and army folks."

Manila is the only port in the entire Orient without a charge for tonnage, harbor or light dues, but you cannot get past the customs. They need the revenue. Many are under the impression that articles made in Europe on which duty has been paid in the U. S. A. can be brought into the Philippines without payment of extra duty. But this is not the case. Philippine duty must also be paid. And again, in going the other way, duty paid on articles here—Japanese purchases, for instance—

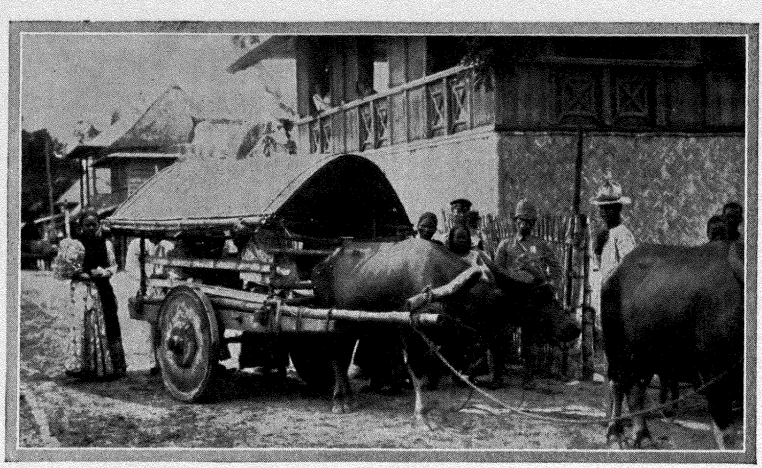
does not mean that you will escape duty payment when you enter the States. There are two separate sets of duties for the Philippines and the United States. They are two separate Governments. This point is hammered into you at the pier while eagle-eyed officials paw over your belongings, on the lookout for things bought in China and Japan. My belief is that we should make the port of Manila, or a portion of it, a free port, as the English have done successfully at Hong Kong and Singapore; that is, make it a port free of custom duties for vessels wishing to load and unload merchandise in commercial exchange. We should unquestionably have such a free port of exchange in the Orient. Everywhere that free ports have been tried they have greatly stimulated trade and commerce. For a fuller explanation of this important suggestion I refer the reader to my chapters on the Panama Canal Zone, in *United States Colonies and Dependencies.*

As you at last walk away from the dock you find a strange assortment of vehicles waiting to take you to the hotel.

The *calesa* is the more aristocratic. It is a two-wheel gig with a folding top. The driver perches on a little seat above the strong Australian pony. This costs you one *peso* (fifty cents) an hour.



VIEW FROM THE NEW MANILA HOTEL. MONUMENT TO JOSE RIZAL IN BACKGROUND.



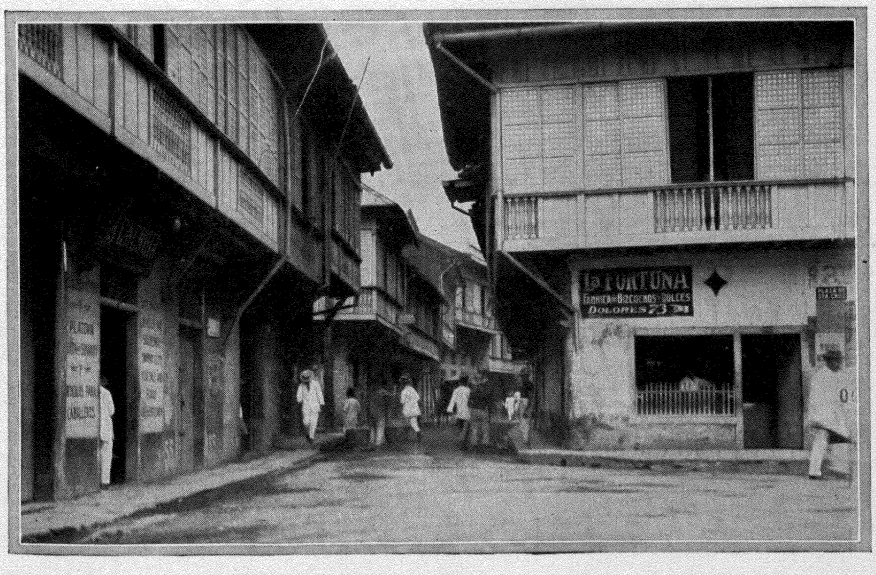
JUST COME TO TOWN.

The *carromata* is something like the *calesa,* except that it has a square, stationary top and often looks a bit run down at the heel. It costs twenty cents an hour and two people can ride for this amount.

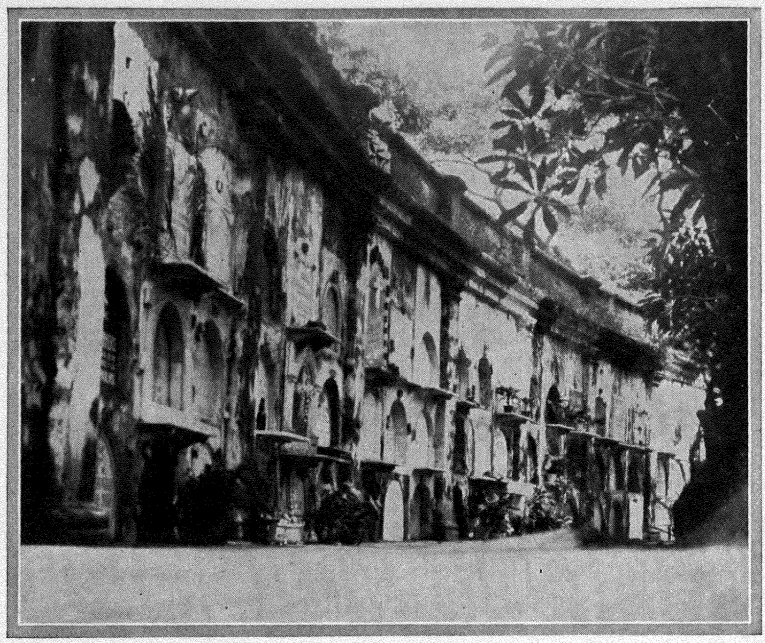
CARABAO CARTS IN MANILA.

If you arrive with the fear that the Americans have effaced all the local color, you are immediately reassured, for right alongside the *calesas* and *carromatas* are carts drawn by *carabao,* the oxen of the Orient, great clumsy water buffaloes which look, for all the world, like cousins of the hippopotamus. They waddle along at a snail-like pace and their drivers, squatting on the produce, are scantily clad, brown-skinned Malays, not a jot changed since Magellan crossed the ocean. In fact, I think the same type lived here in 300 B. C.

The New Manila Hotel was the finest-looking hostelry I had seen in the tropical Orient. The rooms are big and airy and the dining-room overlooks the bay. There is also a splendid roof garden. The most distinctive features are the hardwood floors and shell windows, both typical of the Philippines and most artistic. The windows consist of hardwood frames, containing many small latticework squares into which thin, flat, translucent seashells have been fitted. These windows slide in grooves on the railings, shutting out rain and heat and tempering the glare of the tropics. It is estimated that 5,000,000



HOUSES SHOWING THE SHELL WINDOWS, MANILA.



BURIAL VAULTS, PACO CEMETERY, MANILA.

shells are used for this purpose in Manila alone each year. The supply is diminishing.

Before starting out to see the city, I took a bird's-eye view from the hotel roof. Westward sparkled the Bay of Manila, thirty ships afloat in its inner harbor and a great "Jap" liner tied up to one of the piers. Southward was the famous Luneta, the playground of Manilans, as popular now as during the Spanish *régime;* society gathers here in the late afternoon to listen to the music of the constabulary band. Eastward stretched the city, built in part and beautified by Americans. But the Mecca of most travelers lies to the north in Old Manila, the romantic town of Spanish days, surrounded by hoary walls.

CHAPTER III.

MANILA, THE LAYER CAKE.

MANILA is a layer cake. The caramel-colored Malays form the bottom layer. The next filler is sixteenth-century Spanish. Then comes the blend of these, Spanish and Malay, with a strong dash of Chinese—the upper-class Filipino. The top layer, including the cream, is good old American. And this is what makes Manila so interesting to the traveler—the diversified scenes and customs of a city which is Oriental, European and Yankee, thirteenth, sixteenth and twentieth centuries combined.

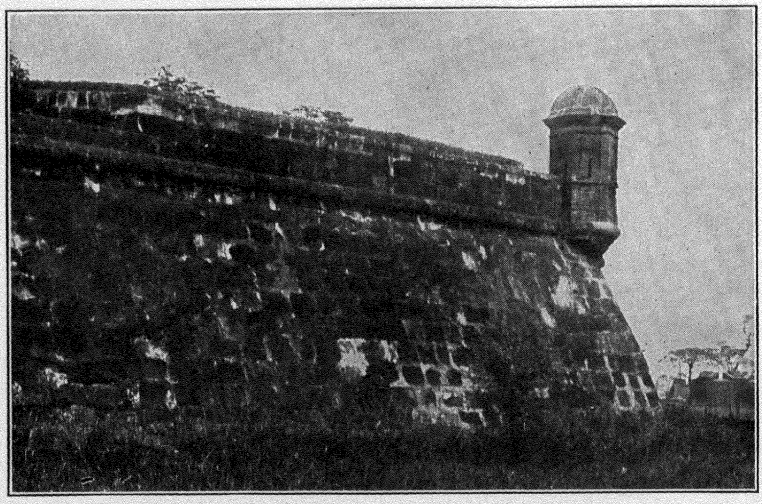
Let us start out in Tondo, the section included within the city limits which has changed least since Spanish ships sailed into Manila Bay just 343 years ago. Under the very same name, Tondo then formed an independent territory, as did its neighbor, "Maynila," across the Pasig River. Today, as then, it consists of a motley array of shacks, built of woven bamboo

STREET IN NIPA SHACK SECTION OF MANILA.

and *nipa* palm on bamboo frames, the whole tied with vines, without a nail. Many of these "mansions" appear to be walking along on stilts as they sway in the wind. The ground floor is occupied by the domestic animals. One family owns a *carabao*. Next door they have two goats and a pig. The people across the street have a fighting cock and a gray cat with the Filipino crook in its tail. A woman looks out of a window at the visitors and she is of the pure Malay type; the mass of coarse hair flowing over her brown shoulders is her pride and glory, well combed daily and greased with coconut oil.

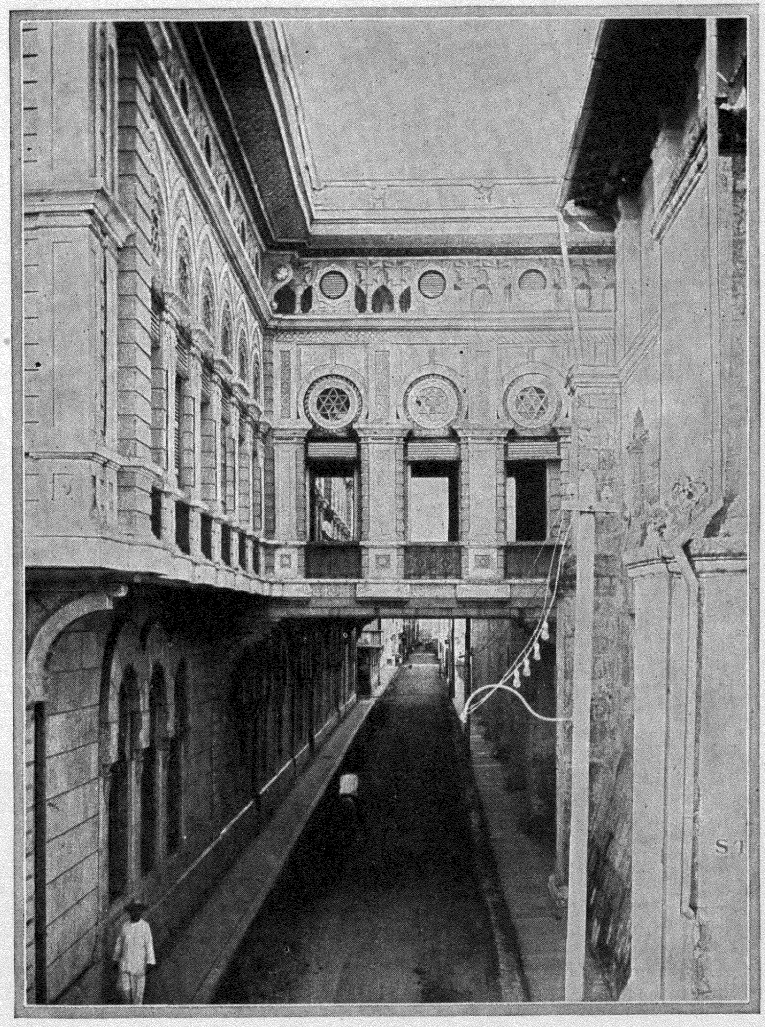
We Americans have cleaned up Tondo. There are paved streets now, sewers and water drains. These people of poorest Manila look cleaner and seem more contented than those of the slums of the big cities in the States.

Across the river in the Walled City we find very different scenes. This is Spanish Manila, still called Intramuros, "Within the Walls." Its narrow streets and overhanging balconies, fine old churches and attractive little plazas made me think of South America. Streets like Calle Real, Calle Arzobispo and Calle Palacio recall just such names and just such



A BASTION OF THE OLD WALL SURROUNDING MANILA IN SPANISH DAYS.

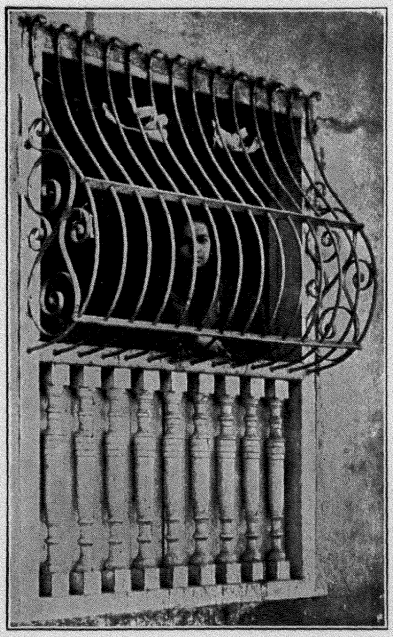
medieval-looking thoroughfares in Venezuela and Peru. Massive stone walls, two and three-quarters miles in circumference, surround this city built by the Spaniards. Of the seven gates, five still stand, and, through these historic portals, traffic flows today. Until 1852 the gates were closed from



CALLE REAL, A STREET IN THE WALLED CITY, MANILA.

eleven o'clock at night until four in the morning, while watchmen guarded the sleeping city. Through one of the gaps in the wall made by their cannon, British troops entered the town in 1762 to raid and despoil it. I have heard that many people expected just such terrible treatment in 1898 and were amazed at the attitude of the American soldiers. Formerly a moat surrounded the walls, but it was a regular pest hole and we have filled it in, replacing it by a wide strip of lawn which sets off the fine old battlements. We have been wise in preserving the walls. They are the most artistic touch in the city.

In wide avenues and parks, many splendid public buildings and airy bungalows outside the walls you see the American imprint. Throughout the city, within the walls and in the outskirts, as well as in the newly built sections, we have cleaned and beautified, without spoiling the "local color." Honolulu has been Americanized into monotony, but Manila, with all its sanitation, is still picturesque. We can only hope that it may retain its beauty as it grows into the great commercial port of the Orient.



TYPE OF WINDOW IN THE WALLED CITY, MANILA.

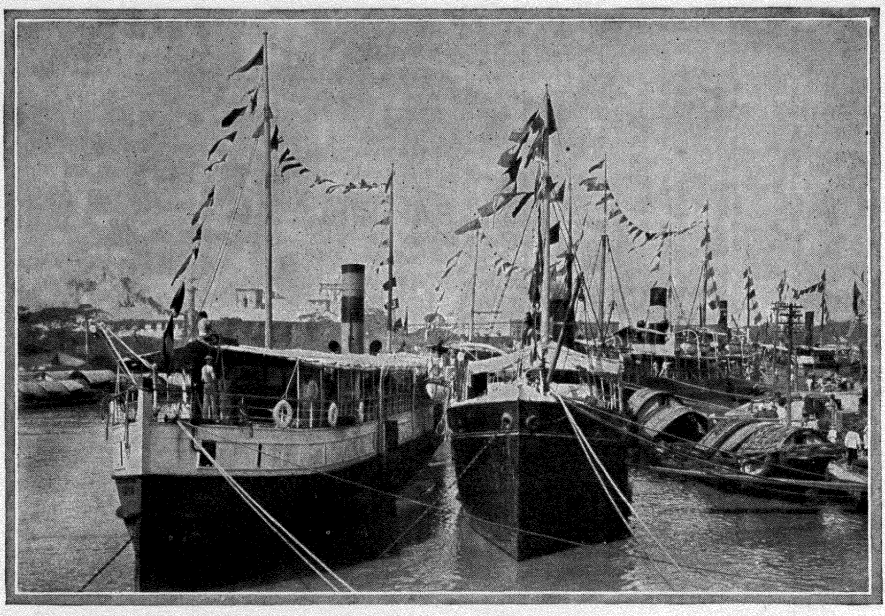
The Pasig River divides the city into two parts. One side, between the river and the bay, is the Walled City and the New Manila, being built on plans laid down by the late D. H. Burnham, famous as an architect of "Cities Beautiful." There are also several residential sections which were suburbs in the Spanish days. On the other side of the river are the retail business streets and the native and Chinese quarters, besides some fine residential districts. Several bridges span the Pasig, chief among them the historic old Bridge of Spain.

Except in the Walled City, a network of canals, called *esteros,* each bearing a name, cuts through the town. The *esteros* are highways for freight, the boats of various types taking the place of drays and trucks. The canals also serve as drains, the city's elevation being only three or four feet. They are kept as clean as possible, but the water is very muddy

CASCOS, HOUSE BOATS, ON THE PASIG RIVER.

and the natives are apt, through long habit, to throw things into the *estero* "when the health officer isn't looking."

The river life is very interesting to the newcomer. Fifteen thousand people live on the *cascos* and *lorchas* which ply the Pasig and its tributaries. People are born, live and die on these houseboats, feeling aliens on the land. To me the *casco* and the *carabao* are the most Malayan features of Manila. The *carabao* loves to wallow in the stream and the *casco* never deserts it. This long, narrow craft is covered with woven bamboo awnings. Stern and prow are ornamented in weird design. The living apartment is well aft, consisting of a slat



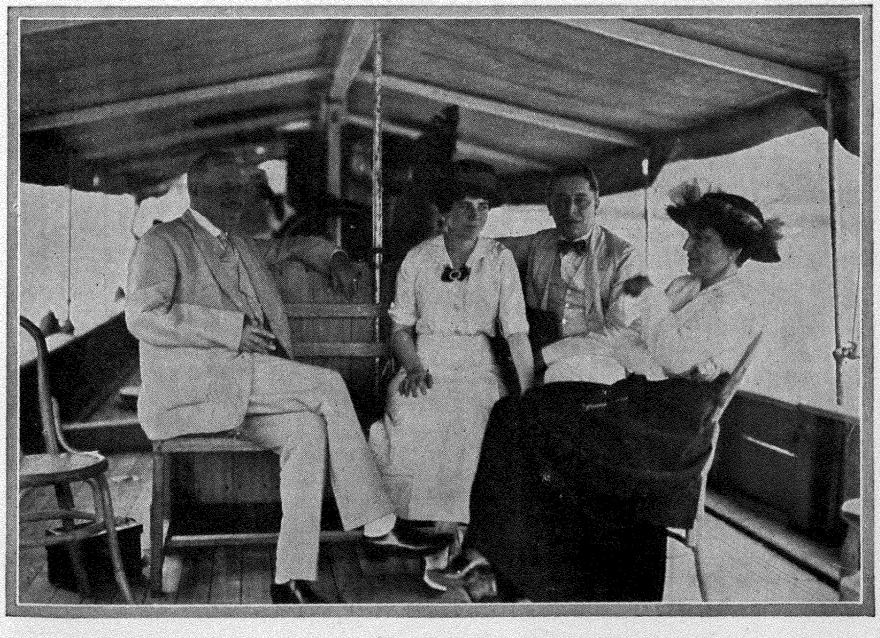
SHIPPING OF TODAY MIXED WITH NATIVE BOATS ON THE PASIG RIVER.

platform, a fire pot and a rice kettle. On the river the owner of the *casco* sits cross-legged on top of the curved matting-like roof, while a launch tows him up stream. On the *estero* he takes off as much clothing as the law permits, and poles the ungainly craft along slowly, while his wife hangs over the railing washing clothes and his naked brown babies scramble along the bamboo platform like so many little monkeys. Heaven knows why they do not fall overboard!

Street life shows every layer of the "Manila Cake." On the Bridge of Spain I met an army van filled with United States soldiers in khaki; an automobile with dainty American women, all in white; a victoria with a dark-eyed Mestiza (Spanish-Filipina) wearing a black lace mantilla; a *calesa* with Chinese-Filipinos in European clothes; a wabbly *carromata* with a Tagalog girl, all "butterflied up" in a flimsy blouse of

jusi cloth; and a primitive *carabao* cart, laden with bags of rice topped by a barelegged Malay.

The Tagalog women are not pretty, but many of the Mestizas are. Some of them wear the native costumes, while others affect the Parisian style of dress. The native costume is not especially attractive, but it is certainly unusual. It consists of a flowing cotton skirt; a transparent blouse with immense sleeves, showing the chemisette beneath; and a starched neck-piece called the *pañuelo.* The Mestiza wears shoes and stockings with this costume, but the Filipina is stockingless and wears "floppy" *chinelas,* slippers which cover only the toes. The Mestiza's life is that of the Spanish woman, and her greatest desire is to be considered pure *Español.* The Filipina isn't concerned about her pedigree. She is by far the freest woman of the Orient, unhampered by the caste of the Hindu, the little shoe of the Chinese, or the social conventions which hem in Japanese women. Her place in the household is



MR. AND MRS. W. D. BOYCE AND MR. AND MRS. BEN BOYCE, BOATING ON THE PASIG RIVER, MANILA.

more like that of the American woman's, but she is not yet a slave to corsets, tight shoes or hairpins.

It is difficult to find out much about the women of Spanish blood who still live in Manila. They stay at home very closely and do not boast about their ancestry, for fear their fathers, husbands, brothers or sons will lose their positions with the Government. They seem to think they do not belong in the new *régime.*

The truth is, blood counts for very little out here in the Far East, where there are so many mixed strains. A man's character stands for a good deal more than the color of his skin or who his grandfather was. Americans who come to live in the Orient grow very tolerant on these lines and adapt themselves to the life by living much as the better class natives do.

People go to work early and take a *siesta* after the midday meal. Rule Number Two tacked on the door of my room at the New Manila Hotel prohibited loud talking, singing and piano playing from two to four in the afternoon. From five to seven in the evening is the calling hour, on the way to the Luneta to hear the music and watch the crowd. Every man has his personal "boy" who looks out for his clothes and general comfort

FILIPINO MUSICIANS. THE WOMEN ARE DRESSED IN THE NATIVE TAGALOG COSTUME.

and delivers his messages. This Filipino "boy" often has a wife and five or six children, but his wages are only 20 *pesos* ($10) a month. His chief concern is to keep the master's shoes from mildewing.

Everything mildews here in the rainy season, which lasts from July to October. No one stays in for the rain. They wear clothes that will wash and never go out without a mackintosh.

Canopied mosquito nettings, carpetless floors and sliding seashell shutters become commonplace affairs in Manila. You soon cease to stare at the little Filipino waiters with their shirts hanging outside their trousers. You grow accustomed to the pantalooned Chinese women, the nursemaids of the Orient, trundling fair American babies, and to the huge, turbaned Hindus who serve as night watchmen in this part of the world.

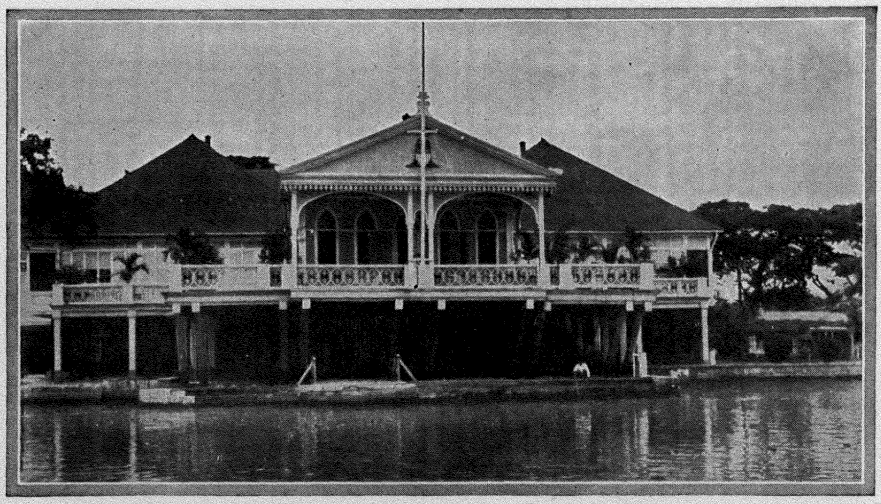
I was impressed with the fact that the best of the Filipinos have Chinese blood. Mongol junks have been crossing the China Sea for 700 years, according to history, and probably much longer than that. Chinese men have married Filipinas and the cross is the best native type, more intelligent than the Malay, stronger physically than the Chinese. Rizal, the greatest of the country's heroes, was of this blood. So is Aguinaldo. So are many of the foremost Filipinos today.

CHAPTER IV.

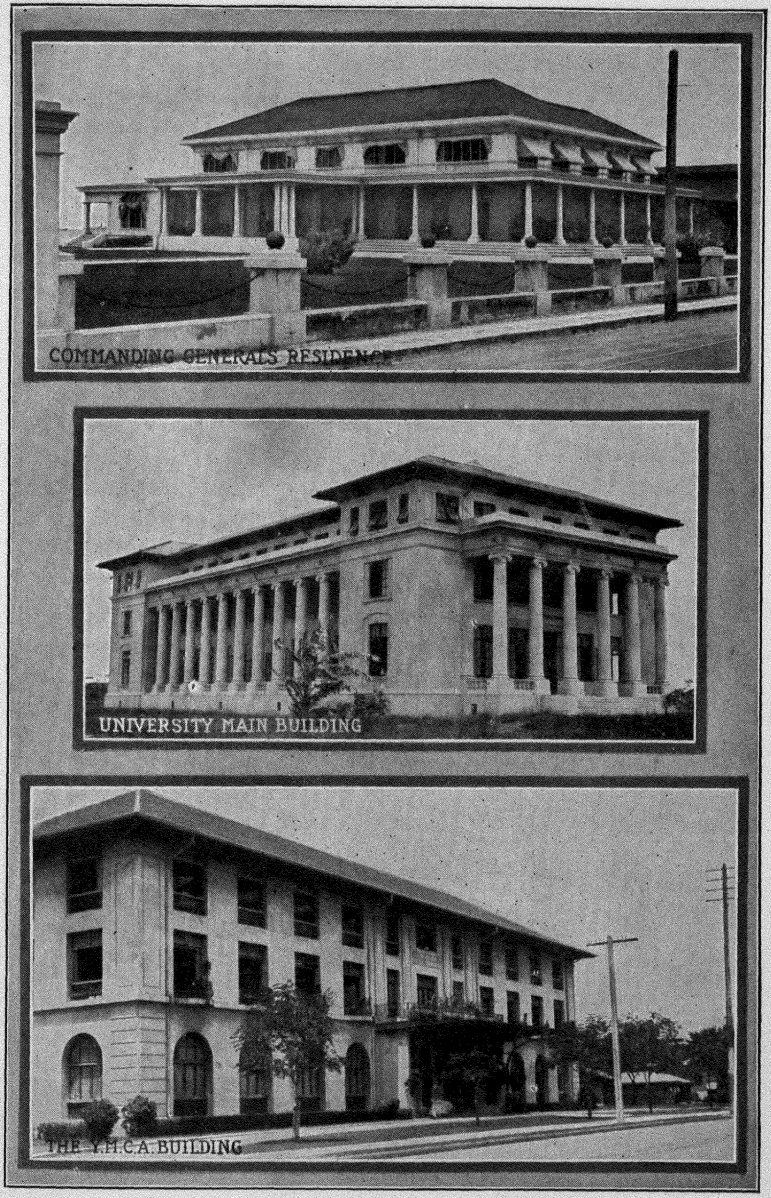
OUR WORK IN MANILA.

WE'VE done more in the Philippines in sixteen years than Spain did in three hundred. This is the unanimous opinion of the transplanted Americans who are at work over on our far-off islands. And the visitor, familiar with the condition of Manila before and after taking the prescription, assents, "Well, you certainly have!"

Shortly before his death, President McKinley said, "We are to take to those distant people in the Philippines the principles of liberty, of freedom of conscience, and of opportunity that are enjoyed by the people of the United States." This was a gigantic task. It meant the rebuilding of the entire structure on a new foundation. We went to work with a will



THE GOVERNOR'S MANSION ON THE PASIG RIVER, MANILA.



MANILA PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

and have stuck to it through all these years, drawing heavily on our stock of pluck and patience. It is little wonder that the men who have played leading rôles in this "Uplifting the Filipino" have pride in their work. It is only fairly launched, yet many real achievements are now ready for inspection.

When we took charge of Manila, about three-fifths of all the children born died before they were a year old. And no wonder! There was hardly an attempt at sanitation and men of the poorer class earned so little that mothers of newly arrived babies were not properly nourished. Cholera had claimed over 100,000 victims in a single year. The great bulk of the natives in the city had intestinal trouble, due to parasites which sapped the vitality, the result of infected drinking water. We pitched in.

First we spent $2,000,000 on sewers and enforced sanitary regulations. We invested $1,000,000 in a reliable water system. We paid living wages to working men. Today the rate of life insurance is the same as in the States.

We improved the streets, laid out new avenues, turned swamps into parks. We built model hospitals, displaced fireflies and kerosene lamps by electricity, modernized the fire department and ran trolley lines in every direction. Today Manila, the unsanitary, dreamy city of old, is transformed into a clean, healthful, up-to-date capital. It is the head and heart of a nation we hope to "Manila-ize" throughout.

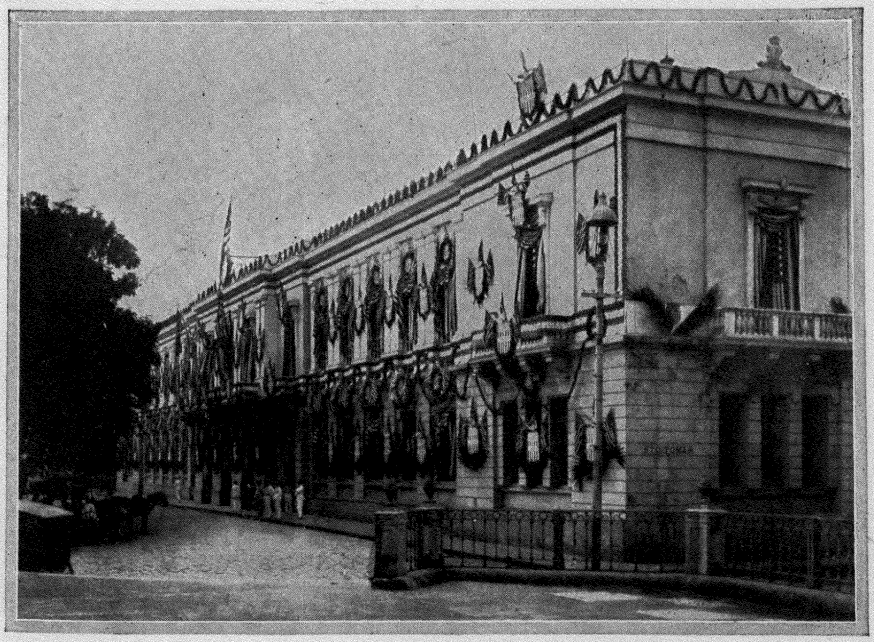
In the old days there was no such thing as free speech or a free press. Men who talked about liberty, or wrote about liberty, were executed. If a man complained about governmental corruption, he went to jail. Now, unless he incites riot or rebellion, a man may say anything he pleases. He may criticise the rule of the *Americanos* or talk about Philippine independence by the hour.

We replaced fluctuating money with staple currency on the gold standard. The small size of the Philippine paper bills has proved so satisfactory that Uncle Sam has adopted it for the States. The dollar of the Philippines is the *peso,* worth just 50 cents of our money.

The postal service was a joke. Now it reaches nearly every town and village and there is even a rural delivery. The parcel post system here is excellent. Packages may be sent C. O. D. and, if the merchant's consent is attached, the contents can be looked over before the money is paid. The postal officials collect the money and return it to the sender. The postal savings bank was in operation here before we had it over on our side. The telegraph, cable, telephone and wireless systems are marvels, a network of communication to the far corners.

The coast line of the Philippines is greater than that of the United States (not including Alaska) and about nine-tenths of the people live within sight of the sea. We have charted more than half the coast line, installed 150 lights and encouraged the operation of many steamer lines.

Before the Stars and Stripes went up, the Filipinos had absolutely no part in the Government. The Spaniards were

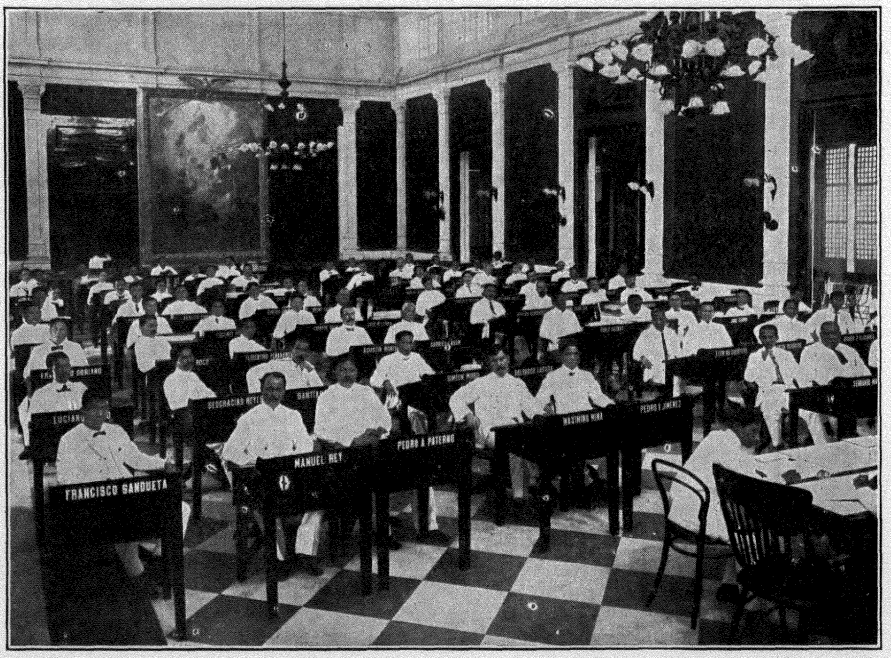


THE FILIPINO ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, MANILA.

the masters. Now the voting Filipinos have almost complete authority in municipal affairs and a large share in legislative, judicial and executive branches.

The Legislature has two chambers, consisting of the Commission and the Assembly. The Commission, or "upper house," is composed of four Americans and five Filipinos appointed by the President of the United States, giving the Islanders a majority of the Governing Commission and entire control of the Assembly. The President of the Commission is the Governor-General of the Philippines. The Assembly is composed of eighty-one Filipinos, selected by the vote of the people. To vote a man must fulfill one of the following requirements: Read and write English or Spanish; own property; pay taxes. Only three per cent of the entire population vote!

Two delegates are sent to Washington to look after Filipino



THE FIRST FILIPINO ASSEMBLY.

interests. They have a voice in the House of Representatives, but no vote. The Commission selects one of these delegates, the Assembly the other. The Commission chose a man not in favor of immediate independence, but its last selection had a "change of heart" on reaching Washington. In the Assembly the "Immediate Independence Party" is in the saddle, so its delegate is a worker in that cause.

The police judges are all Filipinos. So are half of the twenty-four "judges of the first instance." In the Supreme Court there are three Filipinos and four Americans. It is plain therefore that we have not kept the Filipinos out of the pilot house. In all branches of Government service, Filipinos are given positions as fast as they prove themselves capable. In the Government printing office over 94 per cent of the employés are natives. There are over 40,000 employés of the Philippine Government and only about 300 of them are Americans.

Education is the keynote of the whole situation. We found 90 per cent of the people in absolute ignorance. Eighteen days after we captured Manila we had seven schools in operation, and ever since we have kept education in the foreground. "The schoolma'am follows the flag," and in 1901 we brought over 1,000 teachers, scattering them from the island of Batan, which lies between Luzon and Formosa, to Siasi, away down in the Sulu archipelago, a stretch of over 1,000 miles.

Today there are 9,000 teachers in the Islands, but less than 700 are Americans. This is a great pity, but the insular Government has a limited revenue and native teachers, while much less efficient, will work for $10 a month. There are 4,600 schools and 700,000 pupils. Only about one-third of the children have the chance to go to school. Uncle Sam should put up the money for more schoolhouses and many more American teachers. The Philippines are now self-supporting. We pay for keeping up an army here; the men would have to be kept somewhere and colonial training means everything for them, as our soldiers must know how to live and fight in the tropics. The school work is a big subject, a story in itself; so

is the army; and the constabulary, the greatest institution in the Islands; and the really wonderful prison system.

This is a very short and inadequate account of our progress in reforming and civilizing the Islands, but, for the most part, the work was achieved prior to the entry of the present administration. With the appointment, August 22, 1913, of Hon. Francis Burton Harrison to the Governorship of the Islands, the Government's work has slowed down. To those who have the retention of the Philippines and their development at heart, the appointment of Mr. Harrison, and the removal of numerous experienced and efficient members of the Philippine service, was a great disappointment. Unquestionably the result has been to the detriment of our own just claims and anything but beneficial to the people of the Islands. Mr. Harrison hails from New York, is a lawyer by profession and, up to the time of his appointment to the Governorship of the Philippines, had served as Democratic Congressman from New York through four terms. Thus far his conduct of the affairs of the Islands has occasioned much criticism, though no doubt he represents the policy of the present Washington adminis-

FRANCIS BURTON HARRISON, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, AND HIS WIFE.

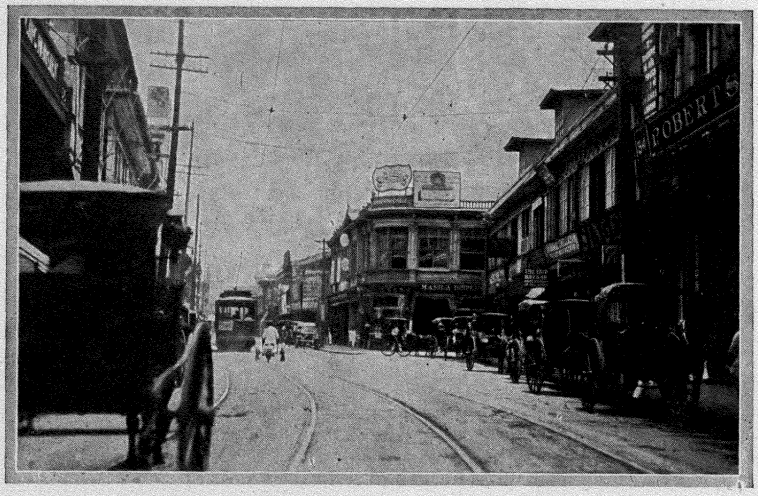
tration. The mistake inheres in the policy itself, which consists of hurtful economy, the displacement of experienced officials by inexperienced men, the placing of a majority power in the hands of the natives, and the weakening of our civilizing influence in the Islands by holding out to their people the promise of entire independence in the near future. However, I will speak more fully relative to this important matter in a later chapter.

A NATIVE WARD POLITICIAN OF MANILA.

One of the finest buildings in Manila is that of the Bureau of Science, an institution of wide scope. Science and the Philippines have not been acquaintances very long, but there was one scientific man here on our arrival who has remained in our service. He is at the head of the weather bureau, and we cannot find his equal. Fifty years ago learned Jesuit priests established a weather bureau in Manila, and Father Faura began the study of the typhoon. This most terrible of all sea storms is native to the China Sea which borders the Philippines on the west. Father Algué, who continued the work, has kept on under our administration and is one of the great scientists of the world. From his station comes accurate information as to the location, progress and duration of the typhoon, and word is telegraphed to mariners in every part of the Islands and flashed by wireless to ships far out at sea. Even in China and Japan they depend on word from Manila.

Even the newsboys in Manila know the meaning of the storm signals displayed on the tall mast at the weather bureau. The day signals are composed of various combinations of black blocks and cones, and at night red and white lanterns carry the message. The moment signal No. 1 is run up, there is a stir in shipping circles. It means "Distant storm, direction

unknown" and is enough to delay the departure of the little vessels which flit from island to island. Signals 2 and 3 indicate the direction of the storm, whether from the north or the south. Signal 4 is the real "Take notice." It means "Location of typhoon center is dangerous to this place. Look out for the next signal." Then there is scurrying. Extra hawsers bind steamers to the docks; vessels within the breakwater drop an extra anchor; the fishing fleet runs to cover. Crowds gather to see which of the three next signals will appear. Number 5



ESCOLTA STREET, THE BROADWAY OF MANILA.

means: "Center of typhoon will pass close to north." Number 6: "Close to the south." Number 7 is the fatal signal: "Center of typhoon will pass over this city."

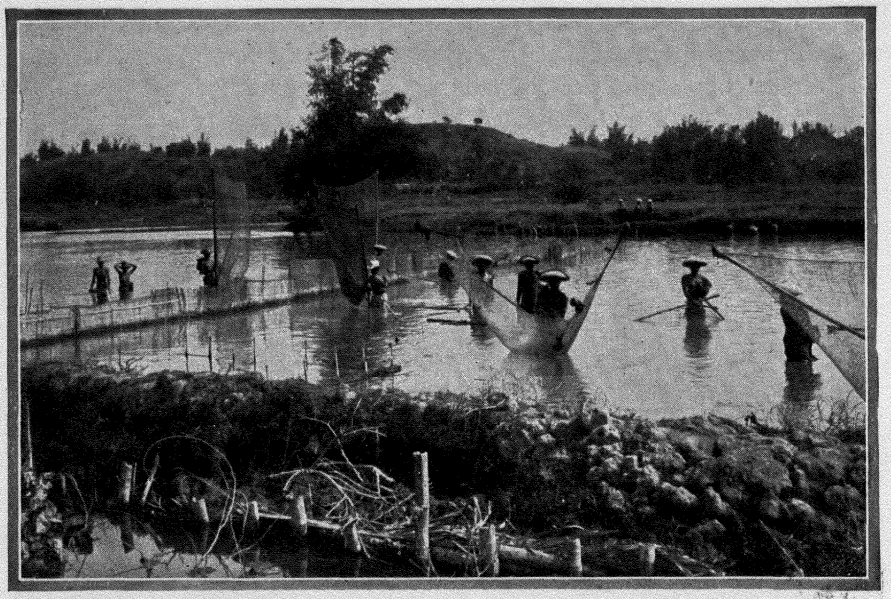
Manila has had only one "center" in the past ten years. Then the wind reached a velocity of 135 miles an hour and wrought great destruction to native houses. Some months before our visit a typhoon had "centered" 200 miles north of Manila and yet the wind, at this outer edge, brought down roofs and trees, and vessels came limping into port for days.

Over fifty scientists are engaged in studying an assorted

lot of problems here, a great part of the "White Man's Burden." Tropical diseases have received special attention. Beriberi, that scourge of hot moist lands, has been unmasked and is on the way to being eliminated. Surra, a disease which attacks horses, a blood parasite spread by the fly, is receiving attention just now. It is still fatal, but the doctors think they will find a cure. All sorts of serums are made at the bureau and distributed through the country. In the tests many monkeys are required. They are numerous in Luzon and easily caught by the natives who cut a small hole in a coconut, fill the nut with rice, and tie it to a forest tree. Along comes Mister Monkey, reaches into the coconut and grabs a big handful of rice. He cannot withdraw his hand unless he lets go the rice, and this he will never do, so he is doomed through greed; for just then a native comes along and nabs him.

At the bureau, I saw a large land crab, two feet long, which

A TRADE-TEACHING SCHOOL, MANILA.



CATCHING FISH NEAR MANILA.

makes a business of climbing coconut trees and stealing nuts. Owners of coconut groves keep a sharp lookout for them.

The Bureau of Science people will back their collection of multi-colored fishes against any in the world, Hawaii's included. A portion of the old Spanish wall has been remodeled for an aquarium, a bastion of the Royal Gate, which is ideal for the purpose. A small fee is charged to view the real wonders of the deep.

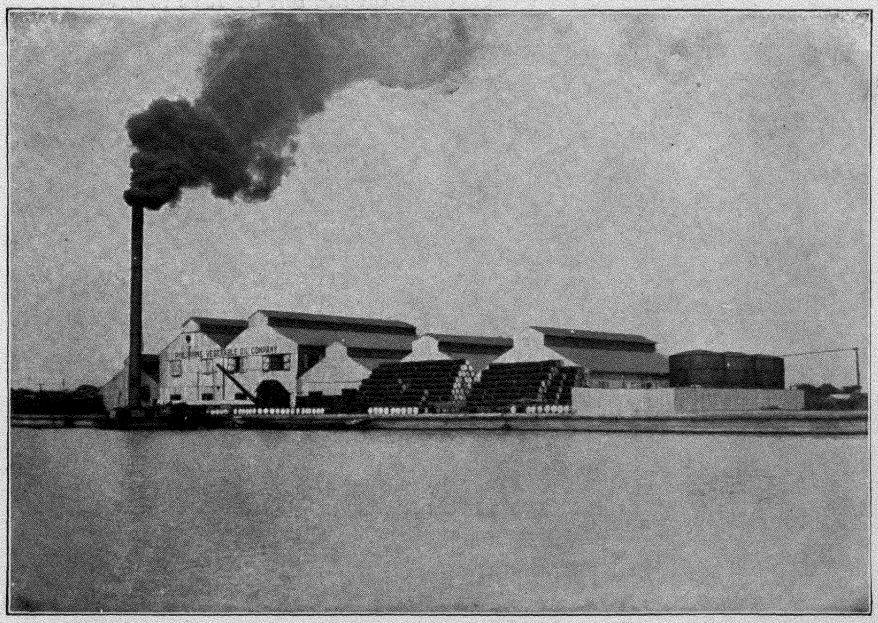
Near the Bureau of Science is the Philippine Normal School, which makes English teachers of Filipinos; the School of Arts and Trades; the College of Medicine and Surgery of the University of the Philippines; and the General Hospital, best equipped of all such institutions in the Orient. And I have given you only a brief outline of our work in Manila!

CHAPTER V.

AMERICAN LIFE IN MANILA.

IT IS sixteen years since Uncle Sam acquired the Philippine Islands, by one of those accidents that sometimes happen even in the best regulated nations. The visitor's expression today is that we might have fared worse, but could hardly have gone farther.

Manila is more distant from the United States than almost any port for which the American globe-trotter sets sail. He is met by a flutter of Stars and Stripes, hundreds of flags waving over Government buildings, schools and hospitals. The soda fountain is in evidence. Perhaps you have heard of the

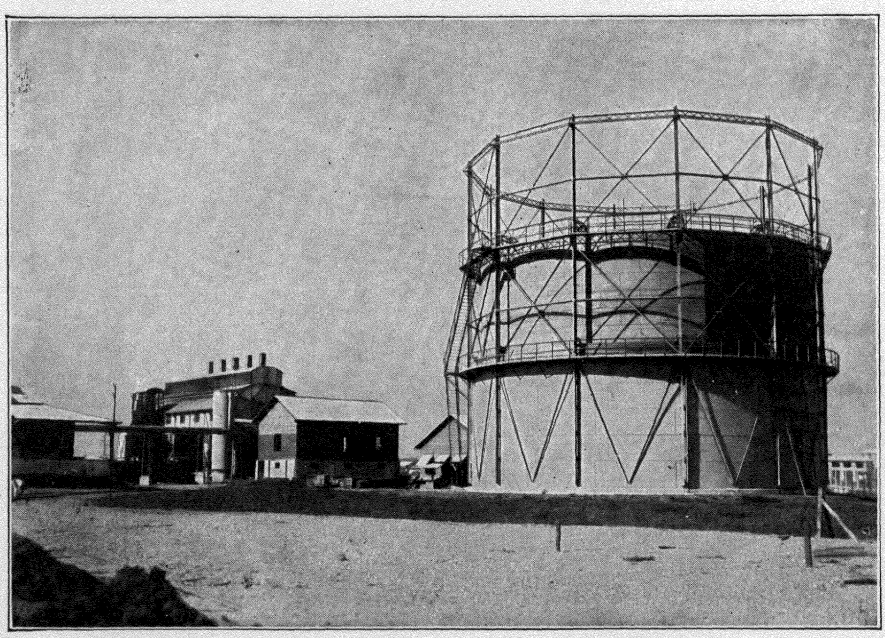


WORKS OF THE PHILIPPINE VEGETABLE OIL COMPANY, MANILA.

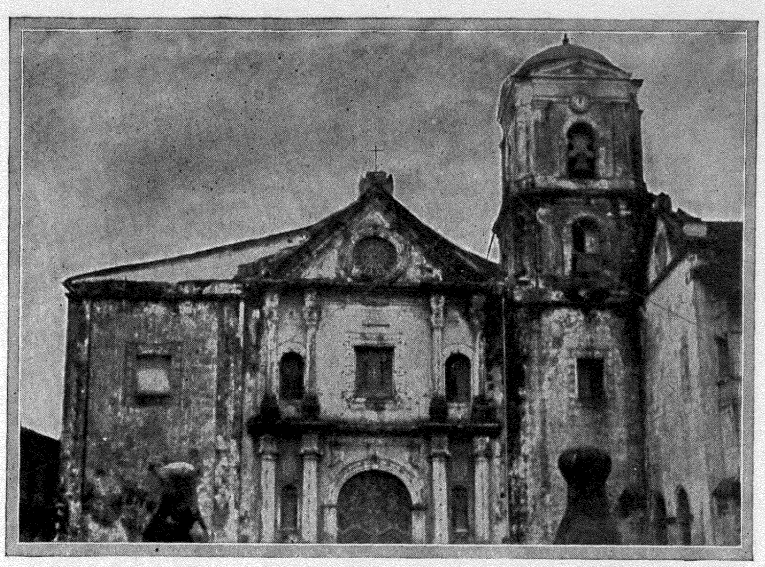
American, just in from China, who rushed into a drug store on Calle Escolta, Manila, the moment his ship had docked, and gobbled five chocolate ice-cream sodas without stopping. The policeman you see on a street corner is probably an Irish-American. The three newspapers in English have "live" headlines over the latest cable news from the States.

"What do you think of our new hotel?" every other American asks you. They came to town, even from the jungles, when J. M. Dickinson, then Secretary of War, laid its corner-stone, and many consider it the crowning American achievement.

It certainly is a magnificent-looking building, none finer in this part of the world, and fills a long-felt want for those who like to drop in for afternoon tea on their way to the Luneta, or attend the weekly dances. For the tourist, however, forced to rely on the hotel *menu,* for instance, it is quite another story. Here in the East everything on the bill of fare is given



A PORTION OF THE MANILA GAS COMPANY'S PLANT.

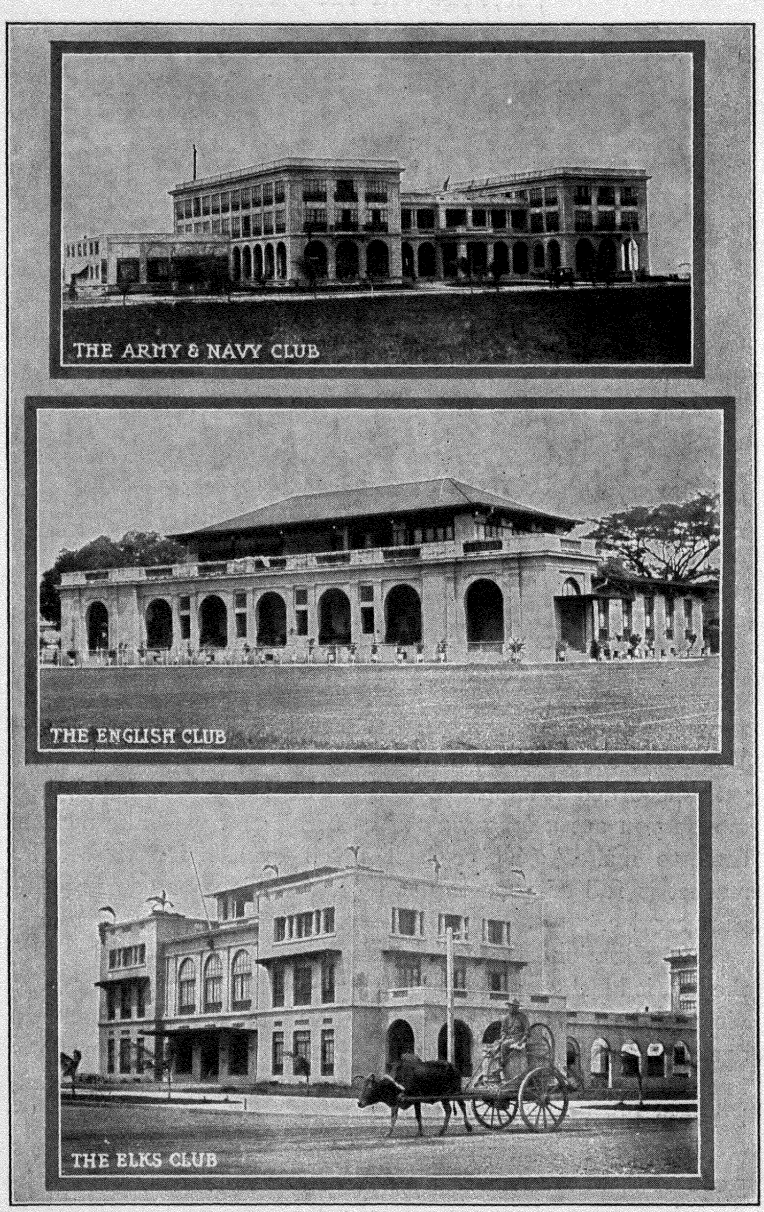


ST. AUGUSTINE CHURCH, MANILA, THE OLDEST CHURCH UNDER THE AMERICAN FLAG, BUILT 1599.

a number and there is a formidable array of them from 1 to 40. You name the numbers of the things you want and the waiter gets the order straight. But when the food is sampled, you realize you are a long way from bread and pie "like mother used to make." There isn't much excuse for this. The market is full of good things to eat. It is poor cooking and poor service.

The situation of Manila's new hotel, on reclaimed land by the sea, is ideal, so perhaps one pays for the sea breeze and the view. The Luneta is to be moved over next to the hotel and again have its old position as a seaside drive. In time many fine buildings will occupy this portion of the waterfront, between the Walled City and the bay.

There are about 250,000 people in Manila and probably 5,000 of them are Americans. Five years before the Spanish-American War, there were two, a lone duo of business men. The English colony was as influential then as it is today and its



HOMES OF SOME MANILA CLUBS.

club the center of foreign social life. This club, the Manila, is still one of the important ones of the city, having, besides its spacious building in a residential district, an annex in the business section. It is the fashion in the Orient to transact business at the luncheon hour, "tiffin," as it is called. The staff of club servants moves down town for the noon hour, returning to the main clubhouse in the afternoon to greet the arrivals for before-dinner cocktails.

The club means much in the East. It is the place where the Anglo-Saxons gather, apart from the Asiatics among whom they work. The Americans formed the club habit as soon as they reached Manila. The Army and Navy Club was organized first, followed by the University and the Elks. Anglo-Saxons have no monopoly in this line, however. There are German and Spanish clubs as well as Filipino and Chinese.

The Spanish Club, *Casino Español,* was recently the center of a celebration in honor of Santiago, patron saint of Spain. A special dispensation was secured from the authorities for a bull fight, with the understanding that the bulls were not to be killed, just distracted a bit. Flaring placards announced the coming event. A wax figure of a matador with the stuffed head of a bull appeared in a show window on the main business street and admiring small boys fairly blocked traffic. The Filipinos forgot all about the *Americanos* and were all for the land of *El Toro.* Then came a cable from one of the southern islands stating that they had been unable to corral the bulls in time to catch the steamer. So the bull fight was postponed.

There is one club in Manila which deserves special mention —the Columbia—where young Americans find their recreation and social life. There is no cocktail hour at the Columbia, for it is a strictly temperance institution, but there is a fine clubhouse, with a gymnasium and a swimming pool. The club habit in the Orient undoubtedly encourages drinking. A popular postcard out here carries a sketch entitled, "The Call of the East." It depicts a tall, thin club man reclining at full length in a big bamboo chair, calling "Boy!" to a Chinese waiter, pigtail flying, who is rushing a bottle of "Scotch" to

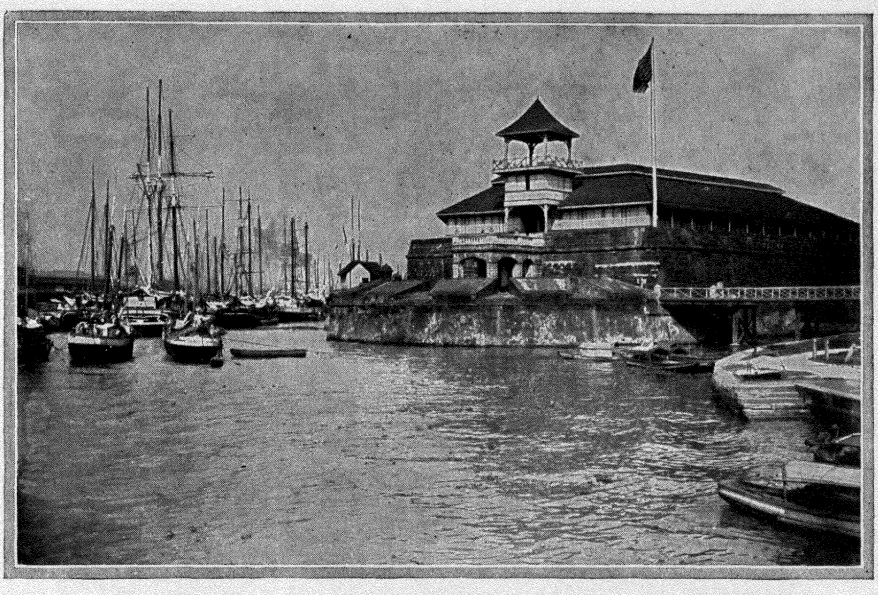
those in need. The combination of good fellowship, exile from home and the "chit" system has been the undoing of many a young man in the Far East.

The "chit" system is the curse of this part of the world. In the early days, bulky Mexican dollars, brought over on the galleons from Acapulco, were the leading currency. As they were too heavy to lug around in the pockets of thin white clothes, people never paid cash for anything, but signed an "I. O. U." or "chit" for the amount of the bill. At the end of the month all the "chits" were sent around for collection. This system is still popular and a man wonders how he ever came to sign so many "chits." Sometimes the method of payment is about the same as in the light opera, "The Yankee Consul," where the comedian remarks, every time he signs a "chit," "Thank Heaven, that's paid."

It was to guard against the evils of club life that Bishop Brent, of the Episcopal Church, founded the Columbia Club. The Bishop has spent twelve years in the Philippines and had just been on a visit to the States. Last year Harvard College conferred an honorary degree upon him for his valuable work in these Islands.

A man who lived in Manila prior to 1898 says that all the foreigners used to dress for $2.50. White suits cost more nowadays, but every one wears them in the lowlands at all seasons of the year. The costume worn by the men at dinner looks ridiculous at first to the "pilgrim." It consists of black trousers and a very short white jacket, a low-cut white vest and a black tie. It corresponds to the American dinner coat or Tuxedo. The regulation evening attire, or "full dress," of the Orient is white throughout.

Americanization has made many radical changes in the everyday life of the Filipinos, but it has not been able to divert traffic to the right, as in the States. Here it is "Keep to the Left" with all methods of locomotion, the European custom installed by the Spaniards. This has bothered many newly arrived Americans who essayed to drive automobiles, a collision often being the result of "having learned in the U. S. A."



FORT SANTIAGO, UNITED STATES ARMY HEADQUARTERS.

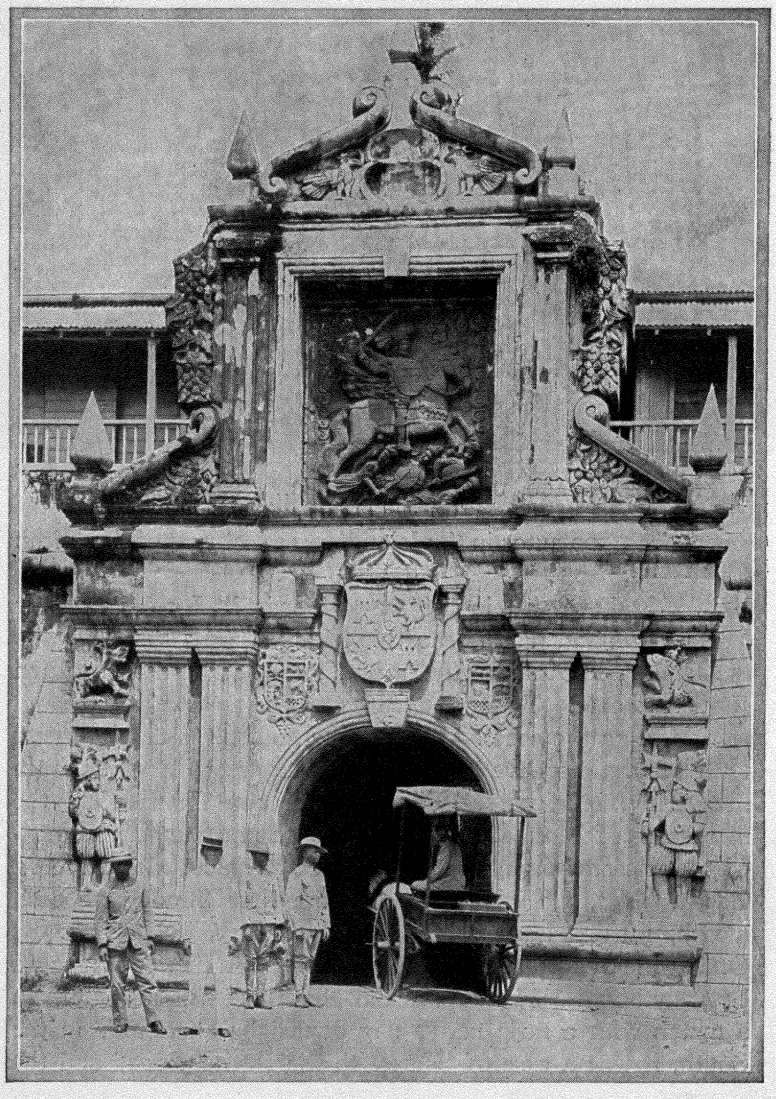
There are 1,700 autos in the Islands, practically all of American brand.

"What have you in the way of sport?" I asked a New Yorker who had just finished his third year in Manila.

"Quite a fine line for the tropics," he said. "There are lawn tennis and polo. Then we have boating on the Pasig River and fishing down the coast. Baseball, of course, from November until May. We have a professional league with teams from the Army, Marines, all-Filipino, and one financed by the merchants of Manila. There is also an amateur league composed of teams from the various Government departments. Races? Yes, we have them on the first Sunday of each month, rattling good sport. The native ponies are speedy. One of the cavalry regiments thought it had a mount that could beat anything raised on the Islands, but this was a mistake. In a match with a little native nag owned by an *alcalde* in the South, it was a case of 'Here's to the Native Born,' and the

cavalry boys exchanged their coin for a chunk of respect for Filipino pony."

Uncle Sam has prohibited gambling within the city limits



GATE TO FORT SANTIAGO, MANILA.

and the cock fights are held just out of town. If they were abolished altogether, it would mean a real revolution. Americans attend about one "to see what they're like."

For amusements, outside of a delightful social life, the Americans in Manila have motion-picture shows galore and a light opera company from England twice a year. This Bandmann Opera Company, which appears in India, Ceylon, the Straits Settlements, China, and Japan *en route* to the Philippines has quite a repertoire. Last season, in July and August, it included "The Pink Lady," "Gypsy Love," "The Count of Luxembourg," "The Geisha" and "The Sunshine Girl."

At home we picture Manila as an outpost and pack about everything we think we'll need. The fact is you can find almost anything you ask for in the shops on Calle Escolta, for American goods have followed the flag. There are Indian and Chinese shops where foreign articles are sold and, on Calle Fernando, Filipinos sit in tiny *tiendas,* mere holes in the wall, surrounded by native wares, mostly cloth of country weave.

In the books I have read on the Philippines very few writers have told the difference between *piña, jusi,* and *sinamay. Piña* is made from pineapple fiber; *jusi* is pineapple mixed with silk; *sinamay* is woven from *abacá,* the cousin of the banana plant, which produces the Manila hemp of commerce. Besides these three fabrics, the Filipinos weave cotton cloth. Tourists buy *piña* and *jusi. Sinamay* is coarse and only the poorer class wear it. The *piña* centerpieces, elaborately embroidered, are very beautiful and, being altogether of Philippine manufacture, can be taken into the United States free of duty.

CHAPTER VI.

AROUND THE GREAT LAKE.

IN LEAVING Manila for our trip around the great lake, Laguna de Bay, which is connected with the Bay of Manila by the Pasig River, we had a choice of two routes—by river steamer up the Pasig, or the railroad. We decided to go by rail and return by river.

Boarding a train at a station on the outskirts of the city, we were at once in a country which looked very primitive. Uncultivated meadows, covered with tall *cogón* grass, skirted the track. Now and then we passed *nipa* shacks, and rice fields, deep in water. Many *carabaos* wallowed in muddy pools, a few at work in the paddy fields, their masters often mounted on their broad, ugly backs. I wondered why so much land was uncultivated and asked an army officer who sat across the compartment. He said it belonged to the Friar Lands, purchased by the Government and now on sale on the installment plan.

The Friar Lands have been one of our greatest problems in the Islands. Under Spanish rule, different orders of Catholic friars owned immense properties, over 100,000 acres of the best land in the country. In the turbulent years of 1896-1898, the people grew very bitter against the friars and many of them were killed. As soon as we took over the Islands, our trouble with the Friar Lands began. Many of the priests were afraid to return to their parishes and the tenants, occupying church lands, refused to pay rent. The different orders—Dominican, Augustinian and Franciscan—appealed to the Government. To make a long story short, we finally purchased these lands for $7,000,000. But now the trouble really began!

When the insular Government tried to market its valuable

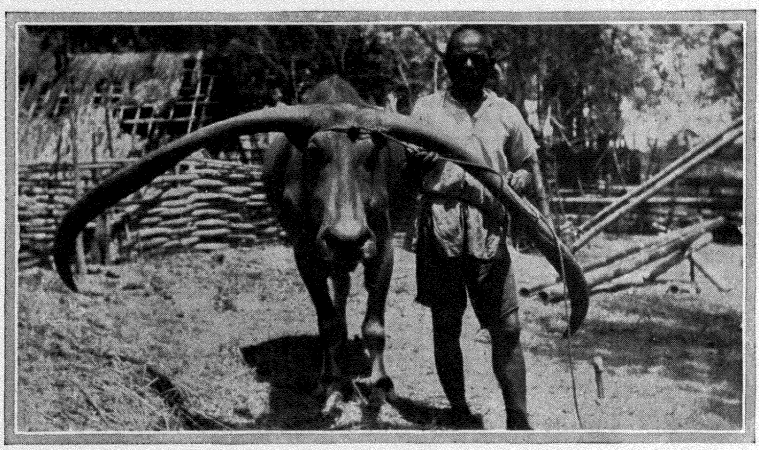
property, it was attacked by those who declared that these were public lands and could not be sold to a corporation, or, in large tracts, to an individual. There are no small tenants to whom this enormous tract can be sold and no big company wants less than 10,000 acres for sugar cane. Filipino politicians say that, if great American interests are allowed to come in, their Independence Day will never come. People taking the other side believe the Government should be allowed to sell the lands to those who will develop them. Others think that, if the "powers that be" in Washington will not permit the insular Government to dispose of the property in the only way it is salable, the United States of America should pay the interest on the $7,000,000, for which the Filipinos now are taxed.

At Alabang we passed a Government agricultural station where they are carrying on a crusade against rinderpest, the disease which killed off most of the *carabaos* some seasons ago. At that time the United States Government gave $3,000,000 to the Islands for the purchase of *carabaos* from Asia. The Philippine Government is now making a study of the disease to ward off future ravages.

The *carabao,* or water buffalo, is absolutely essential in the boggy rice fields, as the Filipinos will not do the manual work performed by the Japanese. The animals are very slow and

A CARABAO ENJOYING HIMSELF.

clumsy and seem more like hippopotamuses than buffaloes. They cannot live without daily mud and water baths and in the hot, dry season become very fierce and unruly. Then the natives say they have gone "loco" (mad or crazy). There are several different varieties in the Philippines, some with long horns but slightly curved; others with long horns curved back, and a smaller kind with shorter horns, curved back, which I am told are of native stock. At Calamba we changed cars for Los Baños and I had a look at the village where José Rizal, the



A LONG-HORNED CARABAO.

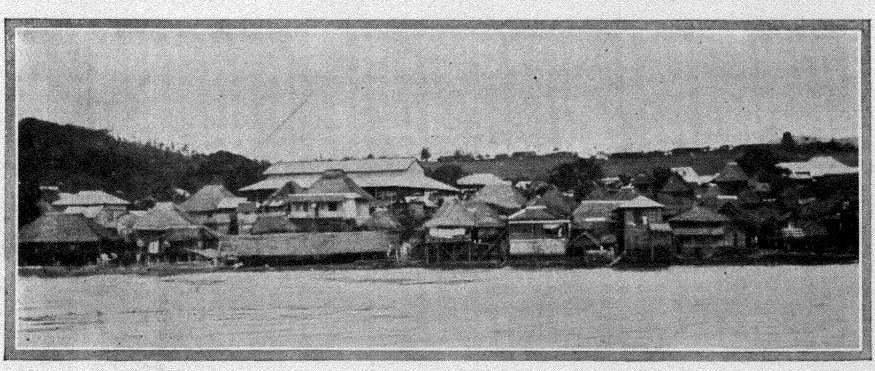
great Filipino patriot, was born. José's father was a Chinese-Filipino of some means and the boy was well educated, going from the Jesuit School in Manila to the Madrid University in Spain. Later he studied in France and Germany and mastered a number of languages. Although a Catholic, Rizal was not in sympathy with the attitude of the Spanish Church in Government matters and, hoping to awaken his fellow-countrymen to the true conditions, he wrote a novel, while in Germany, called "Touch Me Not." The book told the misery of the Filipinos and attacked the religious orders. After publishing a second book on the same lines, Dr. Rizal, who had become a

well-known oculist, went to Hong Kong to practice his profession. Summoned to Manila, he was tried and exiled to the Island of Mindanao. Three years later he was allowed to start for Cuba to serve as an army surgeon, but was recalled, on reaching Port Saïd, brought to Manila and tried by court-martial on vague charges. On the morning of December 30, 1896, he was shot.

Rizal's martyrdom hastened the Philippine revolt against the Spaniards. Today he is best beloved of all his country's heroes, and December 30th is a public holiday, "Rizal Day." His statue, the work of a Swiss sculptor, stands on the Luneta in Manila. I learned that an enduring monument is to be erected to him in the town of his birth, a fine public school called "The Rizal School." This valiant son of Calamba did not die in vain.

We left the train at Los Baños, two and one-half hours from Manila on the southern shore of the great lake, Laguna de Bay, twenty-five by thirty miles, a shallow sheet of fresh water.

There is a comfortable little hotel at Los Baños and the place is celebrated for its hot springs, discovered by a Francisan priest in 1671. Ever since then there has been a hospital here —Franciscan, Spanish, and now a United States army hospital occupying the fine old Spanish building. On the hills, just back of the town, is Camp Eldridge, a small military post. Two miles away is the College of Agriculture of the University of

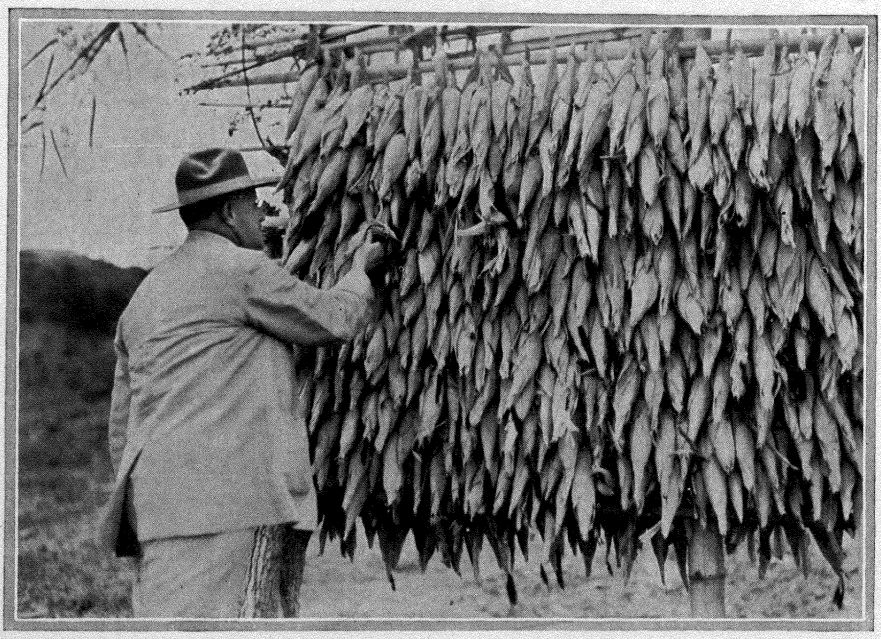


LOS BAÑOS, WITH CAMP ELDRIDGE ON THE HILLS.

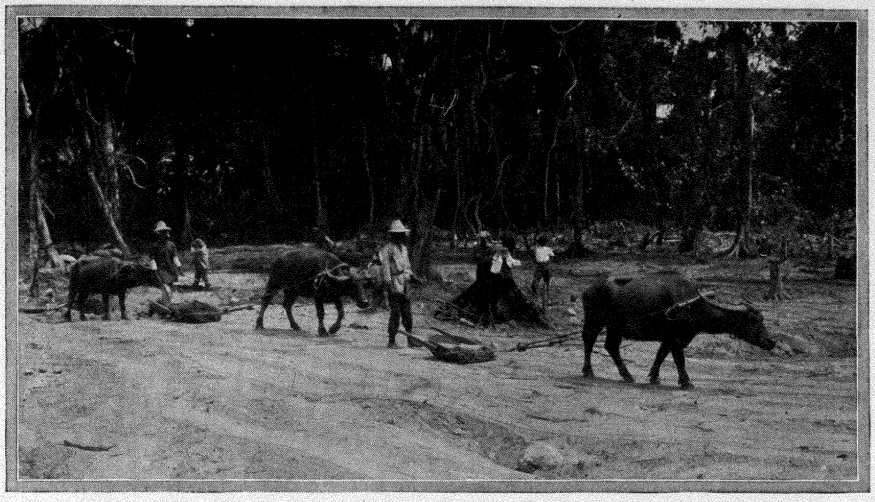
the Philippines, a most important branch of our work in the Islands, as the very best we can do for the Filipino is to teach him to be a good farmer.

From the Spaniards the Filipinos got the idea that manual labor is degrading and that farming belongs to the *taos,* the peon class. We are trying to change this deplorable state of affairs. The Philippines are primarily agricultural lands and intelligent farmers are needed as well as students on other lines. I had read about the great variety of fruits in the Philippines and expected to find a fine assortment out here in the country. At the hotel in Los Baños we had canned pineapples from Hawaii for breakfast!

"What on earth's the matter?" I asked the man at the next table. "Haven't you any native fruit in this country?" "Oh! it's between seasons," he said. "Mangoes about gone; nothing else due; weather bad, so they don't bring bananas into town. Then we have had bad luck down here with fruit. As soon as



MR. BOYCE EXAMINING PHILIPPINE CORN.



ROAD BUILDING IN THE PHILIPPINES.

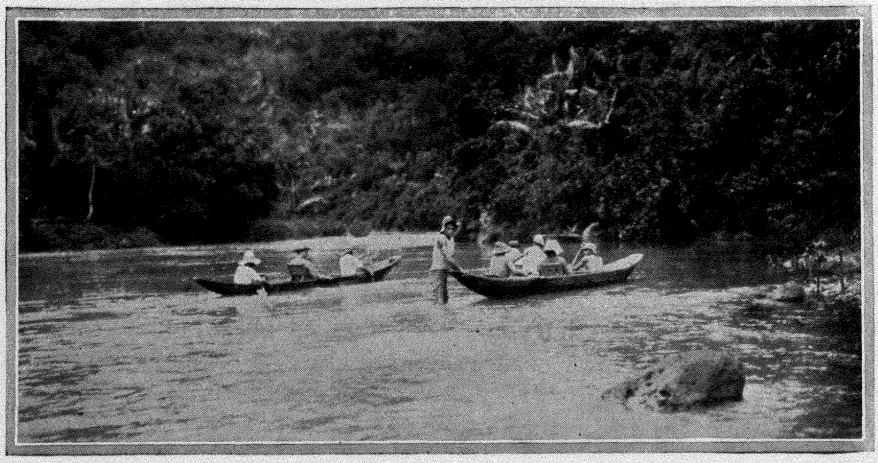
a new kind is introduced, some insect pest comes along and puts it out of business. The scientific fellows take a squint at it and report a new brand, 'first time in captivity.' Discouraging work! You can't get these rice-eating people to raise much else. We've been all this time convincing 'em that corn is fit to eat. They said at first it was hog and chicken food!"

Los Baños has one main street with a number of frame buildings, besides the regulation *nipa* houses. There is an "American Store," well patronized by the soldiers. The street is really a part of the main highway, connecting Manila with Antimonan, a town on the Pacific Ocean side of the Island of Luzon, and a splendid road throughout.

The wonderful road system in the Islands came to be after many attempts and failures. Government money, appropriated to the provinces, was misspent and the roads were never repaired. Finally the Commission decided on a brand new measure. Each province was authorized to double its poll tax and spend the additional half on roads and bridges. Then 10 per cent of all the internal revenue of the Islands was voted to

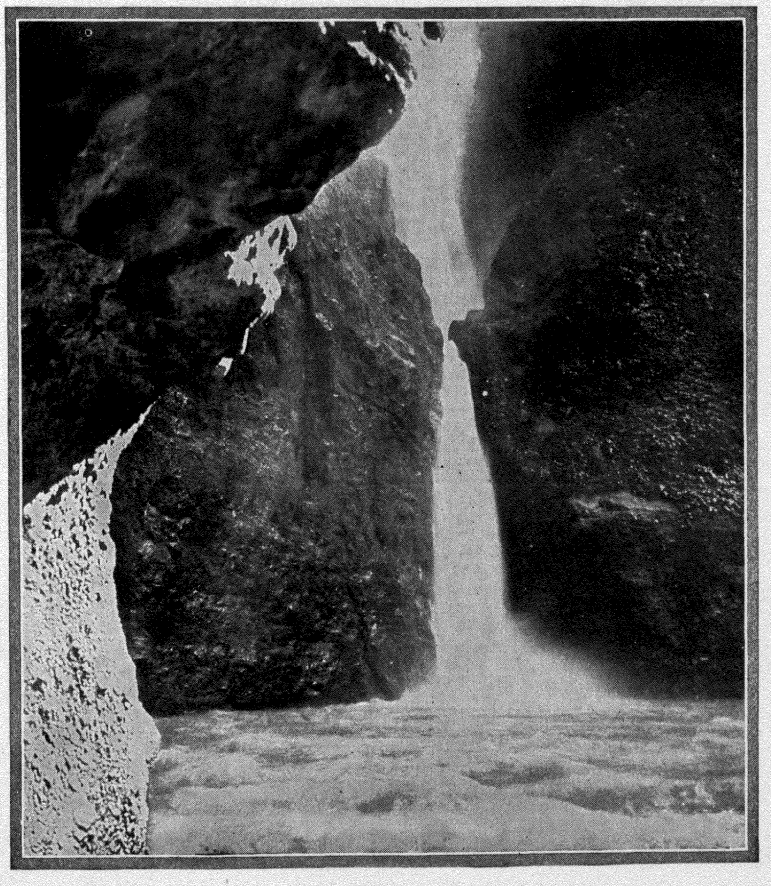
OLD STYLE PLOWS, ISLAND OF LUZON.

be spent in such provinces as had doubled the poll tax. The Government went so far as to put up $850,000 on the side to be spent in the provinces which came in at once. Added to the internal revenue, this made $2,000,000. The native officials,



ON THE WAY UP THE PAGSANJAN GORGE.

signing the agreement, promised to pay $175 a year on each kilometer of road, to maintain repairs and pay salaries to *camineros* or road men. Each *caminero* keeps a kilometer (two-thirds of a mile) of road in repair. In this part of the country he wears a black shirt, "Turkey red" cotton trousers, long and baggy, and big straw hat with a brass tag. A red flag stuck up by the side of the road indicates that he is not far off. He works nine hours a day and gets 20 *pesos* ($10) a month. To make it a regular sporting proposition, the Commission awards cash prizes annually as follows: Province with best



5 UPPER FALLS IN PAGSANJAN GORGE

sustained character of road, $7,500; province with greatest new mileage of good road, $5,000; province transferring greatest per cent of funds for roads, $2,500.

From Los Baños we went by rail along the southern shore of the lake to the village of Pagsanjan to see the Pagsanjan gorge and falls, famous throughout the Philippines. This is the greatest "show trip" for excursionists from Manila. We telegraphed ahead for *bancas,* or native dugouts, and the *banqueros,* or canoe men, met us at the station. The round trip to the falls takes about four hours. Each passenger has two *banqueros.* My boys spoke English and sang and whistled as they paddled merrily along. They knew quite a number of American tunes and it amused me to hear these brown-skinned Malays, in impromptu bathing suits, singing "Good Night, Ladies!" Evidently army folks and other Americans patronize Pagsanjan.

The trip is one of marvelous beauty. At the village the stream is wide, its shores lined with giant bamboo in great emerald plumes. As we went on the river narrowed and cliffs, hung in verdure, towered on either side. Kingfishers of brilliant plumage seemed the only tenants of the shadowy gorge. The lower fall is 100 feet, the upper fall only 60 feet, but of greater volume.

The great sport is shooting the rapids on the way back. Canoes are very often upset. A man told me he had seen twelve people in the water at once. We came through without mishap, but the canoes shipped so much water we were as wet as though we had gone overboard.

CHAPTER VII.

DOWN IN BATANGAS.

"HOW did you save your life?" The new arrivals had captured Charles Martin and were trying to get the story from him. But Martin, the Government photographer, is a modest chap and not inclined to brag about risking his life for pictures of the eruption of the famous Taal volcano. Taal, the "Cloud Maker," as the natives call it, is the great scenic asset of the Philippines—an active volcano on a low island in the center of a lake seventeen miles long and ten and a half miles wide, in Batangas Province, southern Luzon. The Americans call it Lake Taal and the Filipinos call it Lake Bombon. Some geologists say that Taal is in its death throes, but people in this part of the world thought it was much alive on the terrible night of January 30, 1911.

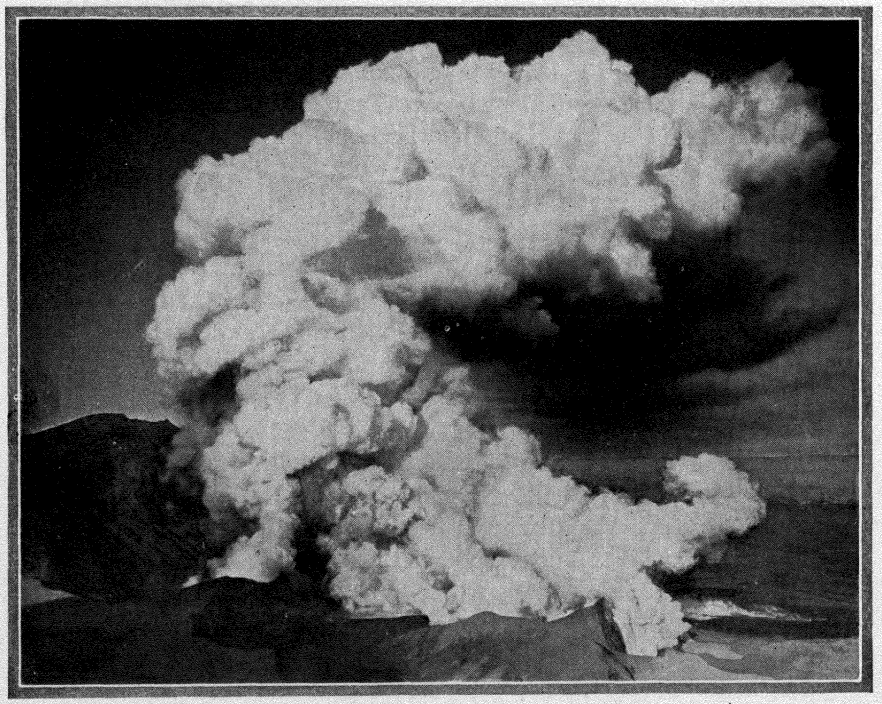
On the 28th news reached Manila that Taal was in eruption and Photographer Martin grabbed his camera and took the first train south. His wonderful photographs, taken during the days which followed, are proof of his skill and courage. Up to the night of the 29th he took pictures at close range on Volcanic Island and, if his plates had not given out, he would not be alive to tell the tale. As it was, he crossed the lake in the evening on his way to a village on the railroad for a fresh supply of plates. That night the mighty eruption occurred.

Thousands of people, all over southern Luzon, witnessed it, for they had been living in dread for two days and nights because of the constant earthquakes. A man, 100 miles away from the lake, told me he saw the flames shoot up like a gigantic balloon, and the electrical display which followed was seen 250 miles away. In the twinkling of an eye, 1,400 human beings perished. The extraordinary part of it is that they were not

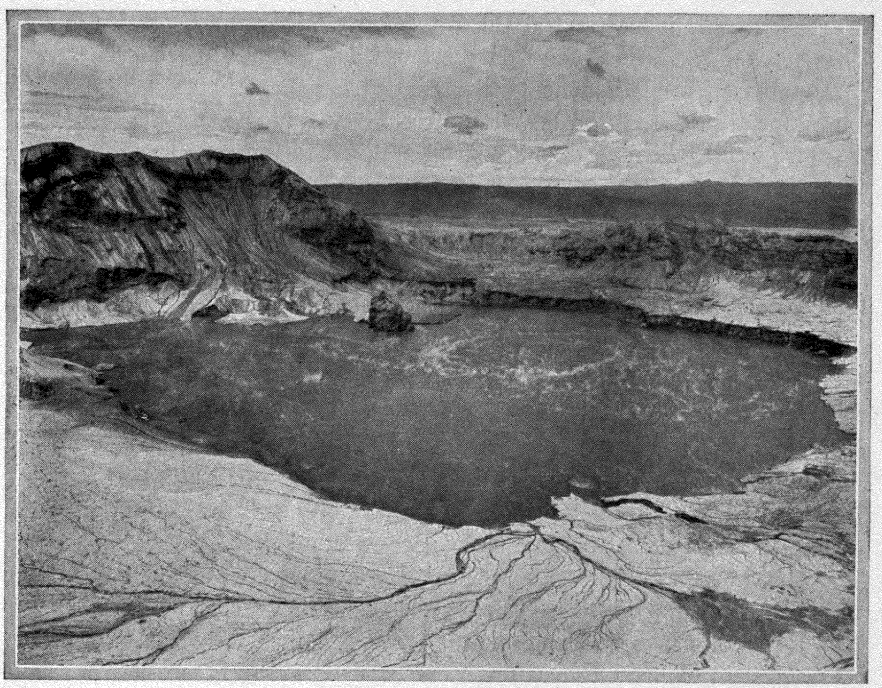
burned by the lava flow, or buried under ashes, but killed outright by a mighty sand-blast.

That noon Martin returned to the volcano and continued his series of photographs. Now horrible scenes were recorded. The dead were strewn all about. A strange incident is that two frolicsome little puppies were found alive, among the few surviving creatures on the island. The devastation was not only on the island, but on the western side of the lake, and, in areas where people escaped, crops and grass were destroyed and the domestic animals died of starvation.

If there ever was a case of people being wedded to their native soil, it was here. Natives who survived wanted to go right back and build some more *nipa* houses in the shadow of the volcano. The Government, however, will no longer permit any one to live on the island, so Taal has it all to itself.



TAAL VOLCANO IN ERUPTION, 1911.



CRATER OF TAAL VOLCANO, LAKE BOMBON.

I went down to Batangas Province on the railroad and drove over to Lake Bombon to have a look at the volcano. It is peaceful enough now; quite a low mountain, not at all a beautiful cone like Mount Mayon, near the southernmost point of Luzon. Through drifting clouds, which fill the crater, sulphurous fumes rise, and sooner or later wicked Taal will belch once more, bringing death and destruction to the surrounding country. The Province of Batangas is very fertile. My photographer and I went down to the town of Batangas, the capital, which is on the seacoast seventy-two miles south of Manila. Looming up across the strait, twenty-four miles away, is the Island of Mindoro, Luzon's neighbor on the south.

Batangas has 35,000 inhabitants and enjoys the distinction of being the section "where the fine horses come from." The

grazing lands attracted the attention of the Spaniards, who stocked the fields with their best breeds. Some thirteen years ago General Bell, who until recently was the ranking military official in the Philippines, imported fine Arabian strains. Australia also furnished some hardy animals. Before automobiles became popular, Manila was a splendid market for matched teams, 2,000 *pesos* ($1,000) not being an unusual price. Now a "matched Batangas team" can be bought for a low figure.

I rather questioned there being 35,000 inhabitants in Batangas; the place did not look large enough. "Oh, they're here, all right," an American told me. "These sardine towns are bound to fool you on size, when you first come in. But if you'll shake up one of these straw shacks, you'll be surprised at the assorted mass of humanity that will pour out!"

My informant was an officer from Camp McGrath, the big military post on a hill overlooking the city, an ideal situation. Six companies of colored troops are stationed here. A colonial company has 150 men, so, with the white officers and the band, the camp has close to 1,000 soldiers. The black soldiers are fine-looking specimens; several of these companies were at the front in Cuba. Some of the men were playing baseball when I arrived, and the officer told me that McGrath has the champion team of the Army League.

"What supports Batangas besides the horse trade?" I asked. "Well, our soldiers help some, but it's a farming country around here, much rice being raised. Coffee used to be the leading product, but a deadly bug, or something, came along and killed it." "Yes, that's Mindoro across the way," he said—"the island there is so much talk about. You can go over in a big launch in about three hours, if the strait is smooth, but you're apt to be caught in a *baguio*—that's a big wind—and marooned over there for days. Ward, the American who takes parties to Taal in the dry season, went over last week and couldn't get back until yesterday."

I decided to "take a chance" to be able to say I had been on Mindoro, as the steamer I was to take south to Cebu and other islands would not touch at Mindoro ports. Until recently

Mindoro, containing over 4,000 square miles, has had a bad name. "The most unhealthful place in the Philippines," they called it, and very little was done to develop it. Nowadays you hear a great deal about the vast tracts of valuable hardwoods on the Islands, and Mindoro will soon have an average of more than one and one-half inhabitants to the square mile.

Puerto Galera, my destination on the northern coast, is a little landlocked harbor, noted for the remarkable transparency of its water, like that of Catalina Islands, off southern California. The marine garden is a wonder, coral of every color and variety, and all the fish they try to catch for the aquarium—red, green, yellow, pink, lavender—every shade and combination you have ever dreamed of. I saw one fellow striped like a tiger and another which looked like a peacock.

A few miles inland is Mount Halcon, 8,504 feet, one of the highest peaks in the Philippines. This is an ideal camping spot —fishing, sea-bathing and the best sort of hunting in the interior—deer, wild hogs, wild *carabaos,* ducks pigeons, jack-snipe and the jungle fowl, which looks like barnyard Leghorn. One of the rarest animals in the world is found only in Mindoro, the *timarao,* a small cousin of the wild *carabao,* very difficult to obtain and very dangerous. The man who goes after *timarao* must be sure of his nerve and his aim.

Former Secretary of the Interior, Dean C. Worcester, hunted the Mindoro *timarao* in the eighties, when he was connected with a college in the States. The expedition with which he was connected brought out the first specimens of this wary animal. The only *timarao* in captivity, and possibly the only one ever captured alive, was recently on exhibition in Manila, before being sent to the European or American zoölogical garden which offered the highest price.

Gordon, a well-known hunter, captured the eight-months-old *timarao* calf not long ago. The Manila papers published columns about it, how it followed its keeper about and would not sleep without a light in the corral, a regular " 'fraid baby," although its father and mother terrified the hunters before they were killed and the little one was secured.

After leaving Manila, I saw the Filipinos at close range and noted a number of queer customs. Any one who has lived on civilized fare is startled by some of the weird things they eat. Big grasshoppers, which play such havoc with the crops, are a luxury. For years they have been a great pest. The Spaniards brought over birds from China—martins—to exterminate them, but the hungry hoppers are still there. Last

PULLING HEADS AND WINGS FROM GRASSHOPPERS SOLD FOR FOOD.

season the Government had many men in the field driving the young locusts into pits and burning them. This may account for their high price in the market, 25 *centavos* (12½ cents) a pound—nice, fat, juicy hoppers!

They are not considered fit to eat unless they can fly. Then they are caught in hand nets, dropped into boiling water, and are ready to serve. I saw baskets heaped with them in the markets and the women selling them said, "Very good, *señor*, just like shrimps!"

Another delicacy is *balut*, partially hatched duck eggs. The

embryo duck is boiled in the shell. At the railroad stations you see the women, with trays on their heads, crying *"Balut, balut!"* Very old men earn their living by lying on these eggs, but we failed to get a photograph of any of these human incubators.

Immense fruit bats, three and four feet across, are relished by many. A man told me they catch them with kites, fish-hooks attached to the lines. He said he has counted forty kites on one night in a nearby field. At an army mess, not long before, two or three big bats were served as a joke and some of the men thought they were eating chicken. When they found out about it they were "good and mad."

"I don't know why they made such a fuss," said the man who told the story. "The bats live on fruit and aren't unwholesome."

Chewing the betel is a common habit among Filipinos of the poorer class. Their Malay ancestors chewed the nut from time immemorial, not only for the narcotic effect, but because they considered the black stain on the teeth a mark of beauty. The nut—of the areca palm—is plentiful in the Islands. The husk is about the size of a hen's egg and the nut within is a deep rose red. The natives chew it with slaked lime and a certain leaf found here. The combination relieves hunger and thirst, and acts as a "bracer." As the nut is chewed it stains the lips a brilliant red and, with constant expectoration, it is altogether a disgusting habit. Besides chewing the betel, the women smoke cigars and cigarettes.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE TAIL END OF LUZON.

"WHAT is the leading export of the Philippine Islands?" I had the agricultural expert under cross-examination. "Last year it was hemp, but the year before it was copra—dried coconuts," he continued. "The two have been running neck and neck for some seasons. The bottom fell out of the hemp market a few years ago and it is only just recovering. The latest hemp figures are the record on quantity and value—$22,000,000, for 170,000 tons. I've just figured it out that one year's output of Manila hemp could tie up the world. If it were made into a cord an inch in circumference, it could wrap the earth at the equator sixty-three times around. If you want to see something of the industry, go down to Albay, at the tail end of Luzon. They grow clotheslines there while you wait!" So for Albay I started, taking in the copra industry on the way.

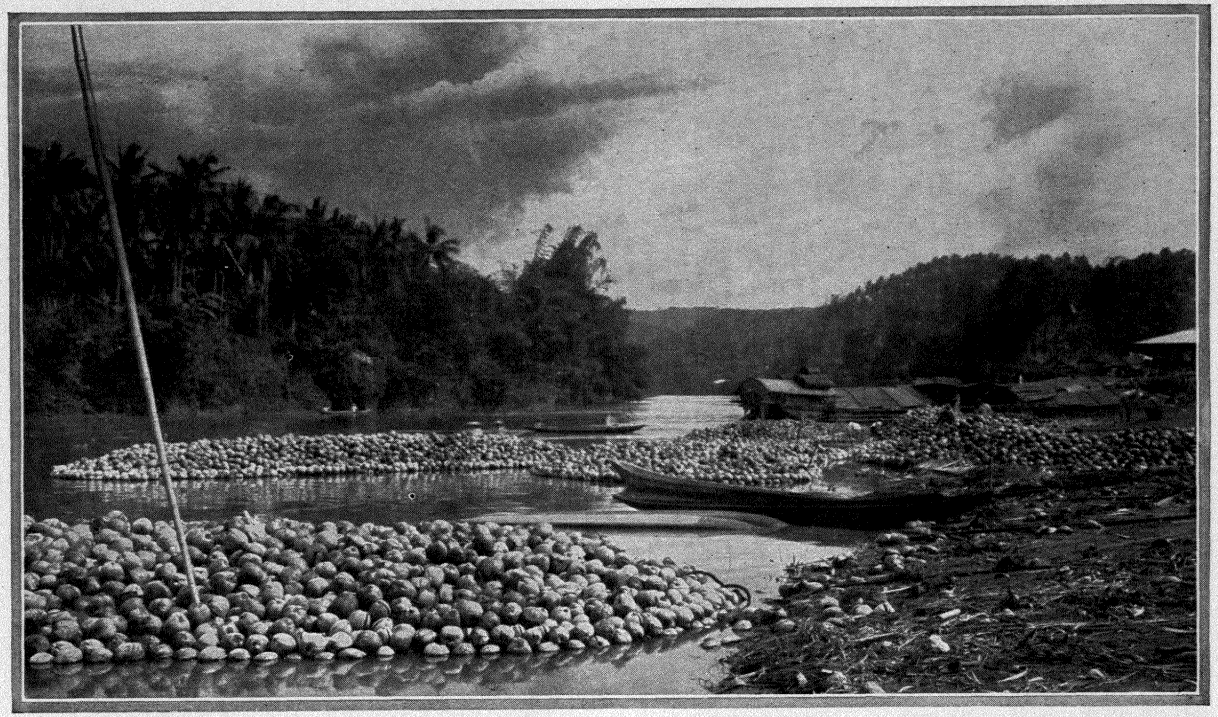
SCENE IN THE COCONUT COUNTRY.

DRYING COCONUTS (COPRA) ON TRAYS.

It was in La Laguna Province that I first met hemp's great rival in formidable array. When you stop to consider the number of coco palms it takes to produce 300,000,000 pounds of dried coconuts in a year, you know why the Filipino calls this "The Land of the Palm."

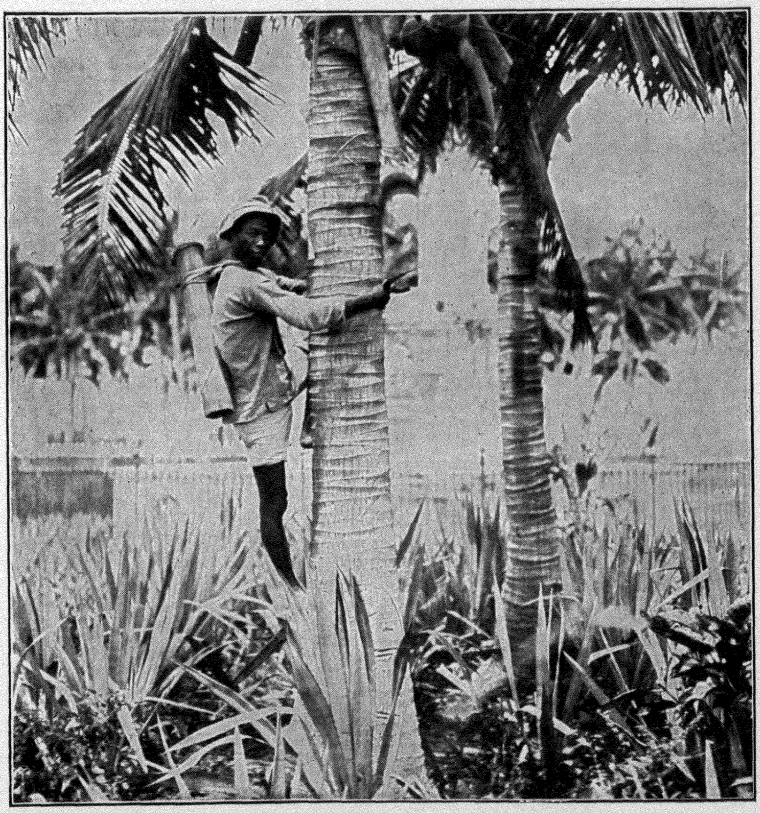
Scientists have never been able to agree as to the country from which this most graceful and useful of palms started on its journey round the world. Some say Asia was its birthplace; others claim America. "A tropical isle in a Southern sea" is a compromise location, from whence it may have been distributed by ocean currents. It seems to have found a congenial home in the Philippines, where it is of many varieties. In the southern islands there is a kind with a sweet, watery husk which is chewed by the natives like sugar cane.

This coco palm is a real "meal-ticket" to the Filipino, for with two or three acres in coconuts, he is fairly sure of from $50 to $70 a year from each acre. Roughly estimated, each palm produces about one dollar's worth annually.



COCONUT RAFTS, SOUTHERN LUZON.

The early Spanish *padres* recognized that the milk of the coconut meant a surer revenue than the milk of the cow and encouraged the planting. All over southern Luzon there are forests of these palms, set in precise rows. The Filipino fairly outdoes the Chicago packer who utilizes all the hog but the squeal, for he turns to account every part of the palm—wood, leaves, meat of nut and oil. Of course the dried meat is the valuable product, worth millions each year. Still, in many of the islands, the natives forego this crop to obtain a drink called *tuba,* the fermented juice of the coconut flower. Whole groves are devoted to the production of this beverage. The aërial milkmen build bridges from palm to palm to save lost



A TUBA GATHERER.

motion. The work is simple—the tip of each blossom cut and a joint of bamboo hung to catch the sap. A healthy tree produces several flowers each month and a number of tubes often hang on the same tree. Twice daily the milkman climbs up to cut a new slice from the flower, to keep the wound bleeding. Two quarts daily is the average yield from one palm.

In the fresh state, *tuba* has a sweetish taste; when fermented it is more palatable; and when distilled is very strong. A second fermentation produces a vinegar which the agriculturists claim is of the highest quality. However, the local demand for *tuba* exceeds the production, so coco-vinegar is not apt to be on the Philippine market.

"Yes, the coconut fell to second place in the last record of exports, but even then the copra and oil were worth over $12,000,000. Just give us a few years more," said the grower,

ON THEIR WAY TO TOWN WITH COCONUTS.

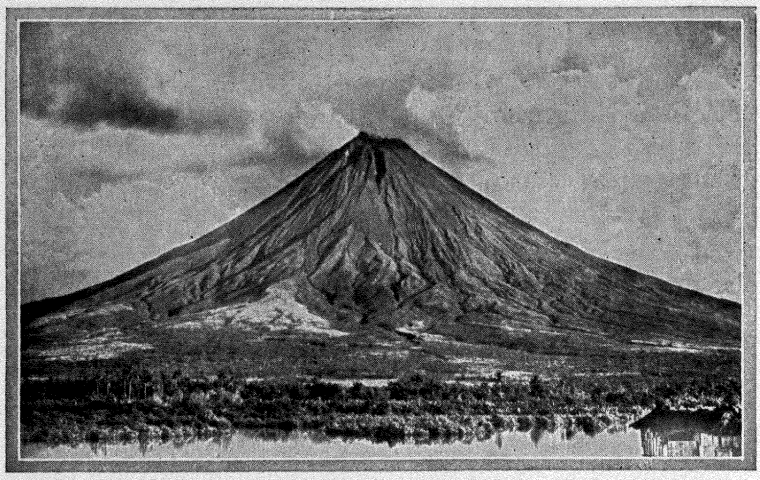
"and we'll astonish the world. A few seasons ago our product was only used by confectioners and soap-boilers. Soap? Well, rather! Coconut-oil soap is the only kind that will dissolve in salt water. And table butter? Just the thing! It makes first-class butter and the bulk of our copra now goes to France and Germany to be turned into 'Vegetaline' and 'Cocoaline.' This, in turn, is shipped to Holland and Denmark and comes out as 'Dairy Butter.' And I don't see why coconut milk isn't as good as cow's milk. What do you think?"

I acknowledged that all such canned butter is a godsend in the tropics where dairy products spoil without ice. Still, in spite of the opinion of the coconut grower, I believe there are a few cows left in Denmark and Holland.

A considerable amount of coconut oil is used in the Philippines in house lamps, for street illumination and as a hair tonic. Like the Hindus and other Oriental women, the Filipinas oil their black tresses faithfully and this, with the native bark they use in washing it, may account for the luxuriant growth. There is a future for the manufacture of oil here on a large scale. The residue of the mill could be used as a stock food and as a fertilizer, ranking with cotton-seed cake for either purpose.

Copra-making is a crude process. The husks are stripped by hand, an average operator handling 1,000 nuts a day. Halved with a big knife, or *bolo,* which every native in the country carries about with him, the meat is dried by the sun and the kernel drops out. Another drying over the fire, and the copra is ready for sacking. The husks, now burned and returned in ashes to the soil, could be made into coir fiber, in demand for packing lubricating journals on railroad cars.

To reach the "tail" of Luzon, including the isolated provinces of Ambos Camarines, Albay and Sorsogon, I railroaded to Lucena, not far from Batangas, sailed over to the town of Pasacao and motored to Legaspi, capital of the flourishing province of Albay, heart of the hemp industry. The voyage from Manila to Legaspi can be made in two or three days on an inter-island steamer.



MOUNT MAYON, IN ALBAY PROVINCE, THE MOST PERFECT CONE ON EARTH.

Visitors to this part of Luzon, and all who reach the Philippines on United States army transports which sail past Albay on their way to Manila, are greatly impressed with Mount Mayon, considered the most perfect cone in the world. It towers 7,943 feet above the plain and is an active volcano, having been in eruption as late as 1897. The late Dr. Paul C. Freer, director of the Manila Bureau of Science, has written a glowing account of his ascent of Mayon, comparing the view from its summit with the great ones of the world.

"I have been high up on the slopes of Etna," he says, "at the entrance of the Val del Bove, from which many travelers maintain the finest view in the world is to be obtained; but I think the vista from the summit of Mayon surpasses the one from its sister volcano in Sicily."

The ashes and dust of this majestic volcano have formed the soil of the richest Manila hemp province. The Philippine Islands have one great monopoly. In the production of hemp fiber they rule the world. There are other varieties of hemp on the market, but they are all outdistanced by the Philippine

article, when strength, length and lightness are considered. Attempts to transplant the *abacá,* or Manila hemp plant, to India, Borneo and the West Indies have resulted in failure.

I cannot tell the *abacá* from the banana plant, its near relative. They both produce a fruit and a fiber, but the *abacá* fruit is worthless and the banana fiber lacks strength, so these two members of the *Musa* family achieve distinction on separate lines.

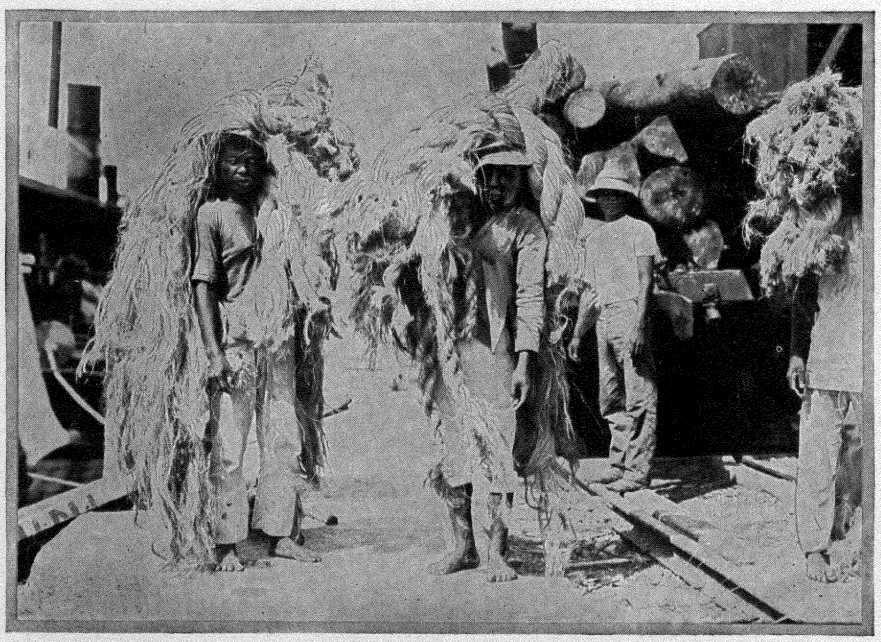
While the great bulk of the hemp is used in the manufacture of rope, cordage and binder-twines, some of the fine varieties are utilized for fabrics, lace, and hat braids.

Rainfall in this section is distributed throughout the year. A grower told me his crop would suffer if six weeks elapsed without rain. The plant requires little care and is not bothered by insect pests. After its third birthday it becomes a producer. Its great enemy is the wild hog, numerous in Luzon, with a decided fondness for young plants. Fencing becomes a necessity.

6 MANILA HEMP PLANTS.

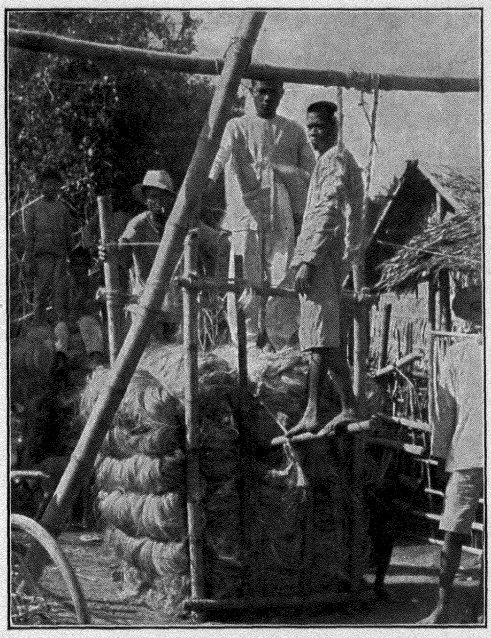
The native seldom plows the ground before planting, just burns it over and sets the plants ten or twelve feet apart. As a rule the owner works on shares with the workmen, who strip the fiber from the plant. Twelve to twenty stalks grow from one root and these are split, the layers separated and drawn between a block of wood and a sharp knife. The fiber is then hung over bamboo poles, exactly like a washing put out to dry. I have seen it twelve feet long, looking like spun glass in the sunlight. The drying takes a day or two and then the hemp is tied in bundles and shipped to the nearest market, often traveling by *carabao* cart. The exporter sorts it into commercial grades, packs it in 275-pound bales, and off it goes to the four corners of the earth. The so-called Manila paper is made from old rope.

The Department of Agriculture here makes the statement that a young man with $5,000 to invest, willing to live in the tropics, can make money in growing hemp. The industry seems



NATIVES LOADING HEMP.

to have attracted a number of former Government employés, and soldiers whose term of service has expired.



A HEMP PRESS.

The southernmost portion of Luzon, bordered by the Inter-Island Sea and the Pacific Ocean, and connected with the island of Luzon proper by a narrow strip of land, is the home of the Bicols —Christian Filipinos who form about 7 per cent of the total population of the Islands. The Bicols rank among the most energetic and progressive in the Philippines. They stand fourth in number among the ten Christian tribes. In their case it is easy to see how the isolation of their country, through years when good roads and coastwise steamers were unknown, led to the preservation of their dialect and distinctive characteristics.

CHAPTER IX.

HISTORIC CAVITE.

CAVITE is historic. Long before the Spaniards came the Malays called the place "Kawit," or fishhook, because the slender peninsula, curving out into Manila Bay, Luzon Island, has the exact crook of a fishhook with two sharp points at the end. To one of these sand spits the Chinese, or "Sangley," came with their trading junks as far back as 1200 A. D., according to history, and probably centuries earlier. Today this is known as Sangley Point.

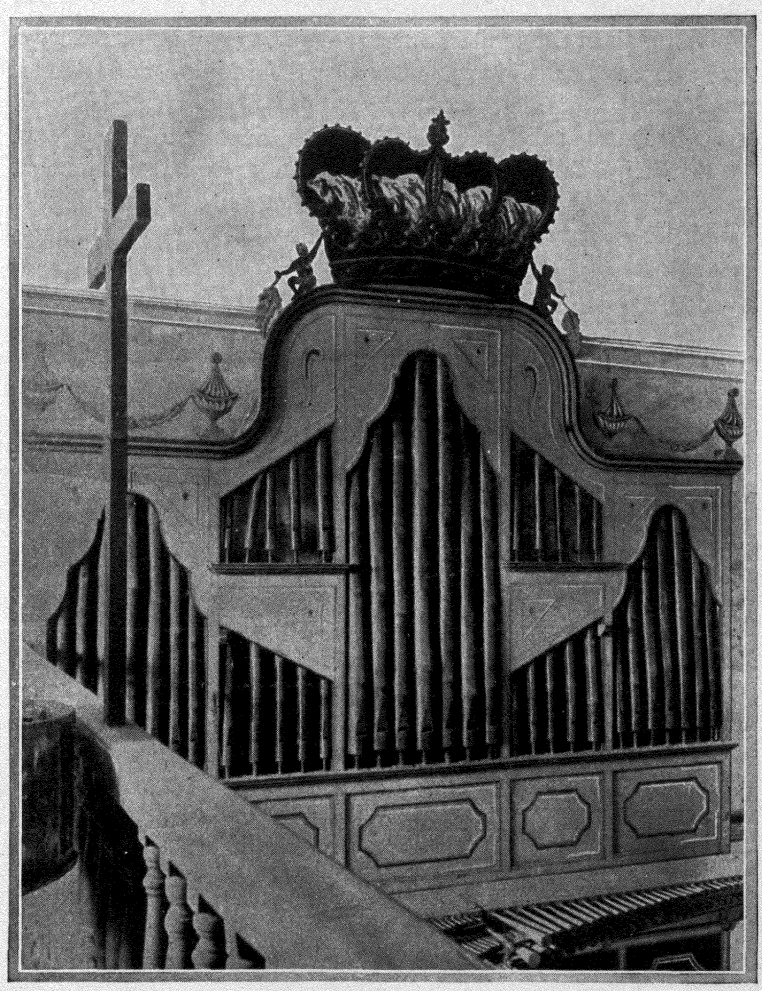
On the twin tip of the fishhook, just across the little Bay of Cañacao, the Spanish dons built their town in the sixteenth century, calling it Cavite, which was as near as they could come to the native "Kawit." From here the galleon set sail every year for Acapulco, Mexico, laden with silks from China and wares from India—the only regular means of communication for 300 years between Asia and America.

A CAVITE HAT.

And here in Cañacao Bay, off Old Cavite, on that memorable May morning in 1898, Dewey sank the Spanish squadron and American history in the Philippines began.

The town of Cavite, which has a population of about 5,000 and is the capital of the province of the same name, is about eight miles southwest of Manila. There are three ways of reaching it from Manila —by steamer in an hour; by road for twenty-six miles along the coast; or by rail. We chose the last route. It took us through the town of Pasay, past the Manila Polo Club and to the sleepy little

village of Las Piñas, where we got off to see an ancient organ with pipes of bamboo, 600 of them, built by an ingenious priest back in 1787. The curious old instrument is still able to wail and wheeze. Its builder sent a duplicate organ as a gift to the Queen of Spain and the records relate she was very proud of it, claiming there was nothing like it in England or in Spain (and it is quite safe to say there wasn't)!



AN ORGAN WITH BAMBOO PIPES

The approach to Cavite Town is unique. The train creeps along a narrow strip of land with the Bay of Manila on either side and pulls up at the village of San Roque where travelers take *carromatas* and drive over a neck of land, hardly wider than a boulevard, to the old walled city of Cavite.

Passing the hoary fortifications we came on to a shaded waterfront where the old galleons were fitted out and I was just conjuring up a picturesque troupe of Spanish adventurers when a man in the United States naval uniform pointed across Cañacao Bay and said: "There's our naval hospital, and beyond, on Sangley Point, is the coaling station. The naval station is here in Cavite at the extreme end of the town, at least that part of it which hasn't been transferred to Olongapo, up the coast in Zambales Province. Yes, this is the very bay where the Spanish fleet lay asleep sixteen years ago May Day, when we sailed in."

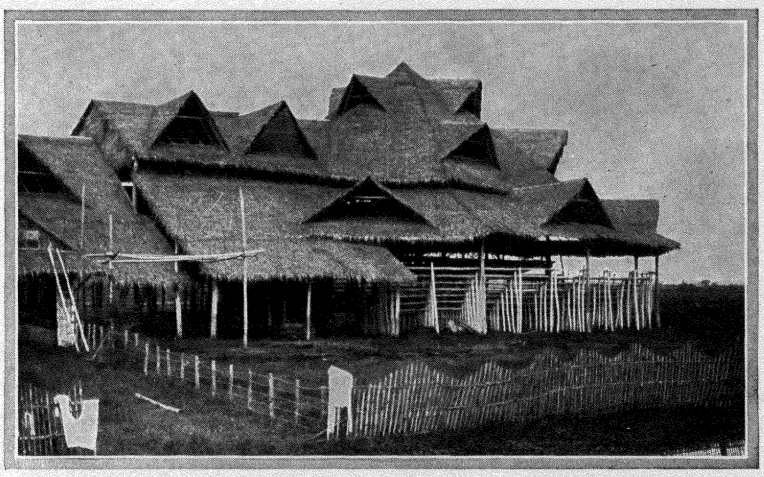
"Any men around here who were in the battle?" I asked, and the officer produced a jolly old salt, who told me "just how it happened."

"We were over in Hong Kong, Dewey and the rest of us, when war was declared. The British gave us just twenty-four hours to quit port, so, having our orders to destroy the Spanish fleet, we cut out for Manila Bay. We had only four cruisers, two gunboats, a cutter, collier and supply ship, not much of a fleet, you'd say, but it was plenty. When we sighted 'em at dawn, we just went to it and pounded them with the best we had. We circled in front of 'em, landing broadside after broadside, until we had 'em wiped off the sea. Do you know, those Spaniards fired twice as many shots as we and did us no damage excepting on the *Baltimore,* where six men were wounded by a shell, but back on duty almost immediately. We killed and wounded hundreds of the enemy."

I asked about an old hulk lying in the bay. "Why, that's the *Cyrus Wakefield* of Thomaston, Maine," he said. "She was a champion, a 3,000 tonner, held the world's record as a sailing vessel. Made a voyage from Frisco to Liverpool and back in less than seven months, Captain Hibbard in command.

They say she came from the equator to Frisco in eleven days and you can bet that's going some! Now she lies here as a store-ship, but it's 'Hats off, mates!' to a champion, even if she is a 'has been.' "

There is a lot of Chinese blood in Cavite. Every other face seems to have a Mongolian cast. For centuries Chinamen have been marrying the native women and the isolation of the place has tended to preserve the type. The town is Spanish in appearance—narrow streets, massive doorways, overhanging



A COCK PIT, TEMPLE OF TEMPLES IN EVERY PHILIPPINE TOWN.

balconies. There are one or two interesting old churches and a *padre* who has the history of the town at his finger tips.

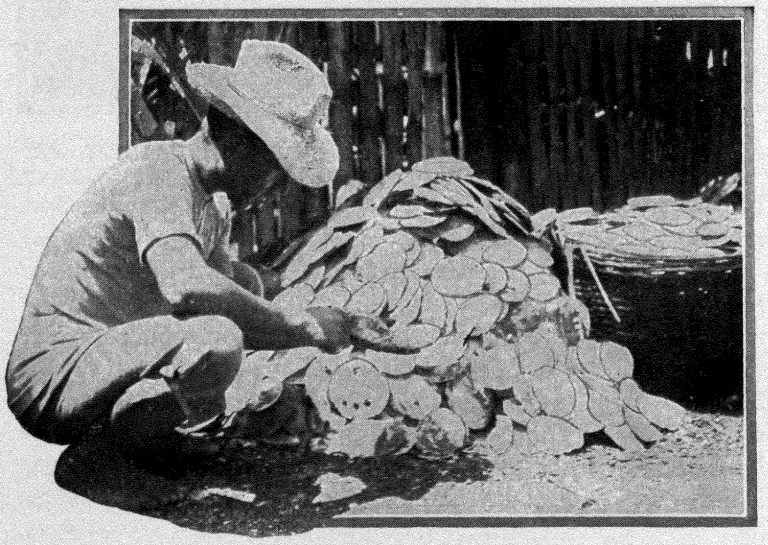
When we drove back to San Roque to board the train, we met a care-free crowd returning from the cock pit. The winners were in *carromatas,* but the losers were on foot.

Every village, or *barrio,* in the Philippines has its cock pit. The cock fight is still the principal diversion of the masses, and, in spite of American frowns, retains its drawing power. Undoubtedly introduced from Mexico by the early Spaniards, it has thrived and today is the only means left the Filipino to

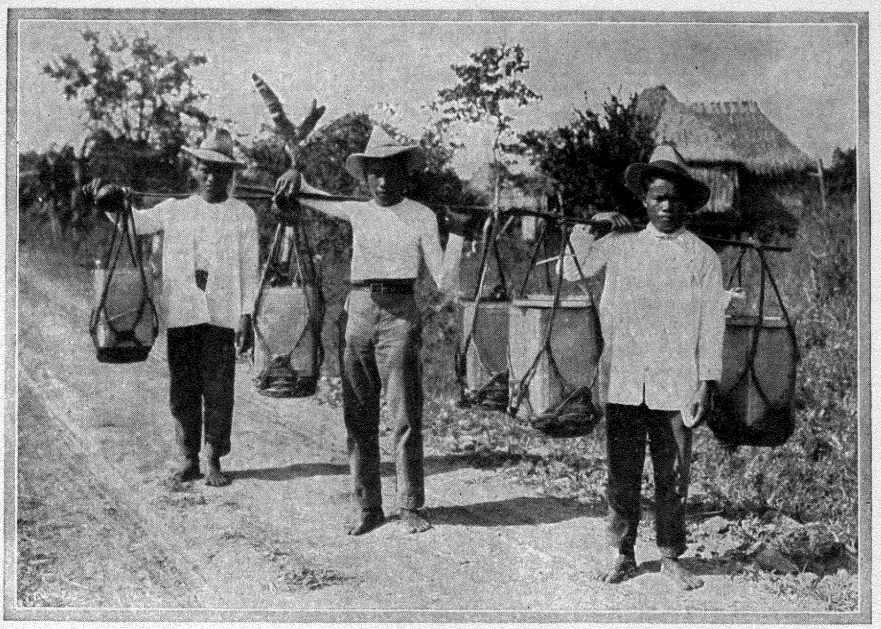
satisfy his passion for gambling. While banished from the city of Manila, cock fighting is carried on just over the municipal boundary on every Sunday and holiday. The Government exacts a license and the municipal fathers add a tax adjusted to the prosperity of the pit. On a live Sunday, American flag flying, from thirty to forty matches are fought in the country cock pits and, near Manila, fully double the number. Considerable money changes hands at the pit, and it is from the commission on all bets placed, as well as from the admission fee and reserved seat sale, that the management derives its profit, enabling it to meet the high license.

One point in connection with cock fighting impressed me greatly—the honesty which characterizes the Filipino in his gambling ventures. Money in all amounts is tossed into the betting booth and no tickets are issued. When the match is decided the winner calls at the booth, states the amount of the bet and receives his winnings. There is never a question about it. No Filipino would dream of lying as to the amount of his bet.

On the way back to Manila, we left the train at Kawit, or



OPENING SHELLS USED FOR WINDOW-PANES.



SELLERS OF COAL OIL, CAVITE.

Old Cavite, where most of the people earn a living by fishing for window-panes. Shell takes the place of glass in Philippine windows and with good reason. In this tropical land, the soft light which comes through the shell is very grateful to the eyes. Then these thin wafer-like shells are better able to meet the typhoon's blast.

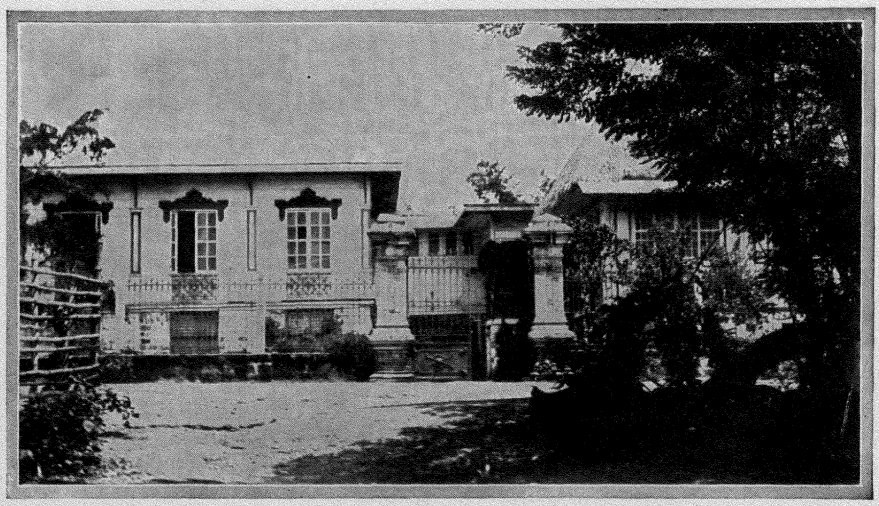
In some of the old churches, shell windows, exposed for centuries, are still in service. When broken the shells are easily replaced. Above all, they are cheap. "What do they sell for?" I asked a Kawit merchant. He had three prices, he admitted—8 *pesos* per 1,000 for the Filipino; 10 *pesos* for the Spaniard; 12 *pesos* for the American.

Two sizes of shell panes are placed on the market—three inches square, and two and one-half inches square. When found the shells are almost ready for use, as one side is flat and it simply requires squaring in a crude machine, such as is used

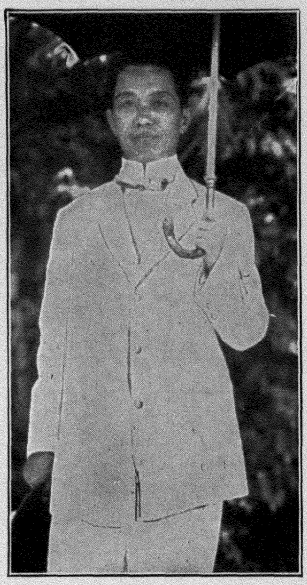
in cutting plug tobacco. The valve half of the shell, which is convex, is of little value.

This window shell is found throughout the Islands, but the largest beds are in Manila Bay, near Kawit. As Manila alone uses 5,000,000 shell panes annually, the Kawit fishermen are kept busy. They gather about 15,000 shells a week, wading out to their waists at low tide and feeling for the shells with their toes. When their baskets are full, the men wade ashore and turn the catch over to the women, who dexterously open the shells, remove the contents, and pile the flat shells up for cutting. They told me there were 10,000 trimmed shells in one basket ready for shipment across Manila Bay. All the new buildings in Manila—the American cathedral, the hospital, the Y. M. C. A. Building, the New Manila Hotel and others—have shell windows.

I have since inquired regarding shipment to the States and learn that 2,000 pounds of shell panes were sent to New York last year from one of the southern islands. Builders of bungalows, especially in California, may take to shell windows in time. They are certainly strong, cheap and attractive. I believe they have a future, too, in screens, lamp-shades and conservatory windows.



THE HOME OF GENERAL AGUINALDO, CAVITE.



GENERAL AGUINALDO.

Our chief object in stopping off in Kawit was to call on and photograph Emilio Aguinaldo, once the famous revolutionary leader of the Filipinos, now a quiet country gentleman. "General Emilio" they call him in Kawit, and his house is the only pretentious one in the village.

Not one American in fifty can tell you whether there are three or three thousand islands in the Philippines, but every one has heard of Aguinaldo. He was a leader in the fight of the Filipinos against the Spanish before our time. It is said he abandoned the revolution against Spain for the payment of 800,000 *pesos,* one-half in cash, the remainder to be paid later, and went into exile in Hong Kong. The Spaniards defaulted the second payment, claiming that the revolution had not been stamped out. Then came Dewey's victory and Aguinaldo's return to the Philippines, first to coöperate with our forces, later to proclaim himself leader of the revolutionary forces against us. It was a long, bitter fight before the final defeat at San Fernando. Aguinaldo fled to the north, through forests and over mountains, and every "grown up" in America knows how General Funston followed and captured him. Aguinaldo took an oath of allegiance to the American Government, quit politics and became a farmer.

CAVITE GIRL WEAVING A HAT.

My card brought the response that the General would be pleased to greet me, and he came in immedi-

SEEN NEAR CAVITE.

ately, a man of slight build, medium height, rather youthful for his forty-odd years, with a strong Chinese strain in evidence. He speaks English fairly well, Spanish perfectly. The press had been giving attention to the supposed visit of a son of Aguinaldo to the Emperor of Japan to request neutrality in case of another Philippine revolution against Uncle Sam. Aguinaldo smiled when I asked him about this. He had no son in Japan, he said. His sons lived here and one was at school in Manila.

"Daughters! Yes," he said, "and granddaughters as well! Yes, I'm out of politics, have been a farmer these many years. Many American officials came down from Manila to a breakfast with me not long ago. It was in honor of the Saint Day of Kawit. I appreciate your coming here, but we have so little to show you. The church? Yes, it is old, of the early Spanish days. Perhaps you noticed the marks of the cannon balls? The Province of Cavite was pretty well fought over in the nineties."

"My photograph? Yes, certainly. We will go out into the garden. Tell your readers that the picture is of Emilio Aguinaldo, Farmer."

CHAPTER X.

OUR LITTLE NINE-MILLION-DOLLAR ROAD.

"YOU aren't going to take all that paraphernalia over the mountain trails in the rainy season?"

"Indeed, we are," I said, "cameras and plates are our long suit just now, for we're after photographs."

We were bound for Baguio, the summer capital, in the great Mountain Province of Luzon.

The Americans in the Philippines were not the first to build a summer capital, a mountain seat of government up in the pure air of the pines. I have visited Simla in India, Buitenzorg, the hill city of Java, and Petropolis, high above Rio de Janeiro—all places where officials can keep on working, while recuperating from the ills of the fever-laden lowlands. But, among such highland capitals, Baguio, in the mountains of northern Luzon, is unique. It has cost $9,000,000 to build and maintain the Benguet Road which leads to it!

March, April and May are the months, the very hot months, when the Government packs up, bag and baggage, and takes to the tall timber. While only 900 Government employés are moved up to Baguio, about 4,000 relatives and friends follow the procession, and the little town is at its gayest. I saw it when the hot season was past, at a time when storms play havoc with the road.

It is a long way up to Baguio from Manila. First there is a seven hours' railway journey across the great central plain of Luzon, through five provinces—Rizal, Bulacan, Pampanga, Tarlac and Pangasinan.

Rizal is the province in which Manila lies. It is named, of course, for the Philippine patriot. Rice fields border the track. We passed the grounds of the Manila Golf Club.

In Bulacan we came to the town of Malolos where Agui-

naldo had his capital for a short time during the insurrection. There are iron deposits in this province worked by a Tagalog woman, Doña Marie Altesa Fernando. From her little furnaces in the jungle, the molten metal is poured into molds forming plow points. Slung on bamboo poles, they are carried down to the valley and on by ox-cart to the neighboring provinces.

Coming in sight of the Zambales Mountains, rising between the plain and the China Sea, we entered the interesting province of Pampanga.

You have heard of the Macabebes who fought so valiantly with our forces against the other Filipinos? They came from the town of Macabebe in Pampanga. Above all the Christian people of the Philippines, these Pampangans have the martial spirit. They fought with the Dutch army in Java in the seventeenth century; with Simon de Anda, the Spaniard, here in the Philippines, when he met the invading British in the eighteenth century; with Ward and Gordon in China in the nineteenth century. The Macabebe is a born fighter. Today he is an important element in the Philippine Scouts. It was at San Fernando in Pampanga Province that the final battle between the American and Philippine troops was fought.

In Tarlac we came to a big irrigation plant. They raise sugar here, rice, and a little tobacco. Over on the east I saw a most curious dome-shaped mountain, rising abruptly from the plain, not another mountain, or even a foothill, in sight.

"It's Mount Arayat," some one said. "It's over 3,000 feet. The people around here have many legends associated with it."

The Agno, second river of Luzon, flows through this part of the country. Much of the land was under water and the people were out in the fields, waist deep in the muddy tide. I saw a number of boys taking a bath with their *carabaos*.

We left the train at Dagupan in Pangasinan Province, on the coast of the China Sea. In the dry season travelers bound for Baguio can go within twenty-two miles of the capital, to Camp One on the Benguet Road. The railroad is strung along

the river bed for quite a distance and when the season's traffic is past, rails and ties are taken up. Otherwise the river would "get 'em."

The Manila-Dagupan line enjoys the distinction of being the first railroad constructed in the Philippines. It was the only one in existence when the American troops landed. It is a "dinky," narrow-gauge affair with British officials and Filipino crews. It was built originally with English money, but the Speyer Syndicate of New York has taken it over. The British officials still hold down most of the desks and operate the line in the "same old way," which has proved profitable. Filipinos love to travel and the management gives them a nice long ride for their money—long in the point of time! The average speed of automobiles here is just twice that of trains!

Three classes of tickets are sold and most of the natives ride third class. The management seldom discharges an employé, finding that a system of fines works to better advantage. The crews and station hands receive small wages, from $15 to $30 a month, but it sounds and is twice as much in *pesos*.

The railway has been continued about thirty miles up the coast beyond Dagupan and in time will reach the prosperous Ilocos provinces, on the northwest coast.

A Swiss engineer had just arrived on the ground to construct a branch from this main line, connecting Aringay with Baguio. It will be a scenic route, twenty-four miles in length, including nine miles of cog or rack, and will displace Luzon's greatest advertised feature, the Benguet Road.

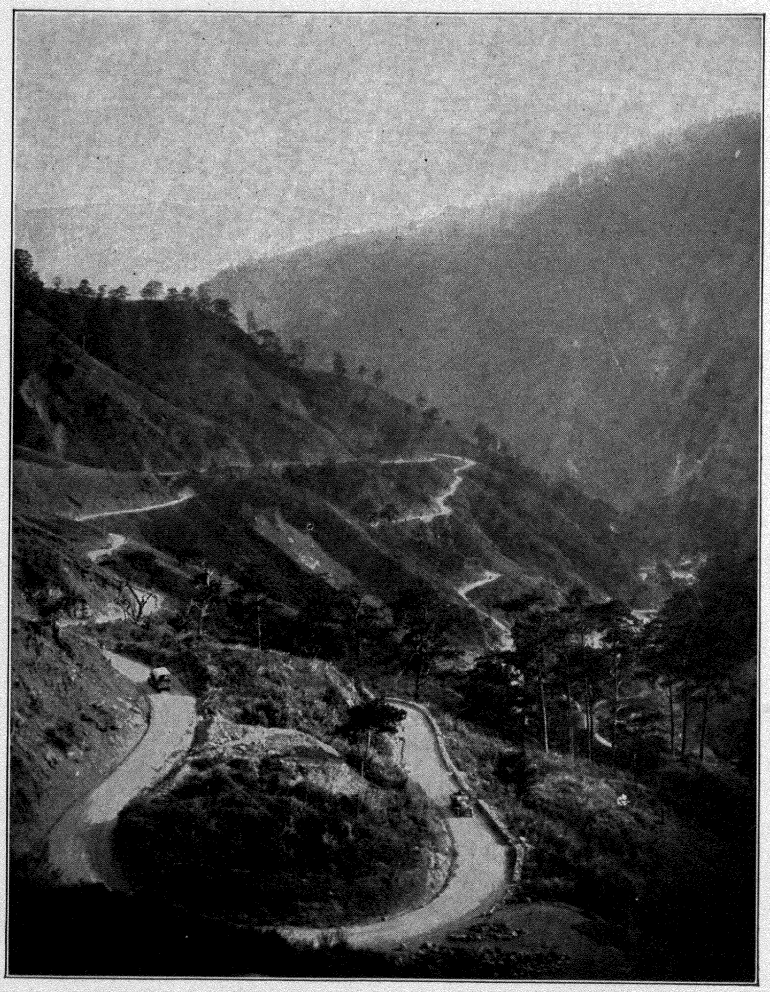
This bit of road, thirty miles long, climbing 5,000 feet, has been a bone of contention between the insular Government and the Philippine press. The Filipinos were not in sympathy with the summer capital idea, and they knew the difficulties of building and maintaining a road up a river gorge in this country, where earthquakes, typhoons and the heaviest rainfall on earth are to be battled with. American engineers reported that the work could be done at a reasonable figure and were told to go ahead. It was to be a scenic route and scenery comes high, but no one connected with the Government dreamed that it would

eat up a fortune, or that the difficulties would be so great.

"How much has it cost?" I asked an engineer in Dagupan.

"Oh! we've quit keeping books on it. It's reached the 18,000,000 *pesos* mark!"

This meant $9,000,000 of good old American gold. I sat up and took notice! Certainly another record in the Philip-



SOME OF THE ZIGZAGS OF THE GREAT BENGUET ROAD.

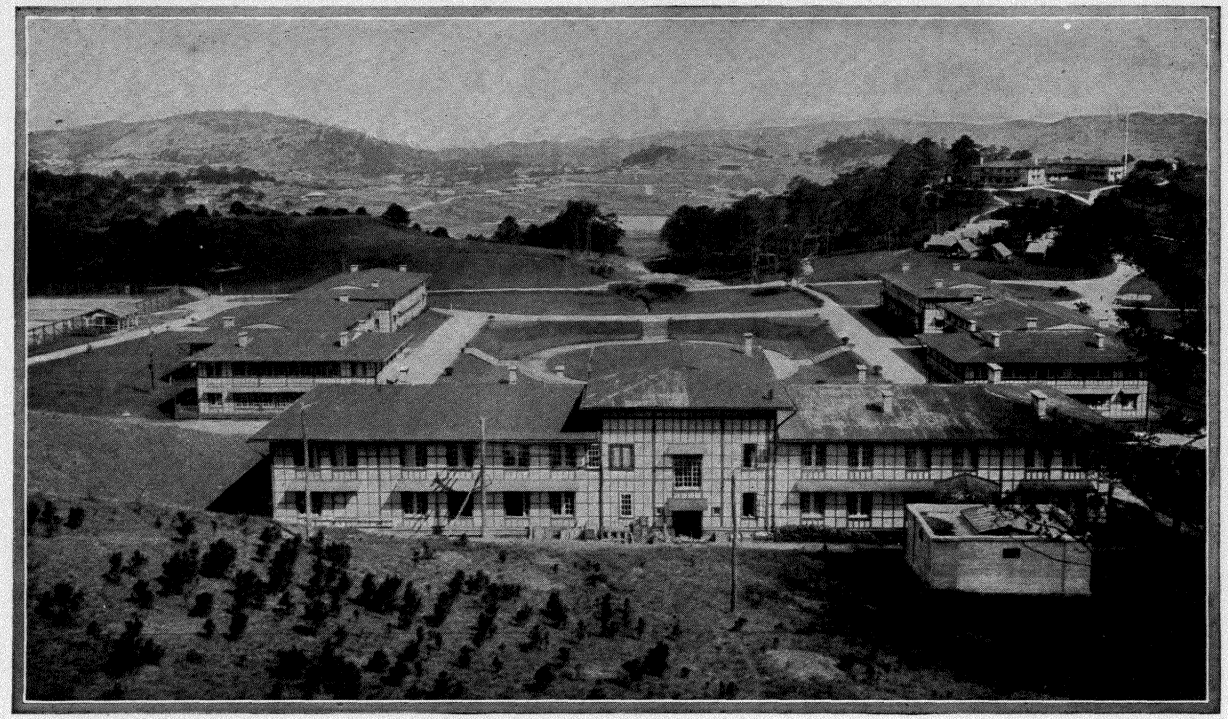
pines! About $60 a foot, $5 an inch! A case of "climbing up the golden stairs!"

"Just wait till you see it," said the engineer. "I tell you it's 'some road.' You'll realize, going up, now the rains are on, what we are up against! Why, in 1909, the most severe typhoon ever experienced by white men in the Benguet country struck the road. It raged all night and there was a rainfall of twenty-three inches in ten hours. The Bued River rose sixty feet and tore out over 100 bridges. One of them, Number 142, made of steel, was just twisted into a knot. You'll see it up the line. We lost seven men in that blow and it took us over two months, working day and night, to get the road open again. Every season it's about the same thing. When the rains come, we have a bunch of slides as hard to control as was the famous Culebra slide at the Panama Canal. And bridges! We are just sticking them in the whole time."

It is generally admitted now that the building of the Benguet Road was a mistake. The route which the new railway will follow would have been much cheaper for construction and maintenance. When the mistake was discovered the investment was considered too great to be abandoned.

Since the road was opened, five years ago, it has been the prize automobile trip of the Islands. The Bureau of Public Works has charge of the transportation and has an assortment of machines in service, the bulk of the passenger trade being hauled by six-cylinder, low-geared French cars, although some American "steamers" have given good service.

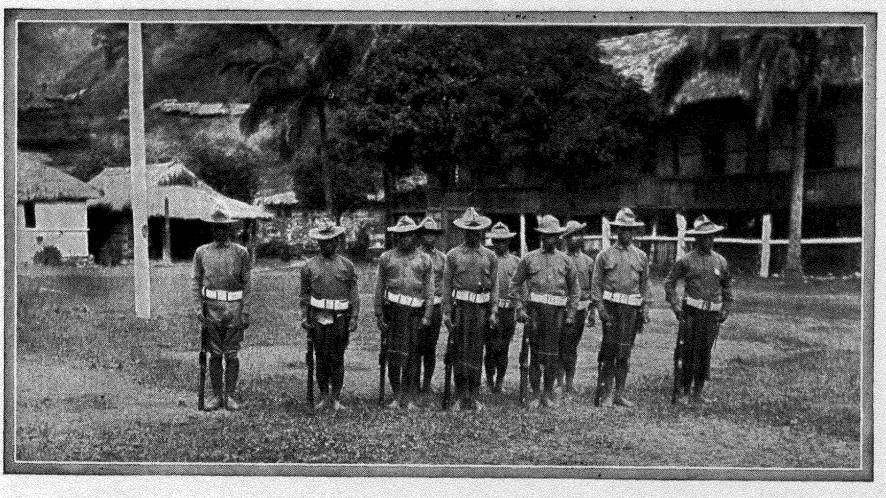
I paid ten dollars for my auto ticket from Dagupan to Baguio and seven cents a pound on baggage. We rode out over one of the finest highways I have seen in any land, for Pangasinan Province won the prize last season for its roads. There seemed to be a continuous town for miles, a row of "grass" houses on either side of the glistening white highroad and every one hanging out of the windows to see the *Americanos* go past. There were only a few passengers in the car, as traffic was then light going up. The chauffeur was a Filipino.



UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT CENTER, BAGUIO.

From Camp One we started up the Bued canyon on a shelf of rock hewn above the stream. Waterfalls at every hand, magnificent tropical vegetation, fine views of the plain below. We came to a series of six switchbacks, known as the "Zigzag," a rise of 900 feet in two and one-half miles. The road maintains a fairly even grade. It is a wonderful piece of engineering. There is a block system throughout to prevent accidents.

We came to three places where the recent typhoon had washed the road out and it was a case of "hiking," while men



IGOROTS TRANSFORMED INTO SOLDIERS.

dragged the luggage over steep, slippery trails. A machine, in waiting on the other side of the slide, took us on to the next break. We landed in Baguio after nightfall, a long day's journey from Manila.

The morning was clear and we went out to see the town. Its out-of-season population, including the Igorots, is 3,500. You cannot see the place all at once, as it wanders up hill and down dale in a bewildering fashion. The late D. H. Burnham, famous as a municipal architect, laid out the plan and divided the town into two sections—one for Government buildings and

residences, one for trade. There are several rather imposing official residences besides the municipal buildings. Ex-Governor Forbes has a fine private home called "Topside," which he will probably retain. The roads through the town—they are all roads, rather than streets—are excellent. In time, when the place builds up, it may really look like a city. Now it is more like a first-class frontier post.

Camp John Hay, which is really a part of Baguio, is the military camp, above all others in the Philippines, where our soldiers go to win a new lease of life. Its amphitheater, of which General Bell was justly proud, is the most attractive feature of the mountain capital—carved right out of the hillside above the pine-clad valley—tier on tier hedged by flowering plants.

Will the Benguet Road be abandoned when the new railroad is finished? Most people here say "No!" The army will take it over, they tell me. As one man said, "The army doesn't have to itemize the cost of everything. It is all charged to the general up-keep."

The Filipinos have begun to come to Baguio.* If, in time, it becomes the place where people from the tropical plains gain health and strength in the crisp mountain air—if it leads to the development of a hardier type of Filipino—then perhaps the millions sunk in the Benguet Road will not have been spent in vain.

*As this volume goes to press I am informed that the Government has abandoned, for the present, the custom of going up to Baguio during the hot season. Surely this is false economy, since life and health are worth more than dollars, or has the present Philippine policy produced official poverty?

CHAPTER XI.

THE DOG-EATING IGOROTS.

"IF YOU'LL wait over until Sunday, you'll see the greatest dog show on earth," they told me in Baguio. As Sunday was only two days off, I decided to remain.

This Baguio dog market is a weekly event. From coast and lowland valley, about a thousand half-starved, yelping curs are dragged up to the mountains to be sold to the dog-eating Igorots. These primitive people live around Baguio and through a large section of the great Mountain Province of Luzon. The dogs begin to arrive on Friday and by Saturday night their part of the market, given a separate section by the municipal authorities, is crowded. On Sunday morning hun-

THE DOG MARKET.

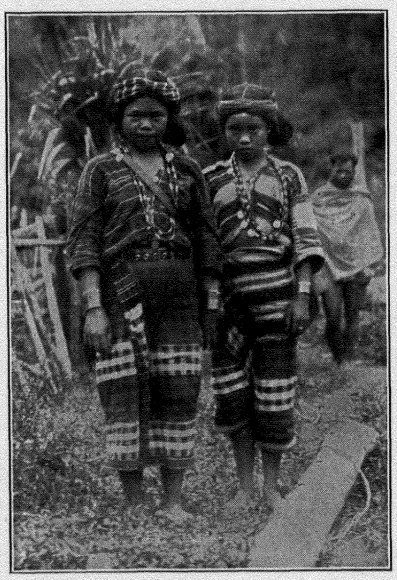
dreds of Igorots come down the trails to Baguio, the men clad in old coats and "gee-strings," the little brown women in home-spun skirts and blouses, laden baskets on their backs, held by a thong over the forehead. The women come to sell a little produce. They are not the shoppers. Dog-buying is a man's work.

The Igorot does not decide hastily. He examines dozens of brutes before finding one exactly to his liking. Most of the dogs are of the thin, "skin-tight" variety, with very little hair.

"Yes, they like 'em best when they're thin. They'll fatten 'em up with rice before killing," said a man who knew all about it. "You see a dog should have very little hair. They say hair flavors the meat. That fellow has just paid three *pesos* for one."

Two *pesos* (one dollar) seemed the average price. The Igorot gazed admiringly at his purchase, as he dragged it away at the end of a bamboo stick.

"He's come twenty miles, most likely, to buy that dog. He'll take two weeks to fatten it and then there'll be a feast. They take a long, sharp rattan and run it through the live dog. Then they tie the rattan to posts on either side of the fire. They swing the dog round and round for about fifteen minutes and, when he is half cooked, they cut him up in small pieces and eat everything but the feet and tail. The tail is considered fit only for an enemy. When the meat is being served, they all sit around the fire, with their *bolos* upright between their toes, and tear the meat into smaller bits on the edge of the sharp knives, scorching it again before eating. It is anything but a pleasant sight.



TWO LITTLE IGOROT BRIDES, WEDDED AT THE AGE OF TWELVE.

"But hasn't the Government done anything to stop this dog-eating?" I asked.

"Oh! It will pass in time. We've interfered as little as possible with their established customs. They're fond of dog meat and it's cheap. At one of the Government stores for Igorots, they stocked up with some novelties—canned salmon and that sort of thing—but sales were slow. Then a consignment of bologna sausages arrived and they went like hot-cakes. I'm not saying what was inside those sausages, but it looks as though there are dog markets outside of the Philippines!"

The Mountain Province of Luzon, through which we made an extensive journey, occupies the whole of the central mountain region of the island. It is divided into seven subprovinces, each with an American Lieutenant-Governor and a small force of constabulary. The constabulary officers are Americans, but the soldiers are recruited, for the most part, from the inhabitants, known as the Wild Tribes. In three of the subprovinces —Benguet, Lepanto and Bontoc—the Igorots live. The other wild people on Luzon are the Ifugaos, Kalingas, Tinguians, Ilongots and Negritos, the two last living outside the Mountain Province. All of these people were head-hunters not very long ago, but the practice has been effectively checked in most of the territory since the Americans arrived. The capital of the Mountain Province is Bontoc, about 130 miles from Baguio, and for Bontoc we started, over the famous mountain trail.

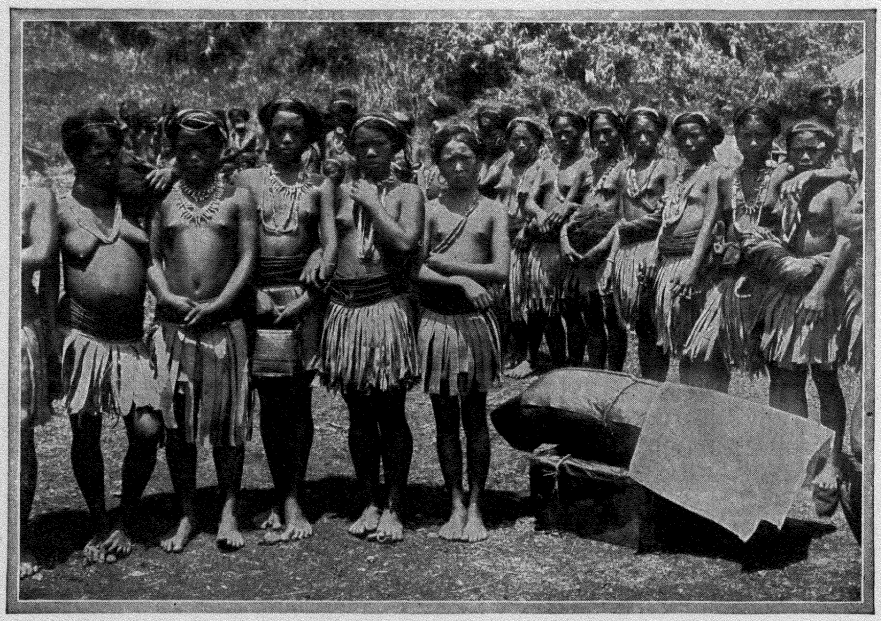
I hired Igorot carriers, six men, for fifty *centavos* (twenty-five cents) apiece per day, each to carry fifty pounds and supply his own food. In Africa I had paid ten cents a day per man for porters who carried sixty pounds apiece on their heads, we furnishing one pound of meal a day and all the game each could eat.

We started out over a carriage road which ends in the Trinidad Valley, three miles from Baguio. Here the Bureau of Agriculture has an experimental farm. Now we began to climb over a trail where there is no telephone or telegraph communication with the outside world. The Government, however, has established rest-houses along the way, three in a distance of

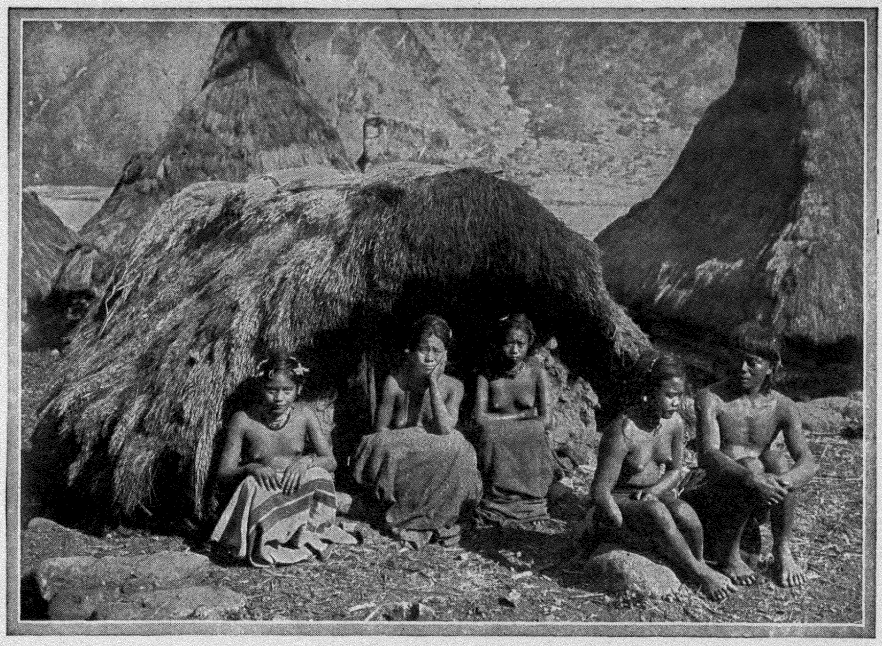
eighty-five miles between Baguio and Cervantes, which is the first town we reached. The mornings were sunny, but in the afternoon we were drenched and the little log cabins, hanging to the mountain side, where meals and beds are furnished and pine logs are ablaze in the open fireplaces, were welcome havens indeed. The saddle horses had a fine feed, rice in the husk and rich grass, with sweet potatoes on the side. It was amusing to see the little native ponies pitching into the potatoes.

The trail was only in fair condition. In the dry season it is said to be excellent. We had to climb over landslides and ford a good many rivers. At two of them we slid over in a car suspended to a cable, while the horses swam across, natives swimming alongside.

This trail was built with Igorot labor. Each year they must pay a road tax of two *pesos* or work ten days on the trail. All but the big chiefs among them work it out. We met them all along—clearing away slides and filling in gaps—under the direction of an overseer of mixed blood. It was only a few



BANANA-LEAF SKIRTS AND DOG-TOOTH NECKLACES, NEAR BANTOC.



THE "OLAG," WHERE CERTAIN UNMARRIED WOMEN LIVE IN BONTOC.

months before that a young American, son of a Government scientist, was carried to his death by a big slide on this trail and we heard of many accidents in the rainy season.

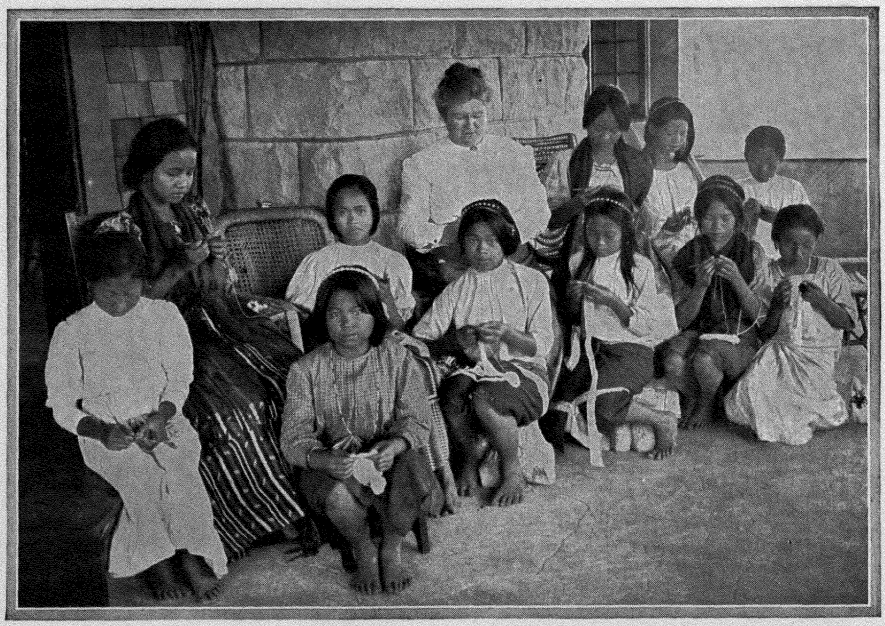
The mountains of a tropical country, in spite of their danger, exhibit earth's most charming scenes. Nowhere else have I seen such glorious views. The giant tree-fern and the majestic pine meet on Luzon's hillsides; tropical verdure clothes the valleys and a sea of mist floats between the forest and the luminous tinted clouds which are the glory of the Philippines. Begonias and ferns border the trail and the Benguet lily, much like our Bermuda lily, gleams out from its mossy setting. Far away over the blue ranges lie the plain and the China Sea.

We saw but few Benguet and Lepanto villages. These

Igorots are classed as one and are docile. I do not think they are included in the list of head-hunters. For many years they have been in contact with the Spaniards and the Christian Filipinos of the plain. Their distinctive feature is a cloth, worn about the head like a semi-turban. The women wear waists, which shows the Christian influence, but away from the mission schools of Baguio and Sagada, and the influence of the whites, they are a dirty, squalid lot, but well put up.

The fourth evening out we rode into Cervantes, a Christian town with Igorot trimmings, rather an important place in Spanish days. From here there is a cart road to the seaport of Tagudin, two days away. This is usually the way people come in to Bontoc.

Before crossing over from Lepanto to Bontoc, we came to the Episcopal Mission School at Sagada, which is certainly worthy of notice. Father Staunton and his wife heard of this pagan village with 4,000 souls and decided to move up there

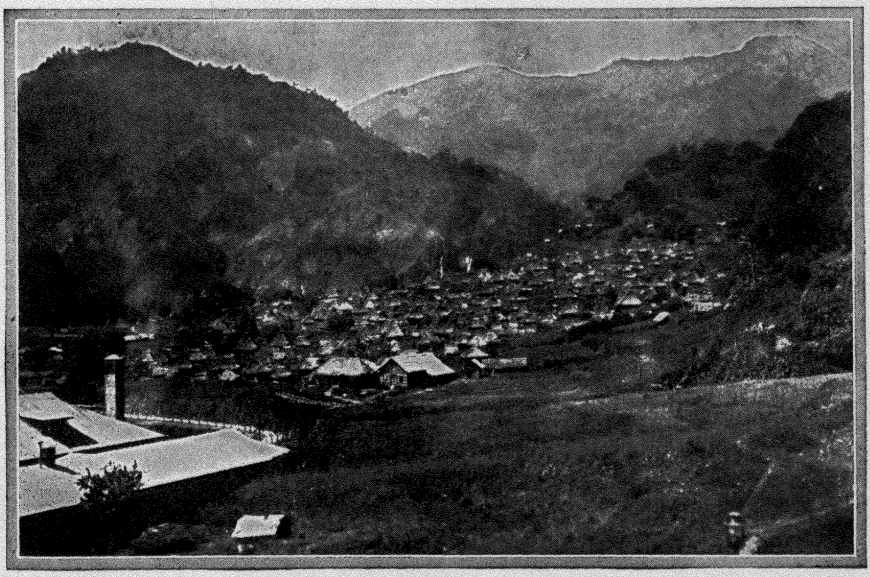


MRS. STAUNTON AND HER PUPILS, EPISCOPAL MISSION SCHOOL, SAGADA.

from Baguio. That was six years ago. In the meantime the value of soap over dirt, trousers over gee-strings, beef over dog, board houses over those made of grass, has been demonstrated to the Igorots. They have learned to use the saw and the plane instead of the primitive ax. They have been taught to work as well as to pray.

There is a sawmill at Sagada which supplies lumber to neighboring towns. There is a quarry and a brickyard, an electric lighting plant, a machine-shop and a printing press. Not only the mission boys and girls, but the entire community has been uplifted by the dignity of labor. The success here, with such raw material, is little short of marvelous.

The Bontocs eat dogs still, are very dirty in their persons, and their villages are simply filthy. But they are skillful agriculturists and are classed, by students of the subject, as the most courageous fighters among the hill tribes. Physically they are a great improvement over the other Igorots. There are 76,000 Bontocs and until recently head-hunting was their chief diversion. They still take the head of an enemy occasionally, in



NATIVE SECTION OF BONTOC.

remote parts of the province, but, on the whole, are pretty well under control.

The men wear clouts, the women strips of cloth tied about the body below the waist. Both are tattooed, both have large holes in the lobes of the ears into which all sorts of weird ornaments are stuck. The women prize dog-tooth necklaces and the men bang their hair and let it grow long in back, thrusting the stringy ends into a little rattan basket-like hat, tied on the back of the head. They make head-axes and lances, earthen pots and rather artistic pipe bowls of clay and brass. Some of the women weave serviceable cloth from the thread of a bark fiber.

Thousands of people huddle together in a small village, which would hardly seem to hold a hundred. The usual type of house is simply a peaked roof, squatting low on the ground, a row of boards serving as a side wall, a dirt floor. The pig-pen is attached to the house and I thought the pigs much cleaner than the people.

Bontoc, capital of the Mountain Province, has a neat American quarter with thirty citizens from the United States. They have fine brick buildings—a clubhouse, constabulary post, hospital, churches and municipal buildings. There is even a prison for the "wild" ones of the Wild Tribes.

"We are 3,000 feet above the sea and pity the coast people," they told me. "There are enough of us here to have quite a little social life." I recalled this later, when a lonely constabulary officer, far off on the frontier, spoke longingly of Bontoc.

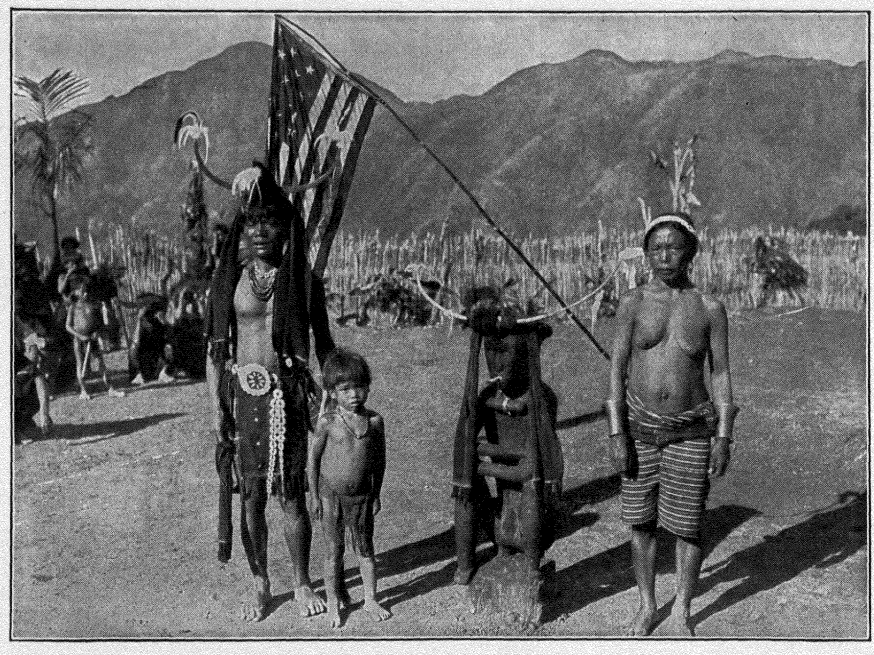
"It's a great place," he said. "They have afternoon teas and dances. Oh, it's quite a city! If you want to be talked about just go to Bontoc."

CHAPTER XII.

THE CHAMPION TERRACE BUILDERS.

I KNOW it is hard to believe, but up in the mountains of northern Luzon some savages wearing only clouts and spears have built the most colossal terraces in the world. The rice gardens of the Ifugaos, who are counted among the Wild Tribes of the Philippines, form the greatest industrial undertaking in the Islands. Tier on tier they rise, like gigantic steps, from the depths of the canyon to the clouds on the mountain top. In the 800 square miles of Ifugao territory, the length of the supporting walls of these terraces is two and one-half times the circumference of the globe, or about 65,000 miles.

SECTION OF THE WONDERFUL IFUGAO RICE TERRACES.



IFUGAOS, WHO HAVE BEEN DANCING AROUND THEIR IDOL.

Simple necessity inspired this mighty work. Originally a lowland people, generations ago, the Ifugaos were driven to this mountain stronghold by other Malay tribes. Raising rice at an angle became their specialty. They built terraces encircling the mountains, supporting them with strong stone walls. They graduated as hydraulic engineers, carrying water for miles and feeding it to the rice patches, the retaining walls allowing about a foot of water to flood the crops. Then they went a step in advance of civilized races by fertilizing the irrigating streams with ashes and decayed vegetable matter. Old Gravity did the rest. After spending days among these people and riding across their country, I decided that, considering their primitive condition, no agricultural achievement in the world can compare with theirs!

When we rode into Ifugao from Bontoc, these acrobatic

farmers were preparing their terraces for planting. First the Good Spirits who guard the growing rice must be asked for another season's protection. We saw groups of chiefs on cliffs above the canyon conducting the ceremony. Their tall spears were stuck in the ground in a circle around strings of beads hung on a stick. Of course the Good Spirits will have the friendly assistance of the tall red plants, resembling feather dusters, which grow at the head of each terrace. The Evil One, who brings blight to the crop, is "pow'ful scart" of this flaming vegetable wonder.

The chiefs wore no clothing excepting clouts of somber hue. Loud colors are taboo in Ifugao. They showed they belonged to the "upper set" by their ornaments—large earrings, necklaces with copper charms, bracelets of heavy brass wire in spiral form, and handsome belts of strung shells. I learned later that these round shell ornaments, with holes in the center, used to be their money. They were all smoking little brass pipes. Some were tattooed on the neck and chest and their

AN IFUGAO DWELLING.

hair was cut in an outlandish fashion. It looked as though a bowl had been clapped on the head and the hair, sticking out in the back, chopped off evenly with a *bolo*.

A little farther on we came to some women toiling up the almost perpendicular hillside, where yams are planted in systematic rows. Oblong baskets, filled with these big sweet potatoes, were balanced on their heads. When they saw us they were afraid of the horses and slid down the trail.

In clothing the women are about as poverty-stricken as the men. A very short skirt, beginning below the waist and ending at the knee, is their sole garment. They, too, wear necklaces, and beads in their hair. They are about the best-looking savages I have ever seen.

We came to a cluster of huts on a knoll. The Ifugaos do not live in villages like the Bontocs. Their houses are grouped in tiny hamlets like sentinels on the mountains.

An Ifugao house is a great improvement over the home of the dog-eating Igorot. The Ifugao does not feast on dog and he does not eat with his fingers. He uses a carved wooden spoon about the size of our tablespoon. He sets his house up on four posts, with great circles of wood about each post to keep the rats out. All about the house he hangs rattan baskets with sliding doors, into which he puts the chickens at night—also to fool the rats. He climbs up into his castle on a ladder and has a storeroom, as well as a living-room, but no windows, unfortunately, and pitch-pine fires make a lot of smoke.

A wealthy man, who owns several rice fields and a number of pigs, sometimes has a carved wooden seat underneath his house. This is a *tagabi* and is a "sure sign" of luxury. There are a very few household belongings. The women weave material for skirts, clouts and blankets, the big, black death-blanket, being an important feature.

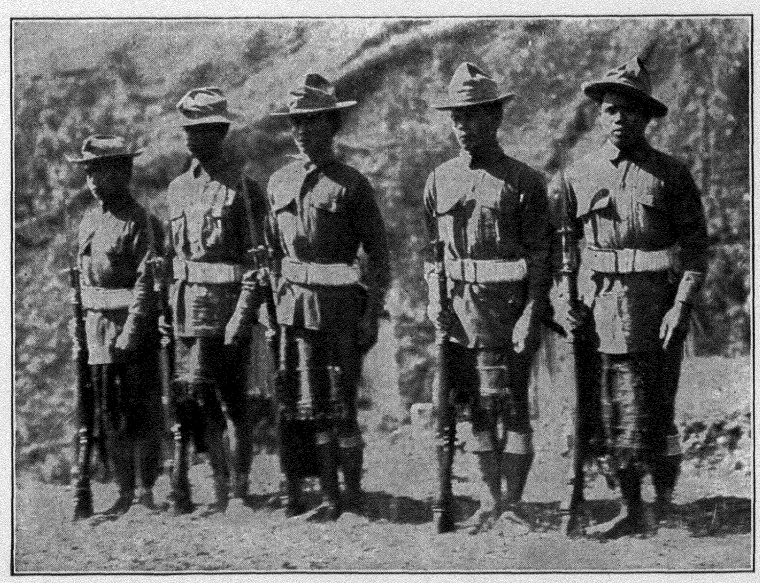
The Ifugaos, like several of the northern tribes, have a most unpleasant custom of keeping a dead person in state, while they hold a feast in his honor. They set the departed upright under his house, dressed in his best and draped in his death-blanket, while they eat up all his pigs and chickens. This goes

on as long as the food supply holds out, the ghastly host sometimes presiding for a week or more.

We left Bontoc in the early morning and crossed the Polis Range at 6,400 feet, with magnificent views, before entering Ifugao. It was late in the afternoon when we sighted the constabulary post at Banaue. It occupies a splendid position at the head of a canyon, with terraced hillsides all about, and serves as a hotel for the very few travelers who visit this section of the world.

The Philippine constabulary has made quite a record in its twelve years of life. It is a cross between a standing army and a police force, composed of 5,000 natives and officered by 300 American college or military school graduates. These officers are mostly young men, thirty and under. On arriving in Manila they are sent up to Baguio to the constabulary school for several months.

In many respects the constabulary is unique. The soldiers buy their food as they go through the country, seldom carrying rations with them. The officers have considerable freedom of

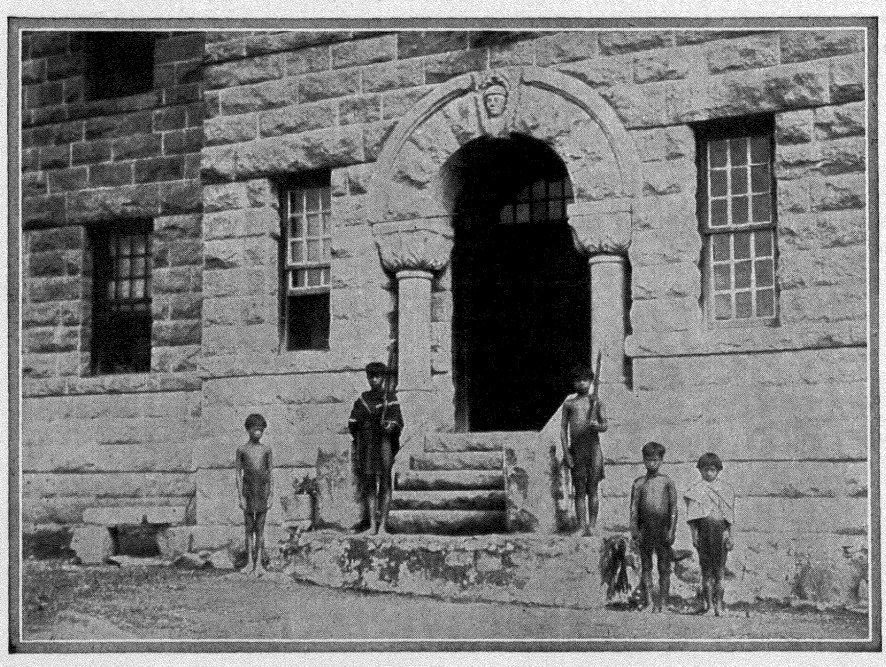


8 NATIVE IFUGAO SOLDIERS IN BANAUE.

action, and, being responsible for order in their districts, act with the local officials in preventing trouble. In the mountain sections, especially on the frontiers, they are the "little fathers" of the community and the natives come to them with all their troubles. In Ifugao the big American chief, or *Apo,* must listen to every grievance, even to the tale of the neighbor who borrowed two fresh eggs and did not return them.

The entire expense of this branch of the service comes out of the Philippine treasury. The officers have a good word to say for the native soldiers. They have been selected from every part of the Islands and, in case of trouble, there will be men in the service well acquainted with local conditions. This means much to the secret service department.

The Ifugao and Bontoc constabulary soldiers are magnificent specimens. Their costume is a compromise between civilized and savage dress—cap, coat, cartridge belt and clout, with spiral coils of brass wire about their calves, to give the picturesque touch. The officers in the hill posts have a special



STONE SCHOOLHOUSE BUILT BY IFUGAOS.

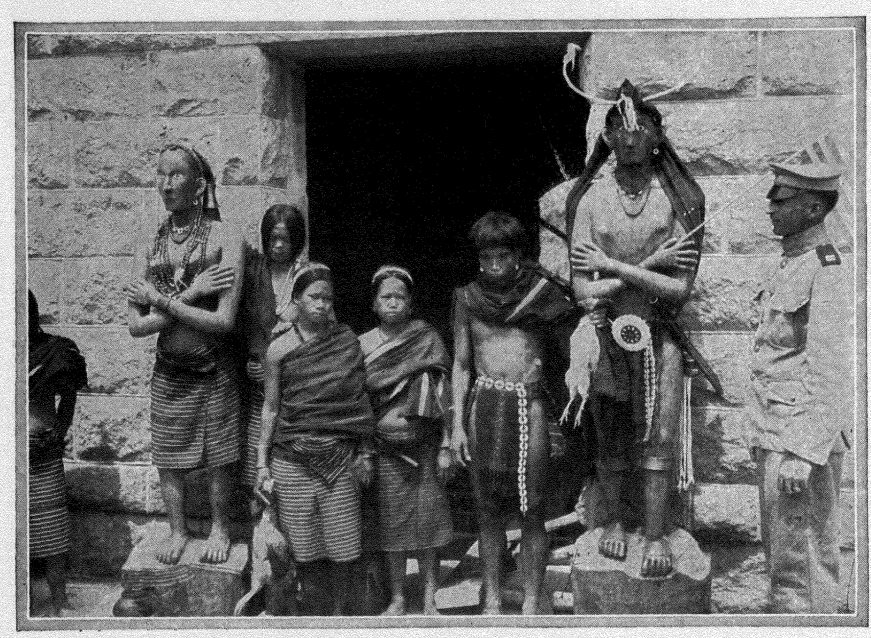
BANAUE, A CONSTABULARY POST AMONG THE MOUNTAIN RICE TERRACES.

costume, with a dash of something local to please the natives. Besides the post at Banaue, there is one on the frontier at Mayaoyao and a larger one at Quiangan, the provincial capital, with a full company of fifty soldiers and two officers.

Quiangan is more pretentious than Banaue. There is the house of the Lieutenant-Governor, a Catholic mission, besides the constabulary post; and a school building and Government House just being completed, which are the second wonder of Ifugao. The industrial school at Quiangan has certainly gone a long way in leading savages toward citizenship. The pupils have quarried the stone and erected two massive buildings which would be a credit in any land. They are tremendously proud of their work and well they may be. In their country

these buildings occupy about the relationship of the Capitol at Washington to the poorest shanty.

In Ifugao we saw a native *cañao,* or dancing feast. Dancing is the leading diversion throughout the Philippines with the Christians as well as pagans. Among the civilized tribes these affairs are much the same as with us, but the dances of the wild man are of a very different variety. The Ifugaos



A WEDDING IN IFUGAO.

dance in a circle, first extending one arm and then the other, and do some skillful foot work. They keep it up continuously the whole night through, dropping out from exhaustion and then jumping in again as the spirits move them. The spirits have a material form in the shape of *bubud* in big Chinese jars.

Bubud is a fairly mild alcoholic drink made from rice and the chiefs, young and old, guzzle it freely and consider it very bad form to leave a *cañao,* or feast, sober.

The musical instruments are brass gongs, called *gansas,* of Chinese origin, like the *bubud* jars. They are of various tones and their harsh "ding-ding-ding-o" stirs pulses and toes. The dance of the women differs from the men's. They keep their feet on the ground and move toes and fingers in a strange fashion.

Long narrow strips of white paper, distributed among the dancers, are tied in the hair, a special insurance policy against some kind of a demon. Meanwhile the pig is being roasted, the main event of the evening, and feasting takes the place of dancing for a time.

In spite of all this savagery, the 120,000 Ifugaos are not blood-thirsty creatures today. A few years ago it was a very different story. Then they made war on other wild tribes and lay in wait for the Christian Filipinos of the nearest plain.

More than among any other primitive people, I noticed in them an appreciation of the fair treatment of the Americans. They are glad to have better trails. They rather like the idea of a "White Father" who speaks their language, as the Lieutenant-Governor does, to settle all disputes. They have found from the beginning of American rule that they will get "a square deal."

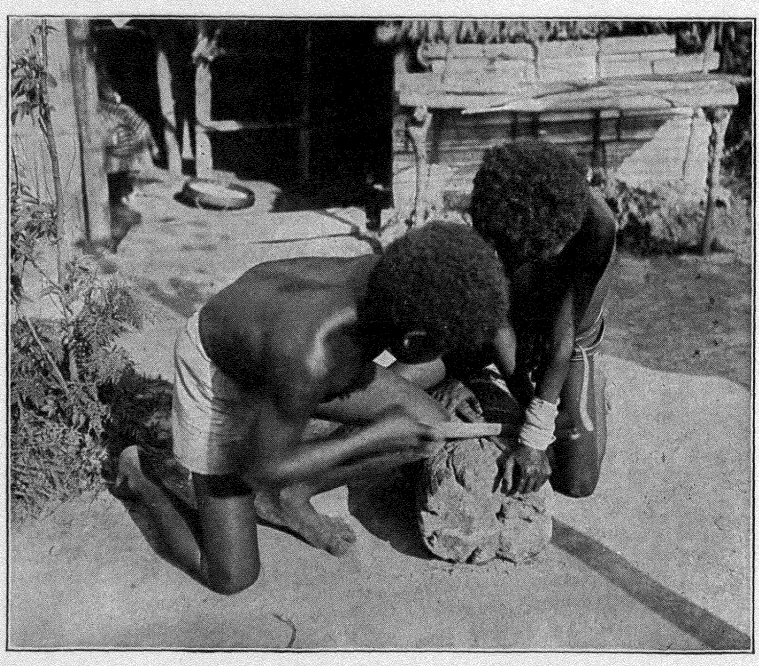
I have spoken of the Ifugaos all through as savages, and I suppose they are. But when I think of their wonderful terraces, climbing the steep slopes for thousands of feet, I feel that they can teach us a few things about ingenuity and industry.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE HEAD-HUNTERS OF LUZON.

SINCE the Americans came to the Philippines, head-hunting has been checked among most of the savages of northern Luzon. It still exists, however, among the Negritos of the northeast coast and a few other tribes.

The Negritos, or "Little Negroes," are the original inhabitants of the Philippines. They have been killed off and driven into the mountains by the Malay tribes which came from southern Asia, and now number only about 25,000. The fiercest among them, and the only ones who hunt heads, live in an



NEGRITOS MAKING FIRE BY FRICTION.

almost unexplored territory where the Sierra Madre Mountains slope into the Pacific. Here they have not come in contact with the Christian Filipino or the white man.

Each year, it is decreed, a Negrito family must take the head of an enemy, or sickness will come to the house. They chop off the heads with *bolos* and bury the bodies under their crude thatched shelters. Then they go away and build new homes, or the devil will catch them.

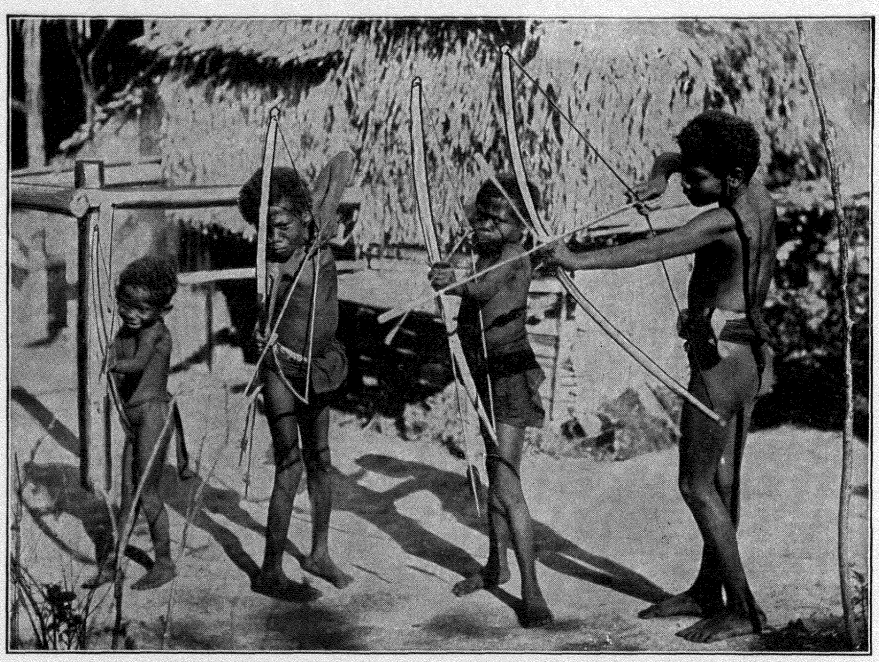
I made the acquaintance of a somewhat less savage tribe of Negritos in the province of Bataan, which juts out into Manila Bay. It seems strange indeed that while people are giving "charity balls" and attending aviation meets in Manila, another race, just across the bay, lives as it did thousands of years ago.

The Negritos are dwarfs in stature, with very dark brown, or black skin. Their hair is woolly, like the African's, noses flat, lips thick, arms very long and apelike. Like people on the Dark Continent, they disfigure their bodies with scars, thinking

A QUARTET OF NEGRITO MAIDENS.

it ornamental, and point their teeth sharply to further enhance their beauty. The men wear clouts, the women short skirts, and they are very fond of bright colors. They bring wild honey to the edge of the forest to exchange for gaudy cloth.

The Negrito is the bow and arrow artist of the Philippines. He uses a poisoned barb and is a fine marksman. He is a poor



NEGRITO BOYS. ALL USE BOWS AND ARROWS.

farmer, but can live on game and fish, with the forest products.

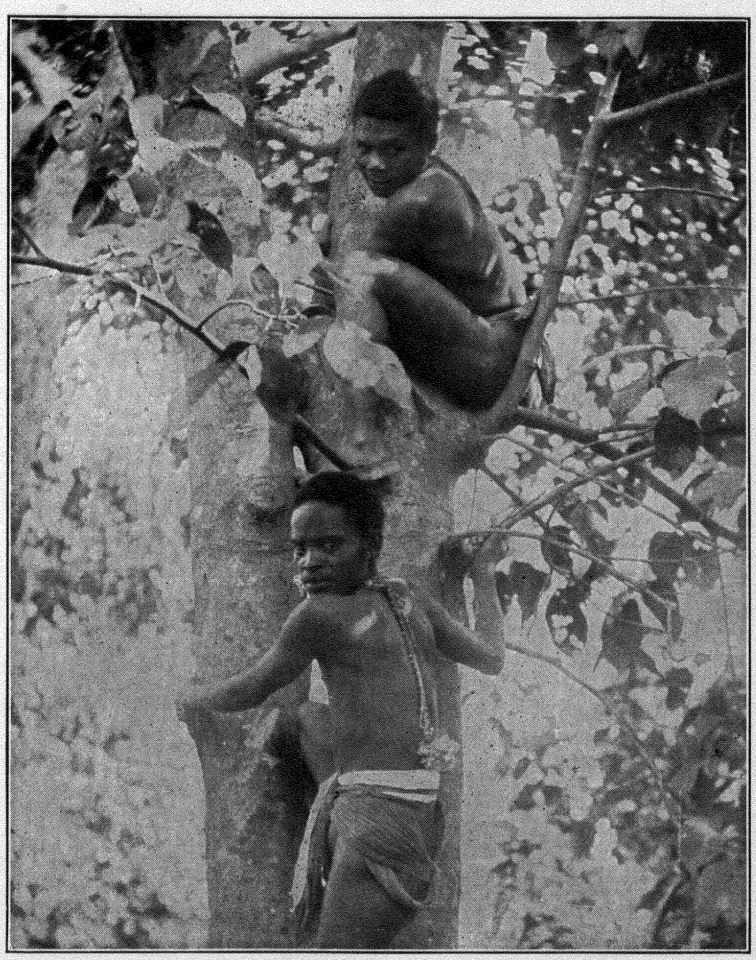
These people belong to the same race as the Andaman Islanders and the Semang of the Malay Peninsula. They were probably widespread at one time—all over this quarter of the globe. In the Philippines they have intermarried with savage Malay tribes, and the only pure-blooded ones are found among the head-hunters of northern Luzon.

In Spanish days slavery existed in these islands. Negrito

children captured in the mountains and little Igorots from the forests of the north were brought down to the lowlands to spend their lives as servants. Spaniard and Christian Filipino offered the same defense.

"We have baptized them," they said. "We have given them our own names. Their souls are saved!"

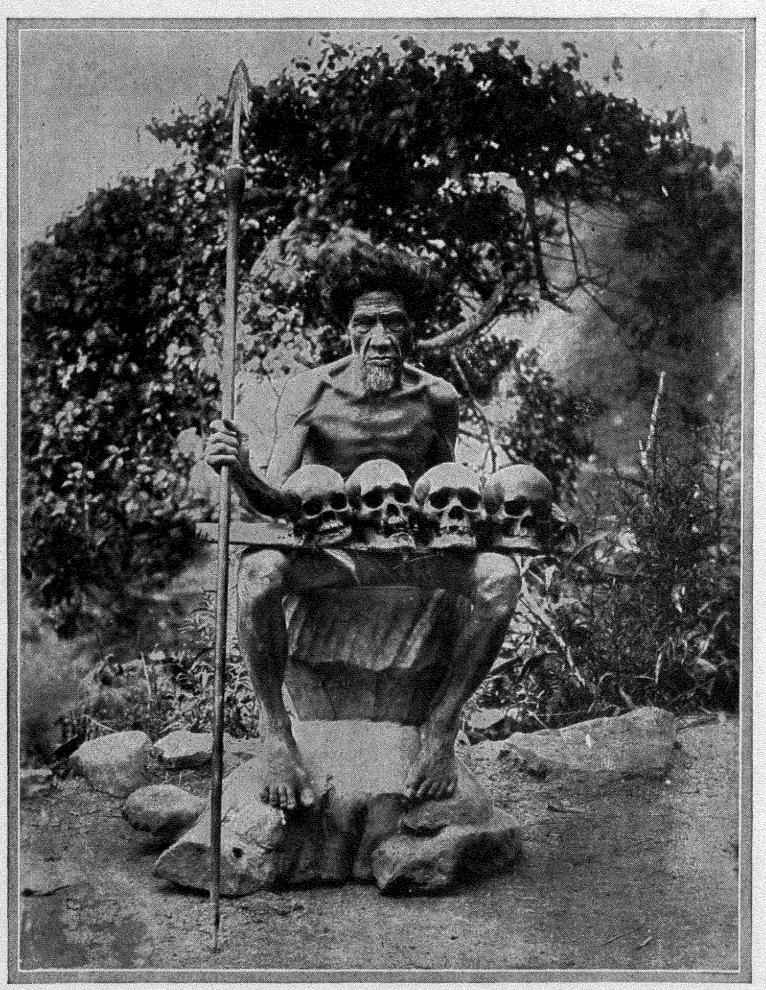
This very matter of slavery has been the subject of a recent



TYPES OF NEGRITOS, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

controversy in the press between an American official and a Filipino politician. The American claims that slavery still exists in the Islands and there is little doubt but that he will prove his case.

Next door to the Negritos of northern Luzon are the Ilongots who number only 6,000, but are "bad actors." A good many of them absolutely refuse to give up head-hunting until



HEAD-HUNTER WITH SKULLS OF HIS VICTIMS.

they have "evened up" the count with a neighboring enemy. According to the official scorer, the other fellows are forty-six heads in the lead.

The Ilongots are almost as primitive as the Negritos. They use the bow and arrow as well as the spear. Only about six years ago an American scientist was killed by them. Dr. Jones of the Field Museum, Chicago, ventured alone into the Ilongot territory. At first, according to his own report, found after his death, the savages were friendly and assisted him in collecting articles for the museum. Trouble came when two old men were pressed into service as boatmen when they wanted to remain at home. Then the sons of these men killed the Doctor. A force of the constabulary went in search of the murderers and captured them, but on the long journey to jail across forest and plain, two of the prisoners escaped. The guards, it seems, shot a deer and unfastened the handcuffs on the Ilongots that they might bring the game to the trail. Like a flash all three jumped into the underbrush and two got back to their own country. The man who was recaptured is serving out his sentence in Bontoc and I went to see him there. He did not look very fierce and was quite a young chap.

Two constabulary expeditions have gone into the wilderness to bring out the men who escaped, but so far they have been unsuccessful. The Ilongots live in an almost inaccessible territory. Only a few of the tribe on the western frontier have made friends with the white man. The trail to the outlaws' village is among giant bowlders on the bed of a river, dry only a few months of the year. On the last trip, the constabulary found the village and burned it, but the people had fled. A messenger sent out to interview the chief brought back word that Dr. Jones met his death by violating Ilongot tribal laws, and that no penalty should be paid by his executioners. Now it is "up to" the constabulary to climb over the bowlders once more.

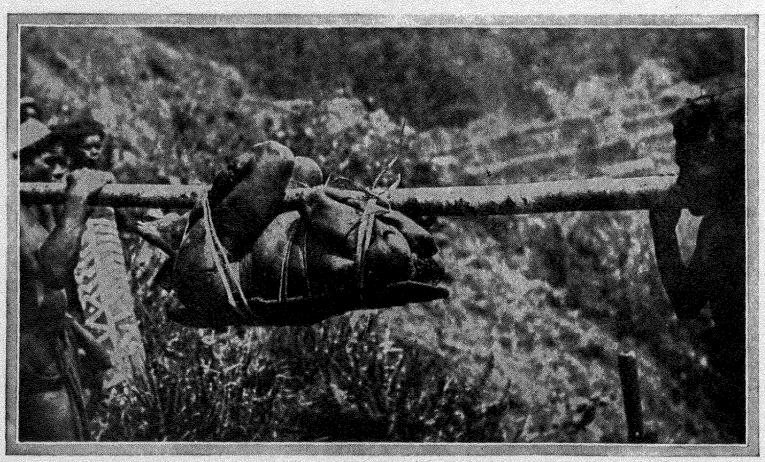
The policy of the departing Secretary of the Interior has been based on fair play. He has been the Great Father and friend of the savages, spending much time among them, pre-

serving their customs and respecting their traditions. But one fact he has impressed upon them—head-hunting must cease.

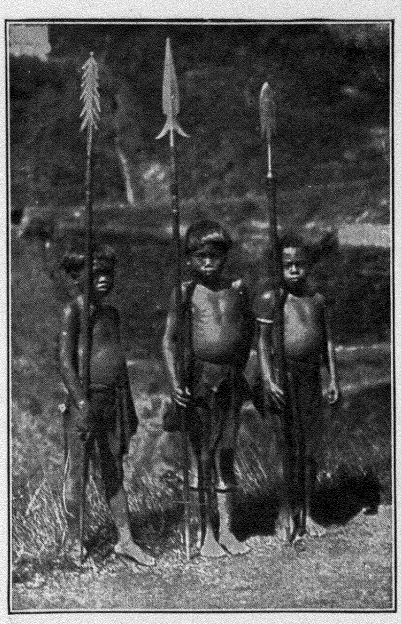
Many of the tribes have given up the practice within the last ten years. Among those who have not yet been brought under control are the mountain Tinguians, who live in Apayao, and some of the Kalingas. The American Lieutenant-Governor of Kalinga has been able to form quite a lodge of "Friendly ex-Head-Hunters."

On the Bontoc-Kalinga frontier, we camped one night in a little rest-house built of logs, high up on the mountain side. By a bonfire of snapping pines we listened to head-hunting tales from a constabulary officer who has lived for years in northern Luzon. I'll confess I looked over my shoulder, now and then, to see if any of them were sneaking up on me, for "the woods were full of 'em."

"I was riding into the village of Magapta once, in Apayao," he said, "and on both sides of the trail were rows of bamboo baskets. At first I thought they held fruit, but when I looked in, I saw half a coconut shell in every blessed basket, each holding a fragment of a human head! The avenue was supposed to frighten evil spirits from the village. Those Apayaos are wicked ones. They set sharpened bamboo spears in the thicket and bordering the trail, and I was lame for months from one that caught me in the leg."



THE MAN WHO LOST HIS HEAD.

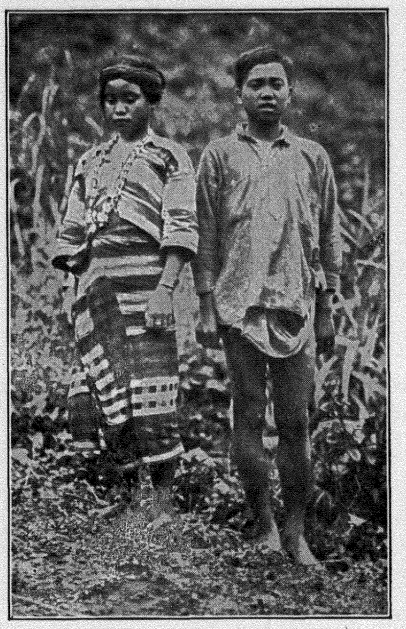


YOUNG IFUGAO WARRIORS.

Head-hunting festivities seem to be most elaborate. The victors are received with shouts of joy as they march into the home village. The heads of the victims are cut into pieces and distributed among the party. Of course the man who really chopped off the head gets the skull and hangs it over his door with the skulls of *carabaos* and pigs killed for feasts. A *cañao* is held, a dancing and drinking festival, and some of these events are very wild affairs.

"Oh! they don't bother white men," my bonfire host told me. "They're after other savages to even up old scores. The one family disgrace is to have a kinsman lose his head. It shows that the other fellow was more skillful with the ax. If a chap is so unfortunate as to lose his head, there's no burial feast for him. He can't sit in state under the house, looking on at his own funeral. They just stick him in the ground in some lonely spot and the less said about him the better."

Up to a few years ago, each wild tribe of northern Luzon kept within its own territory unless on a head-hunting raid. A mountain or a river marked the spot where an invisible danger sign was posted. The Ifugao hated the Kalinga and Bontoc Igorot on the north, the timid Benguet on the west, and even made murderous expeditions down to the lowlands to the east and south where Christian Filipinos live. One day I met forty Ifugaos marching up the hillside, spear in hand, in the land of the enemy. It looked for all the world as though they were up to their old tricks, and I turned around to see how my Bontoc baggage boys took it. They did not seem at all concerned and I



IGOROT BRIDE AND GROOM, AGED TWELVE AND FOURTEEN.

soon learned, from a paper the Ifugao chief carried, that the warlike troupe was bound for Baguio to work on the new railroad. This little incident told the whole story.

A head-hunter laying railway ties! A savage turned to the ways of peace and industry. The Spaniards did not accomplish this in 333 years of rule. The Spanish Christianized Filipinos are far from fitted to continue the splendid work of the Americans.

To me this is one of the most serious problems confronting Philippine independence. The only Christians among Oriental peoples, the Filipinos look with scorn on the pagan tribes. More than this, they fear "the man with the spear" as they do the devil. In return, the strong, primitive men of the highlands and the forests detest the Christian Filipinos of the lowlands who have followed the policy of their Spanish masters. This was not the policy of "the helping hand."

The Americans have not said: "Wear clothes and become Christians, or we will make war on you. Give up your customs and traditions."

They have said, instead: "Come, be good fellows. We'll teach you all sorts of fine sports if you'll stop taking the lives and heads of your fellows."

The tug-of-war and the greased pole have found their way into northern Luzon. Baseball and the wrestling bout help to let off steam among men who have animal spirits to spare. Work is woven with play and industrial schools are doing their part in the civilizing of the Wild Tribes.

CHAPTER XIV.

WHERE EVERYBODY SMOKES.

CAGAYAN was about the first name I memorized in the Philippines. At the Manila Club the night of our arrival, I was given a cigar with its end twisted into a "pigtail."

"You'll like it," said my host, "no paste used in its making. Leaf best in the Islands. Grown up in the Cagayan Valley."

It was good and, as it gradually turned to ash, I repeated the name of its birthplace.* Later we learned more of this valley and, at last, a visit brought us into close acquaintanceship with the peculiarly fertile strip of earth.

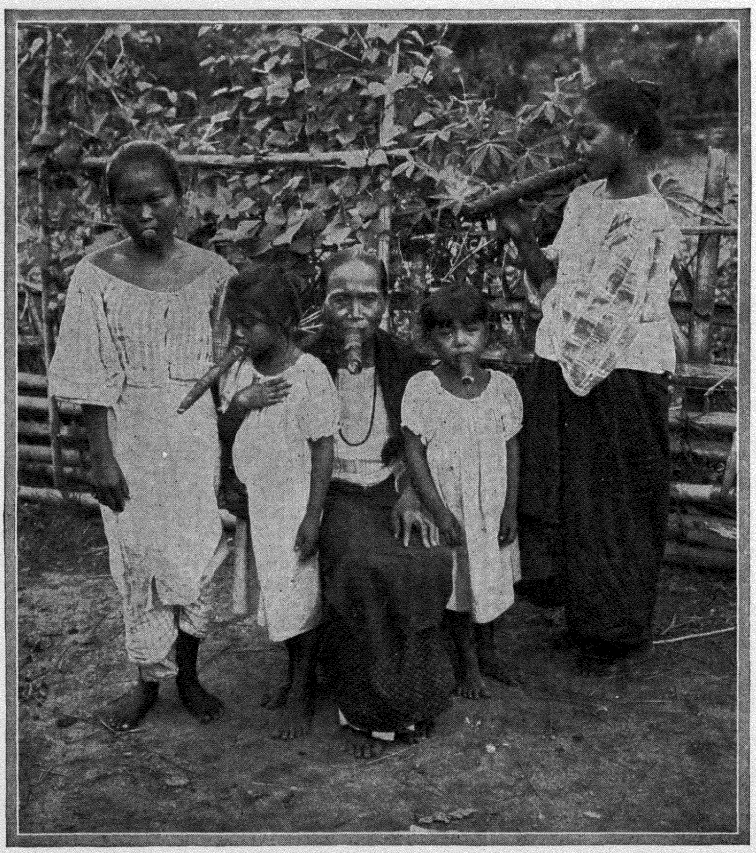
While tobacco is grown in virtually every province of the Philippines, no one disputes that all the high-grade leaf comes from a very limited area, the famous Cagayan tobacco valley. The original Negritos didn't have anything to smoke. The Malays, who followed, were content with chewing the betel. It remained for the Spanish friars to introduce tobacco from Mexico, soon after they landed on these shores. From the Philippines it spread into China, where its use was so general at one time that its sale was prohibited under penalty of death.

In 1781 the Spanish Government made the sale of Luzon tobacco a state monopoly, and this condition lasted for a century. The very best land was selected and each family forced to set out 4,000 plants each year, or pay a fine. Every leaf had to be turned over to the Government, not one could be reserved for home consumption. When the crop was all in, the best quality was laid aside and all the rest burned—not in the form of cigars or cigarettes, but in a good old-fashioned bonfire. As the Government paid only for leaves which escaped the bonfire, the poor farmer was encouraged to improve the quality of his

*Note:—I now have sent to me to Chicago each month 100 of these cigars, by Walter E. Olsen, a former Chicago boy, now a successful tobacco manufacturer's agent in Manila, and my friends declare them "fine." Personally I prefer them to Havana cigars.

leaf. The Government ran the price up to one dollar gold a pound, so it is little wonder that a "Manila smoke" was held in high esteem in the Orient. The Spaniards gave the farmers only a small fraction of this price, so tobacco money paid half the total expenses of the colonial Government. Good business, but rather hard on the poor *tao,* toiling away up in the Cagayan Valley!

This all goes to show the advantage of being established early in the game. Today Manila cigars have first call in Japan, China and India. The Spanish mail line which has



CIGAR SMOKING IN THE CAGAYAN VALLEY.

monthly service between Cadiz and Manila, via Suez, loads up with tobacco on the home voyage.

Not all of the tobacco raised in these Islands gets away, however. To see the people smoking, you would think every leaf stayed at home! The cigarette consumption is 500 a year for every man, woman and child, and no record is kept of the cigars, made at home by the smokers out of masses of tobacco grown in the back yards.

Everywhere in the country I was impressed with the fact that tobacco is a necessity, rather than a luxury, to the Filipino. The merest infants have the habit. When the baby cries, the busy mother doesn't look about for a rubber nipple. She sticks a big cigar into the baby's mouth and goes on with her weaving. Children of five puff away at cigars as big as candles and strong enough to knock a man down.

In the Cagayan Valley the family saves lost motion by making cigars about a yard long and two inches in diameter. These are fitted into metal sleeves and suspended from the ceiling by a cord. Father, mother and children all take a puff, as they pass by, and the baby is held up for his turn.

If the Spaniards deprived the natives of tobacco for one hundred and one years, they have certainly caught up. They all keep at it pretty steadily now, excepting when they are sleeping.

This magic valley, producing practically all the export tobacco and nine-tenths of the factory-made tobacco consumed in the Islands, is in northern Luzon. The headwaters of the Cagayan River are in the isolated province of Nueva Vizcaya, on the eastern side of the Cordillera. From the mountain slopes, the streams flow through green meadows and dark forests into narrow canyons, flanked by the purple peaks of the Pacific Coast range. A third of the way down its course, the main stream emerges into a valley, about forty miles in width, and flows to its mouth, in the extreme north, through the provinces of Isabela and Cagayan.

But why, you ask, is this a magic valley, richer than all others in the Philippines? Just because Mother Nature does

A SCENE IN APARRI, THE GREAT TOBACCO PORT, NORTHERN COAST OF LUZON.

the fertilizing. Every season, like clockwork, about the fifteenth of December, the bottom lands of the valley are flooded. The strong winds from the China Sea, known here as the monsoon, hold the river back. For ten days the valley looks like a lake. Then the waters subside, leaving a rich coating on the overflowed land. It is a Heaven-favored valley, like the Nile. Men out here call it "The Valley with a Future," for its agricultural possibilities, other than tobacco culture, are great.

A number of companies have bought up tobacco properties. One American and two German companies are in the field besides the big Spanish "Tabacalera," organized in 1883. The bulk of the land, however, is owned by natives. In Cagayan Province there are 25,000 property holders out of 150,000 inhabitants, so, allowing six to a family, every man owns a piece of land. The same condition exists in Isabela Province, where the richest land lies.

The best grade of tobacco cannot be grown near the sea, so the estates begin about twenty-five miles up river. All the

crop comes down stream to the town of Aparri, at the river's mouth, from where it is shipped to Manila. The Tabacalera Company has a fleet of a dozen steamers operating between Manila and tobacco ports, and the most of them are kept busy with the Aparri trade. The head of this concern owns the Spanish Steamship Company, operating in all parts of the world, with a line between Manila and New York, via Spain.

When the tariff bars between the Philippines and the United States were let down, millions of poor cigars flooded the market. Exporters soon saw that the goose which lays the golden egg was being killed and a better grade of cigars now reaches our shores. We even get the best Cagayan variety. The orders have gone beyond the capacity of the giant factories in Manila.

No longer can an American say, as he puffs away at a Philippine cigar: "Well, this certainly is made of Manila rope!"

We spent some time in the sparsely populated section known as Nueva Vizcaya, watered by the headstreams of the Cagayan. Many of the inhabitants, like those in the great

SCHOOL CHILDREN OF NUEVA VIZCAYA PROVINCE.

tobacco valley, are emigrants from the densely populated Ilocos provinces on the west coast.

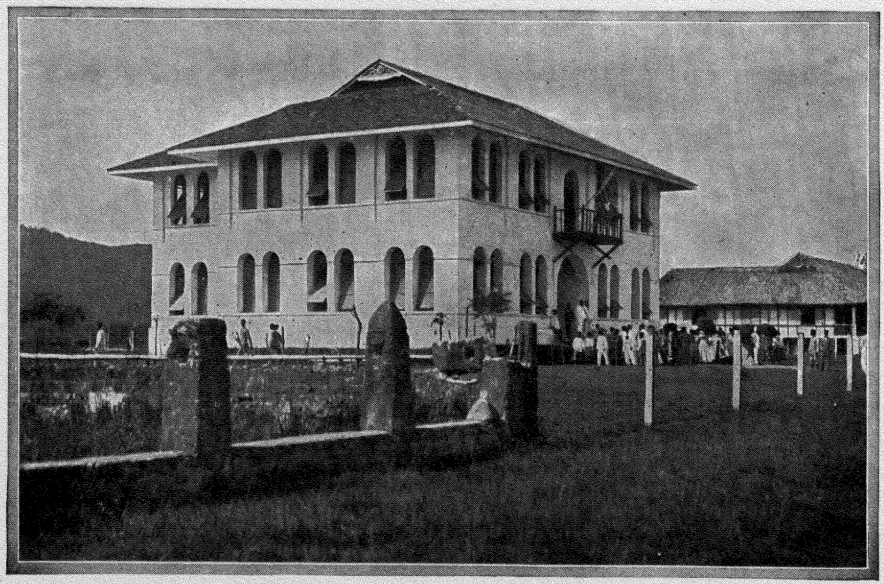
These Ilocanos are noted for their industry. The little towns in their adopted province are models of neatness. As I rode through every native was at work in the rice fields.

Rice to the Filipino is what bread is to the American. Yet with all the miles of rice we saw waving here there is not enough for home consumption. Every year shiploads of rice come to the Philippines from French Indo-China, just across the sea. This condition should be remedied. There is much good rice land idle.

The washerwoman makes starch from rice and poor women, who cannot afford soap, beat the ashes of rice straw into a foam. Most of the washing is done in the streams which border the highway. A boy visiting the Philippines for the first time wrote his mother in Chicago soon after his arrival:

"I saw the most surprising thing the other day. I was riding along the road and down in a stream below was a woman breaking rocks with a shirt!"

This is the land of the bamboo and the forest vine. With

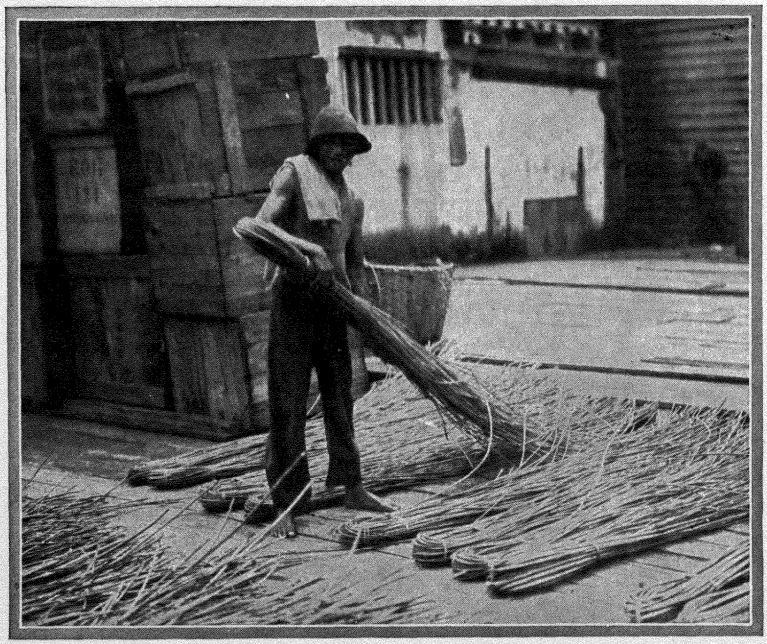


HIGH SCHOOL IN BAYOMBONG, PROVINCE OF NUEVA VIZCAYA.

BUSY WITH THE RICE HARVEST.

these and the palm the native builds everything he needs, from a home to a raft. The great climbing vine is his rope and cord, away from the hemp districts. He even uses vines in place of nails. This giant vine split is the rattan of commerce. I saw it used for a cable in Nueva Vizcaya, a strong rope-like line over 200 feet in length. It often grows to a length of 500 and 600 feet here. This rattan canes the beds and chairs of the Filipinos, ties their packages, forms their clotheslines and is put to varied use. One day I looked up at a bamboo platform, extending from a cottage door, where two babies were tied by their ankles to a post with rattan cords, safe from a bad fall to the *carabao* stable below, while the mother went on with her cooking. This is just the way she stakes out her chickens and pigs.

Bamboo is still the water pail of the Malays. Sections five or six inches in diameter are used for bringing water from the streams, and forty-foot lengths convey it to the house from the



RATTAN, ONE OF THE MOST USEFUL OF THE ISLAND PRODUCTS.

well. Bamboo musical instruments are in use here. I saw a whole band equipped with bamboo horns in a remote village, and the strange part of it was that the music wasn't bad!

Any little *barrio* in the Islands can shake up at least one band. Often, as the sweet strains of Spanish melodies have reached me, I have said: "Music is their best inheritance from their conquerors."

To reach Nueva Vizcaya from Manila means a long saddle journey from the end of the railroad. To go on to the Cagayan Valley one cannot follow the upper river of the Cagayan, excepting in a canoe, and even then with great difficulty. The trail lies across the pasture lands of Nueva Vizcaya, rich cattle ranges of the future, to Echague in Isabela Province, from where the Cagayan River is navigable. The easier way to the tobacco country is by steamer from Manila to Aparri in two and one-half days and up the river by launch to the towns of Tuguegarao and Ilagan. There are more Spaniards left here than in any other part of the Islands, for the tobacco business is still virtually in their hands.

CHAPTER XV.

MAKING CONVICTS INTO MEN.

UNCLE SAM deserves a big gold medal for his prison system in the Philippines, which ranks among the great missionary efforts of the world. "Success" should be stamped on one side of the medal with a big "S"; "For Bravery" in high relief on the other side. It required courage of no mean order to bring this system into being, and the "daring experiment," as other nations termed it, has proved an unqualified success, in spite of dire predictions. The world's progress has gained more from intelligent experiments than from accidental discoveries. Away off here, on the other side of the world, Americans have patiently worked out a new penal method, step by step, recasting criminals into citizens, making the skulking convict into the industrious man.

How was it done? you ask.

You have read of the Walled City of Manila, with its age-scarred gates, narrow streets and fine old churches, but my story begins in a smaller walled city there, built also by the Spaniards—Bilibid Prison—which came into our possession in 1898. I have heard that the soldiers had to use smelling salts to get within gunshot of the place in those days. The United States army gave the prison a first-class cleaning and turned it over to the civil Government in 1901. From that date real history in Bilibid has been made.

My interview with Mr. M. L. Stewart, director of prisons, was most interesting.

"How long have you been engaged in the work here?" I asked.

"Nine years, the last three as director."

"What is there about the prison that is unusual?" (I had

touched the button this time, and the human dynamo paced the floor of his office, powerful, vital—his very soul in the work.)

"There is no other prison like it under the Stars and Stripes. We have no cells here, no stripes of disgrace, unless the prisoner earns them. There is right of free speech for all. We teach them self-respect and tell them that they can go out better men, useful citizens.

"Regular hours, nourishing food, proper exercise in the open air and stated hours of work transform them physically. The system of mental development does the rest. No punishment is ever inflicted until there has been a fair trial before one of the high officials, the prisoner producing his own witnesses and speaking in his own behalf. The verdict must then have my personal 'O. K.'

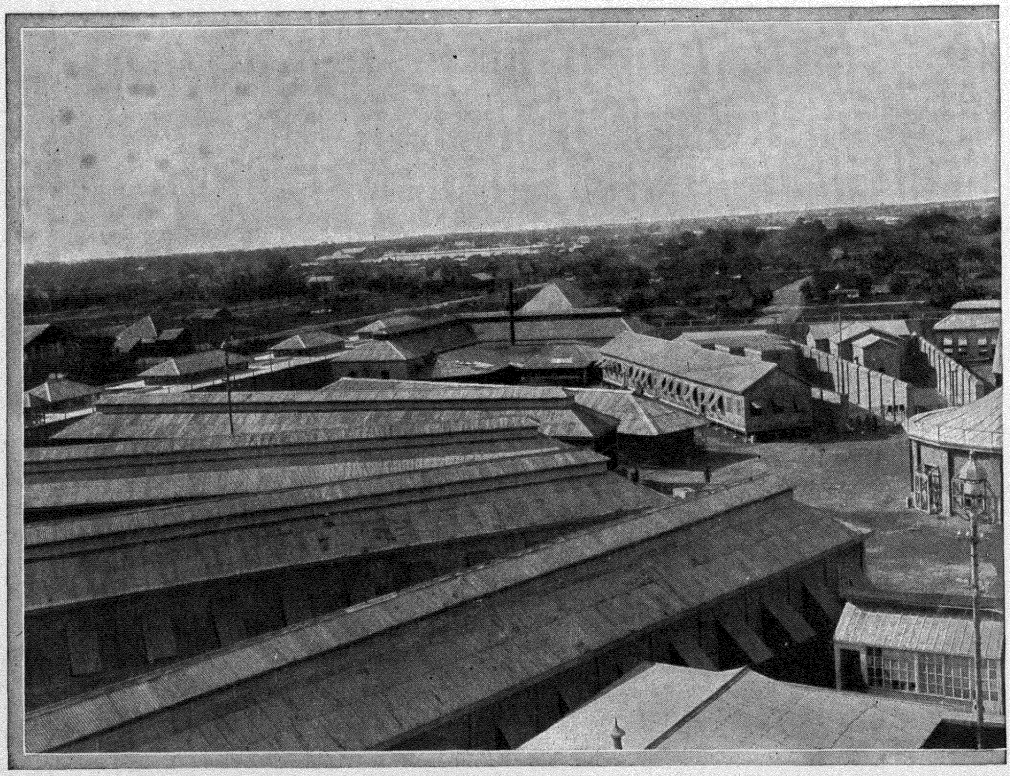
"Of all the prisoners discharged during the last five years, only two have returned for a second term. A man who has

CONVICT MAKING A RATTAN CHAIR.

his discharge from Bilibid can go down town and get a job without an hour's delay. He is a trained workman and a new man physically and morally. But, come, let's look the place over."

We passed through the gates, which slid open at our approach, and entered the great industrial departments which cover most of the twenty acres within the walls.

"When a man enters the prison he is put in quarantine," said the director. "He is freed of intestinal parasites, which are the curse of tropical countries, and cleaned up thoroughly before he can associate with the others. Then he is placed in the 'awkward squad' for a month and drilled. This over, he selects his trade. He can be a wheelwright, machinist,

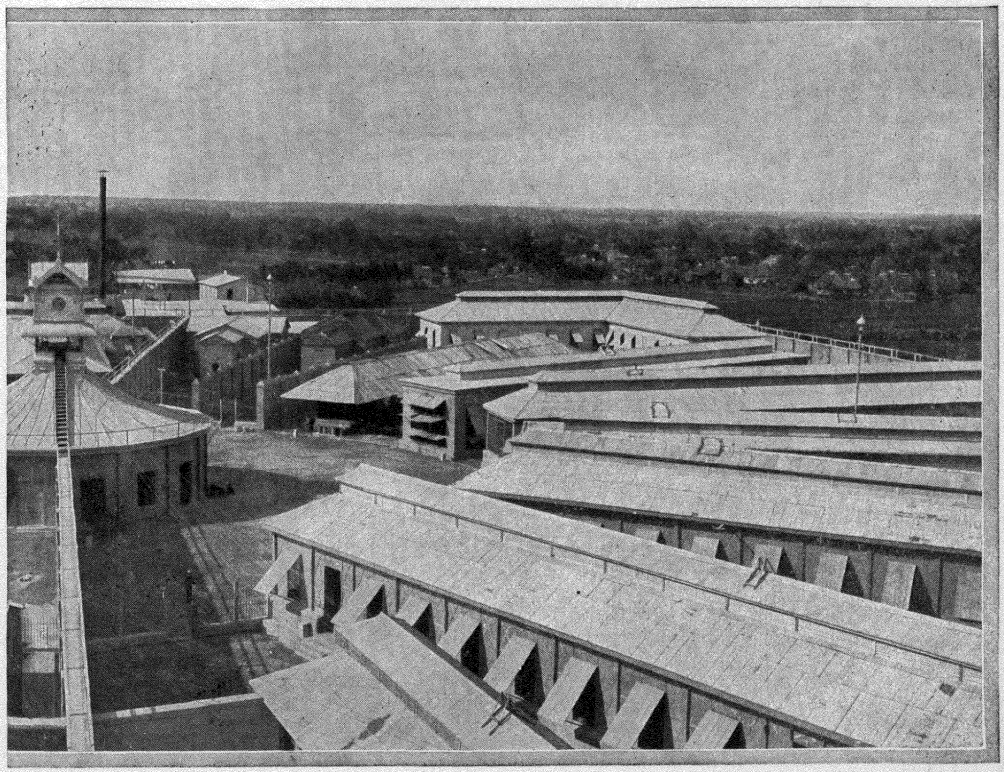


GENERAL VIEW OF

blacksmith, carriage maker, carriage painter, sign painter, shoemaker, tinsmith, tailor, cabinet maker, carpenter, mason, silversmith, laundryman, cook, baker, school teacher, hospital nurse, or a musician, for we have a band here. In the shops the men are treated just as they would be in first-class factories in the States. After work hours, their lives are like the soldiers' in the barracks. They work seven and one-half hours a day and spend their free time as they see fit, with no guard nearer than the prison walls. There are 225 prisoners in each dormitory."

I asked if there was a school, since this seemed an altogether new-fangled prison.

"School? Yes. They attend class an hour each day and the teachers are prisoners. They teach in English. We have

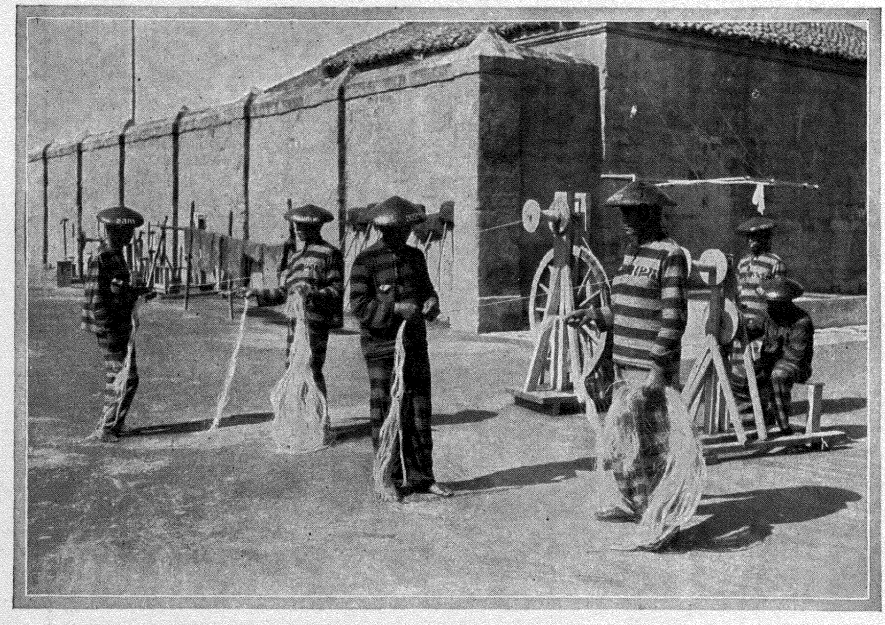


BILIBID PRISON, MANILA.

men and women from eighteen different tribes here and they can't talk to one another unless they use English. In the shops we use English altogether."

As we went from shop to shop, I saw that this was "Spotless Town" and the men looked as clean as their surroundings.

"When a man enters he is placed in the lowest convict class," said my guide. "In six months he moves to second



BILIBID PRISONERS MAKING HEMP ROPE, MANILA.

grade if he has 80 per cent of marks to his credit. Six months more, and 90 per cent will push him into the first class, with special privileges. Over 90 per cent of all the prisoners are in the first class. First and second class men wear blue. Only the backsliders wear stripes."

We went into the rooms where the product of the prison is on sale. There were silver articles made from old Spanish and Filipino coins; baskets, tables and chairs woven from sea-grass,

bamboo and rattan. The chairs were especially attractive.

"We send the big one known as the 'Bilibid chair' all over the world. It's the best known article we make. Sixty dollars gold for an office desk," pointing to one in the beautiful Philippine hardwood, "and we can't supply the demand. Carriages and wagons? Yes, we make all kinds. Any poor farmer can have a pair of wheels, paying for them by working on the roads. We're trying to save the roads."

Canes and swagger sticks are listed in the sales catalogue, and they make special swagger sticks, which are very British, "dontcher know," for the United States Marine Corps, the Order of Carabao, etc.

Prisoners receiving sentences of five years or more are sent to Bilibid. The women make lace, embroider, and assist in the splendid hospital, erected entirely by convict labor.

"Four-thirty! Time for retreat!" said Mr. Stewart.

We climbed to a tower in the center of the grounds, representing the hub of a wheel. From it the dormitories radiate like spokes to the great circular wall which forms the tire.

All at once the band trumpeted out the call and the triangular yards, separating the dormitories, sprang to life. Three thousand men lined up like soldiers on parade. A silence, a signal! Then each prisoner removed his hat, brought it down to his right side, then up and across to his heart, as the sweet and inspiring strains of the "Star Spangled Banner" filled the air and the flag over the tower was slowly lowered. There was a lump in my throat. This salute from thousands of men of an alien race, deprived of liberty, to the glorious banner which stands for freedom and justice and equality must pull at every man's heart-strings.

After a rhythmical drill the men marched to the kitchen door with their dinner pails, and in seven minutes every man had received his portion and marched on with it to his dormitory.

While Bilibid is the penitentiary of the Islands, there are many provincial prisons, thirty-four in all, caring for 2,500 short-term convicts. At Bontoc in the Mountain Province there

is a prison for the Wild Tribes and one for the Moros at Zamboanga on the island of Mindanao. Here, as at Bilibid, the opportunity for an industrial education is eagerly embraced.

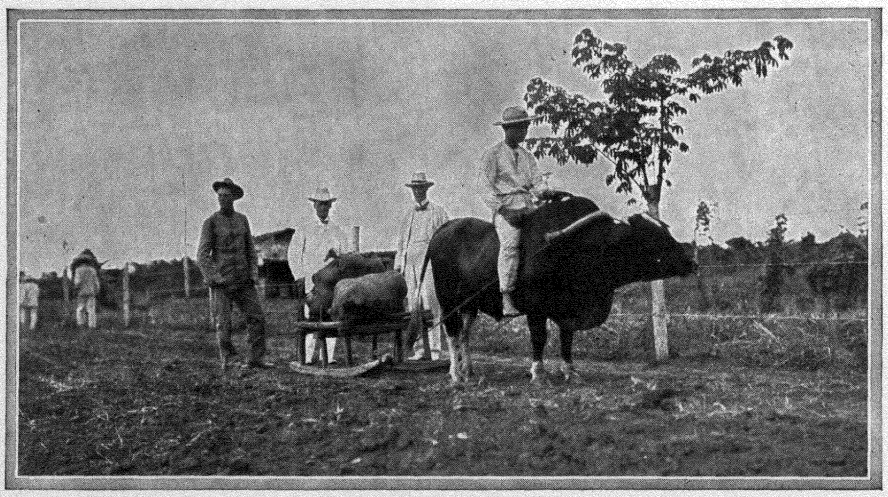
So far my story has been of prison and prisoners under the shadow of the walls, within range of the guns of the guards. Now we'll shift the scene for the strong third act, the act that many predicted would end in a bloody tragedy.

As the curtain rises, we see a tropic isle, Palawan, 370 miles southwest of Manila. This island is isolated from the others of the Philippine group, lying nearer the China coast.

When the plan for establishing a unique colony for Bilibid prisoners on Palawan was brought to the Governor-General, he looked it over doubtfully. The best conduct men were to be moved to the island and a town founded, which they were to rule themselves. They were to elect their judges, select their jurors, and appoint their policemen. They were to be without guard.

"When I looked over the list of crimes committed by the prisoners chosen to start a colony, I was a bit staggered," said the ex-Governor-General, James Smith, now living in Washington, D. C. But the plan was started and the American prison assistant's wife bravely went with him to Palawan.

Today the Iwahig colony, across the bay from the town of



GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS AT PENAL COLONY, ISLAND OF PALAWAN.

Puerto Princessa in Palawan, has 1,200 prisoners, and there is not a firearm on the place. There is a reservation of forty square miles. Here the original twenty-five convict colonists hewed their homes from the wilderness. As this most daring experiment showed symptoms of success, more credit men were sent down from Bilibid. They were taught agriculture in many branches—all about cattle raising.

In 1914 there isn't a town in the Philippines that can compare with Iwahig for law-abiding citizens, for honesty, or for sanitary conditions. The spotlight on this scene is "The Helping Hand."

After a six months' trial, the prisoner is given five acres of land which he may improve after working hours and on holidays. If he makes good, the Government steps in and helps him, loans him money for farming implements and for a home with furnishings. This loan he will repay out of the products of the farm. If he is married, the Government brings his family from any part of the Philippines and takes care of the wife and children until the farmer can care for them. When a man's sentence expires he can leave Palawan or remain in the colony. Over eighty families have remained. Iwahig has its own currency, its coöperative stores, its baseball league.

Since the success of the work is now proved, the town is to be moved to a better site on higher ground, well away from floods. It is to be a larger town with a civic center, parade and athletic grounds, a theater, library, schools and churches. All the buildings will be erected by the colonists and 1,000,000 bricks have already been burned. Palawan is out of the earthquake belt, so brick buildings are practicable.

At Iwahig Uncle Sam has brought criminals through imprisonment into the glorious light of day. He has made convicts into men. And which is the better method? The old one of opening the prison doors to men broken in health, forever lacking self-respect, branded as convicts? Or this last word in humane treatment to our weaker brothers, this evolution into industrious, upright citizens? Do you think the Filipino would continue this work? I don't.

CHAPTER XVI.

COASTING THE VISAYAN ISLANDS.

ALL aboard for the Visayas! Manila may be the capital of Philippines and Luzon the largest island, but forty-six per cent of all the Filipinos live on the islands known as the Visayas, halfway down the archipelago.

Panay, Negros, Cebu, Bohol, Leyte and Samar are the big ones of the group, surrounded by innumerable islands and islets. Here live the Visayan people, speaking one language—if you allow for differences of dialect. Here are the best sugar lands and some of the best hemp lands in the Philippines. Here are the busy cities of Cebu and Iloilo, rivals for second place after Manila.

Iloilo is our first port, 300 miles southeast of Manila Bay, on the island of Panay. Summer seas, this voyage! It is like sailing on a lake. Yet within a few weeks, or even days, this coast may be lashed by the typhoon's fury.

Iloilo looks flat and uninteresting from the sea, but we have two days in port, while the ship loads sugar, so there is time for a more favorable impression.

"You pay one *centavo* a minute for your rig," said the captain. This is equal to one-half cent in the States. On the waterfront was a vehicle which looked like a diminutive omnibus. It was drawn by an ox.

"What do you call this sort of a carriage?" I inquired of a fellow passenger.

"We call it a *tartanilla* down here," he said. "Up in Manila there are a few of 'em left from Noah's Ark, and they call 'em the *quilez*. You can't fall out, but you're always sliding backward. Don't take the ox-cart. Here comes one with a pony."

The pony-cart was about half the size of the *tartanilla,* but

I got in. My photographer was losing weight in the Philippines, so he managed to squeeze in, too, with his camera and glass plates. Films are not serviceable in this hot, moist climate.

Off we rattled to the main street, where there are first-class shops, among them a book and drug store combined, with a big soda-water fountain. While the photographer was putting away three ice cream sodas I asked the druggist how many people there were in town.

"Over 40,000—I should say nearer 45,000. There are 350 white folks and 150 of us are Americans. Panay is a rich island. Sugar? Yes, and hemp. Coconuts, of course. Then this is the chief market for the fine native cloths—*jusi* and *piña*. There aren't regular factories, but just drive out any country road and you'll see the women at work. At the window of every little 'straw' house there's a Filipina busy at her loom."

As we drove past the main plaza I saw the usual monument in the center and asked an American soldier, standing by the curb, whose statue it was.

"It 's Josie Rizzel, sir," he answered, and it didn't dawn

10 THE OLD TOWER IN JARO, A VILLAGE IN ILOILO.

upon me until some time later that he meant José Rizal. Our enlisted men are not much on Spanish pronunciation.

The patriot of Luzon, then, is beloved throughout the Philippines. As a rule the Visayan has very little use for the Tagalog. In this division of interests lies the stumbling block to the unity of the Filipino people.

A well-paved road connects Iloilo with the suburb of Jaro, where we went. Passing a hoary bell tower in the plaza and other marks of early Spanish rule, we came to the market gate. Here many *carabaos* and oxen drowsed under a shelter after hard toil in country roads. Clumsy carts, covered with straw awnings, lined the highway. In one of them sat a girl weaving a hat from a fine grade of Manila hemp.

In hundreds of little booths the produce and wares of Panay were displayed, everything from the finest *piña* cloth to the coarsest basket. Here was a dainty American woman, dressed in white, bargaining, in broken Spanish, for a flimsy piece of *jusi;* there a dark-eyed Mestiza examining a long row of tortoise-shell combs. The Mestiza was evidently of Spanish-Filipino blood with a dash of Chinese. She wore the native costume of the Filipina, but had slippers and stockings instead of the floppy *chinelas* and bare ankles. Through the whole market was the odor of coconut oil from the women's heads and the even more pungent odor of *ilang-ilang*, the popular perfume made from the native blossom.

From one booth hung Manila hemp like strands of golden floss; in the next sat a wrinkled old witch chewing the betel—a seller of lamps, which were heaped on the ground in front of her. The lamps were simply old bottles of every size and variety, fitted with wicks and tin stoppers. These, filled with coconut oil and sometimes with kerosene, illuminate the homes of the masses

"Well, I thought a Visayan would look altogether different from a Talalog of Manila," said my companion. I confessed that I could not see a marked difference.

"I think they do look a little more like pure Malays," he added. "There isn't so much Spanish blood down here."

"No, there isn't so much of the white blood away from Luzon," I answered, "but there is Chinese blood in all these ports and a good deal of it, too. If we want to see the Malay pure and simple, we must go back from the coast."

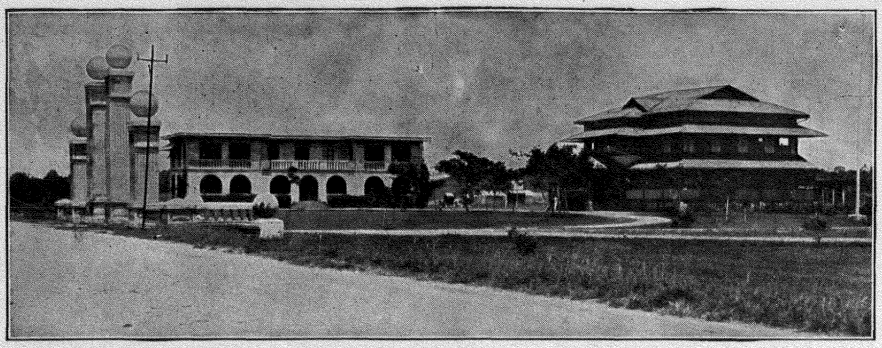
From Jaro we drove to other villages in the outskirts of Iloilo. At Arevalo, Legaspi's men are supposed to have landed in 1569. We saw several fine churches of great antiquity.

A PRETTY WEAVER.

As the druggist had said, the weavers were at work at every cottage window. The looms looked very crude and I was pleased to learn later that a new type of loom, necessitating far less labor, has recently been invented by an American industrial teacher in the Islands.

There is a splendid trade school in Iloilo. To me the industrial schools are of prime importance throughout the Philippines. The girls, especially, eagerly embrace every opportunity to learn domestic science and make excellent nurses in the hospitals. It is harder to interest the boys in trades and in agriculture. Here, as in Luzon, they want to be doctors or lawyers, and the brightest dream of being politicians. The educating of women of the middle and lower class is new since the American *régime*. Under the Spaniards the upper-class girls alone received a convent education. Every girl we graduate now, from the school or the hospital, will make a better mother for a new type of Filipino.

There is some interesting old American history in Iloilo. Away back in the '70's there was a live American firm here—



TRADE SCHOOL, ILOILO, ISLAND OF PANAY.

Russell & Sturgis. In those days sailing vessels carried on a trade between New York and Iloilo. In the cemetery I came across the vine-covered grave of an American named Haines, from Massachusetts, who worked and died here in '64. In those days Iloilo could not have been a very sanitary place to live in. Even now it needs better sewerage. There are electric lights, telephones, ice plants, and best of all, good artesian water has just been located in the heart of the town.

On the waterfront there is much activity. Iloilo has direct shipping connections with Europe, the Straits Settlements, China, Japan and Australia, and there are many boats sailing to other parts of the archipelago, including regular service with Manila and Cebu. The fleet of little sailing boats in the harbor brings sugar, coconuts and hemp from other ports in Panay and from the neighboring island of Negros.

An American railroad crosses Panay from Iloilo to Capiz on the north coast. Iloilo harbor is protected by the island of Guimaras, where the United States army had a post until recently.

"Guimaras was the island setting in that popular light opera 'Floradora,' " said an American customs official on the ship, as we sailed away. I said I had seen "Floradora," but confessed that the tropic isle of the story seemed rather off the earth to me "at that writing."

"Guimaras is a great place for picnics," said a man who hailed from Iloilo. "Picnics, sea-bathing and motion-picture shows are our leading diversions."

The island of Negros, across the strait from Panay, is divided into two provinces—Occidental and Oriental Negros. We made for a port on the northeast coast, where Honolulu capitalists have erected a fine modern sugar mill, grinding cane from many native plantations. The Filipinos find that they can get more sugar by turning their cane over to the "central" and the capitalists have made money out of the investment. On the island of Mindoro the Havemeyer Corporation has invested $3,000,000 in a sugar plantation with no profit as yet.

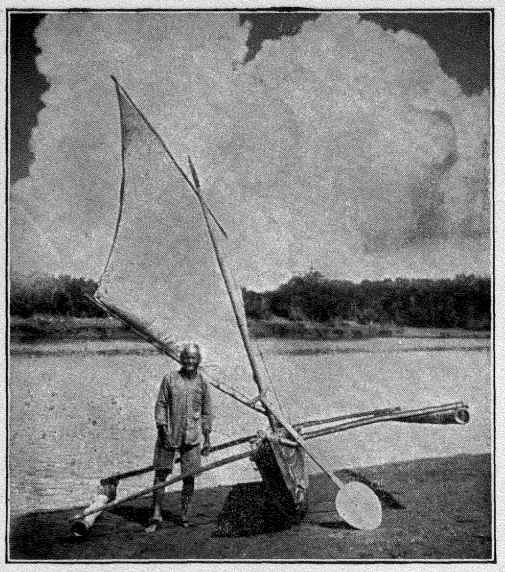
Negros has the richest sugar land in the Philippines and among the richest in the world. Since time immemorial wild cane has been growing here, and for over a century sugar has been exported. It now ranks as the third export of the Philippines.

Until modern machinery arrived on the scene, the method of sugar-making was very crude and in many localities it is still made in the most antiquated way. The cane juice is concentrated in shallow iron vessels, placed over a fire until it

TYPICAL CANE-MILL OF THE NATIVES.

crystallizes into sugar. Then it is packed in palm-leaf bags tied with rattan. This is called "mat sugar."

Another old method, borrowed from the Chinese, consists of boiling the cane juice down to a heavy mass which is poured into big earthenware jars called *pilóns*. The *pilón* has a hole in the bottom, like a flower pot, through which the molasses drips.



A TYPICAL FISHERMAN, VISAYANS.

The Payne tariff bill started the sugar planter of the Visayas on the up hill. He was able to pay his debts and higher wages with the increased price of sugar, and to import many *carabaos*. In facing the matter of free sugar—freight is expensive from here to the world's great markets; on the other hand, labor is cheap and much cane is grown without fertilization.

In coasting the Visayas, the traveler's attention is often called to watch-towers on the shores, reminders of those turbulent years when piratical Moro fleets infested these waters. The bloodthirsty Mohammedans swooped down on the peaceful Visayans, carrying them off to slavery in Mindanao and Jolo.

Sailing in a roundabout way from the island of Negros to Cebu, we passed Leyte and Samar to the east, with little Masbate to the north. All these islands are rich agriculturally.

And now we come to Cebu, second city of the Philippines on the island of the same name. Cebu is the oldest European settlement in the Islands—the place where Magellan landed.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHERE MAGELLAN WAS KILLED.

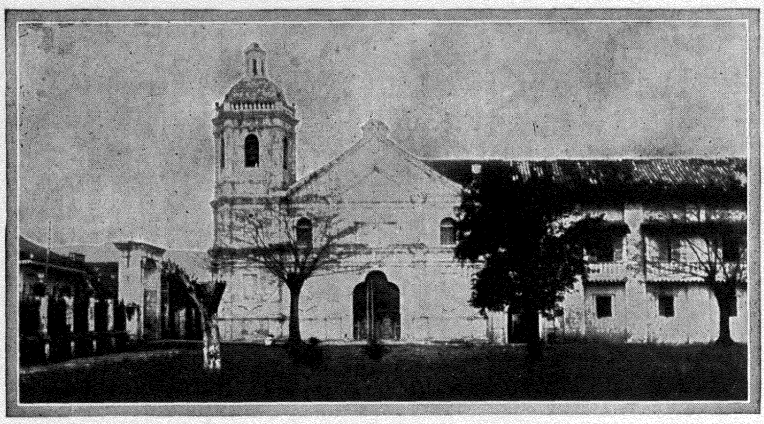
"IF YOU are really my friend," said the Rajah of Cebu to Ferdinand Magellan, "prove it. Sail across the strait with me and help me lick those Mactans. They've been causing me no end of trouble for years."

"All right!" said Magellan. What was a primitive tribal war to him who had crossed two oceans and discovered new lands? Over to Mactan with the Rajah he sailed—to be killed by the spear of a savage.

All this happened 393 years ago. Before that unlucky day, April 27, 1521, Magellan built a fortification in Sugbu (the native name for the town now known as Cebu) and converted the Rajah and his wife to Christianity. To the first lady in the land he presented a little wooden image, which he had carried with him on all his perilous voyages. Forty years later, after the landing of Legaspi from Mexico, this image was recovered, and today the sacristan of the old Augustinian Church will show you the "Holy Child of Cebu," attired in silken robes and ornamented with precious stones, quite the most sacred relic in the Islands.

"HOLY CHILD OF CEBU."

There are many reminders of the earliest Spanish days in Cebu. Calle Colón, with its tiles and arcades, is the oldest street in the Philippines. Many of the churches, convents and walls hark back to those romantic days when Europeans first reached these shores. In a little chapel on the plaza the traveler can gaze, through barred windows, on a great wooden cross. This, we are told, is hollow and within it is a similar cross,



AUGUSTINIAN CHURCH, CEBU, CONTAINING THE "HOLY CHILD OF CEBU."

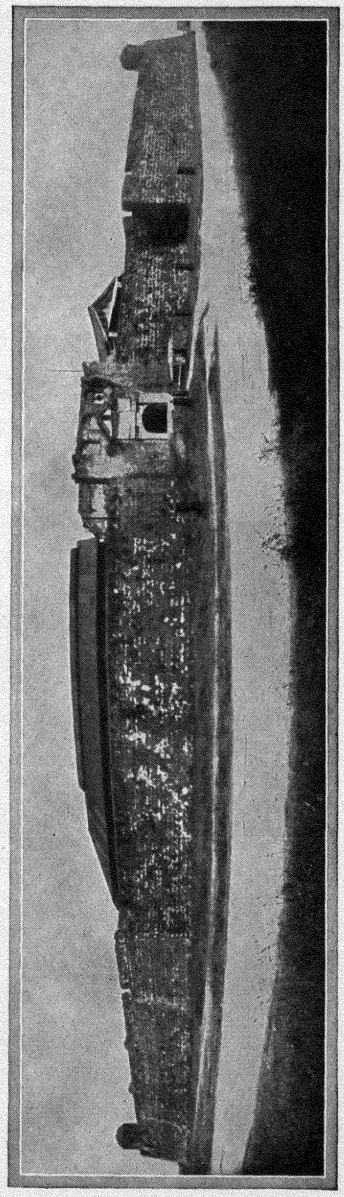
BUILDING IN CEBU CONTAINING THE ORIGINAL CROSS THAT MARKS THE SPOT WHERE MAGELLAN CELEBRATED THE FIRST MASS ON THE ISLAND, 1521.

marking the spot where Magellan and his followers gathered for their first mass on the island. Cebu was not their first landing place in the Philippines, as some writers claim. On the way here they landed on an island to the south, where they celebrated mass.

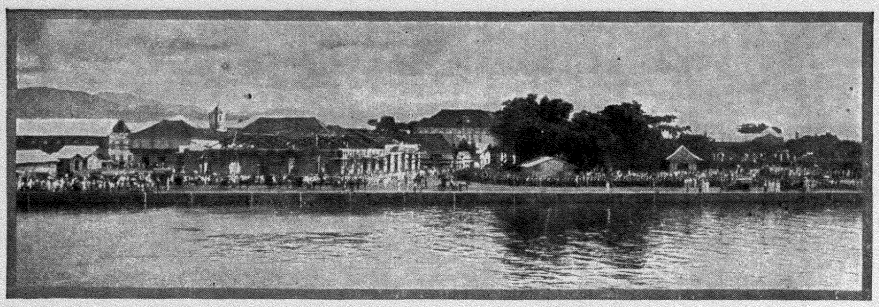
On the site of Magellan's fortification stands the time-worn triangular Fort San Pedro, one of the best preserved Spanish landmarks I have seen in the Islands.

In Cebu the old and the new are blended in a bewildering fashion. A modern concrete warehouse jostles a hoary vine-hung old convent; a big steamship from Manila docks beside a native's bamboo *banca;* a noisy automobile tears past a wooden-wheeled *carabao* cart. All is life and bustle here, in the second city of the Philippines, where the people are more concerned with the shipment of hemp, copra and sugar than with the historic associations which encircle their town and island.

They are all Visayans here, of course, with the exception of the Chinese colony and a few hundred white people—British, German and American —75,000 in all. The Chinese are the merchants in the small shops and shippers of importance. All are married to Visayan women and many are good Catholics. Unlike the Jap, the Chinaman in these Islands rears his children to be loyal Filipinos. Some of the names are a little startling to the



OLD SPANISH FORT, SAN PEDRO, CEBU.



CEBU, ISLAND OF CEBU, OLDEST SPANISH CITY IN THE PHILIPPINES.

stranger's ears—Superior Taling-Ting; Concepcion Ah-Fing; Roberto Ho-Lung, etc. There seems, however, to be some love for the motherland across the China Sea, for a short time ago, when the new President of China was inaugurated, the multi-colored flag of the new republic waved on every street in Cebu. The Chinese here do not speak English, but know Spanish and Visayan quite as well as their own tongue.

I was surprised to find so little English spoken among the Visayans. The great bulk of the people speak only their native tongue. Some of the older men and women know a little Spanish. At the two motion-picture theaters the titles to the films are first in English, then in Spanish. The disappointing

A TYPICAL STREET IN CEBU.

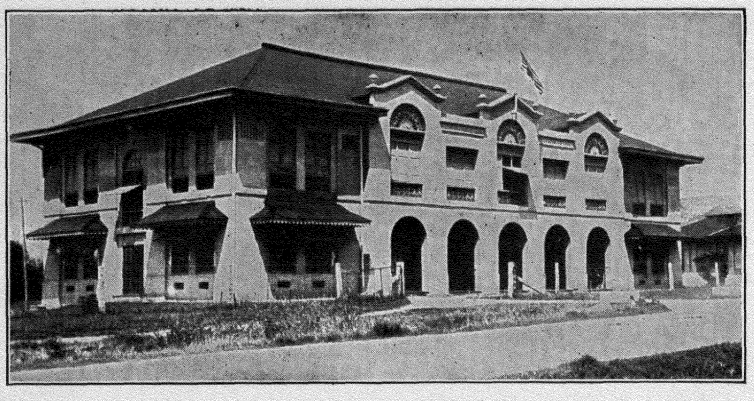
part of it is the children's not knowing English. After our sixteen years of toil over here, I expected that every youngster would be able to carry on a conversation in "the language of the flag." I asked an American teacher in Cebu about it and he said:

"Yes, I know the children on this island are backward, in spite of Cebu being the second city of commercial importance. This part of the country was very unsettled when the Ameri-

CALLE COLON, CEBU, THE OLDEST STREET IN THE PHILIPPINES.

cans came over. There were a lot of lawless people at large and the schools, out of town, have only just gotten a start. I think, anyway, that the Visayans are more primitive than the Tagalogs or Bicols up in Luzon. I've worked with them all. Still, these Visayans are more faithful. They make the best servants in the Islands."

I believe that the trouble is deeper seated. It dates back to the time when the Anti-Imperialists in the States frightened the insular Government into being self-supporting. Our original



THE HIGH SCHOOL, CEBU.

plan of equipping the Filipino to become a unit in a republic was most elaborate. A good general education was an important element in the prescription. To build schools and operate them requires money.

All the funds available permit but one-third of the children to attend school and then the buildings are overcrowded. Lack of funds forces the employment of many Filipino teachers who speak English with such a strong accent that an American, just over, has difficulty in understanding them. I went to a schoolhouse a few miles out of Cebu and listened to a class in arithmetic. The teacher, a young Filipina, wrestled with the children in English, but as I turned to go I heard her drop into Visayan, as she could not make the class understand otherwise. As soon as they get home, the boys and girls put their English away with their schoolbooks. American residents do not help the matter. They love to try out their "bamboo" Spanish on the natives and some even learn Visayan, instead of teaching their employés English.

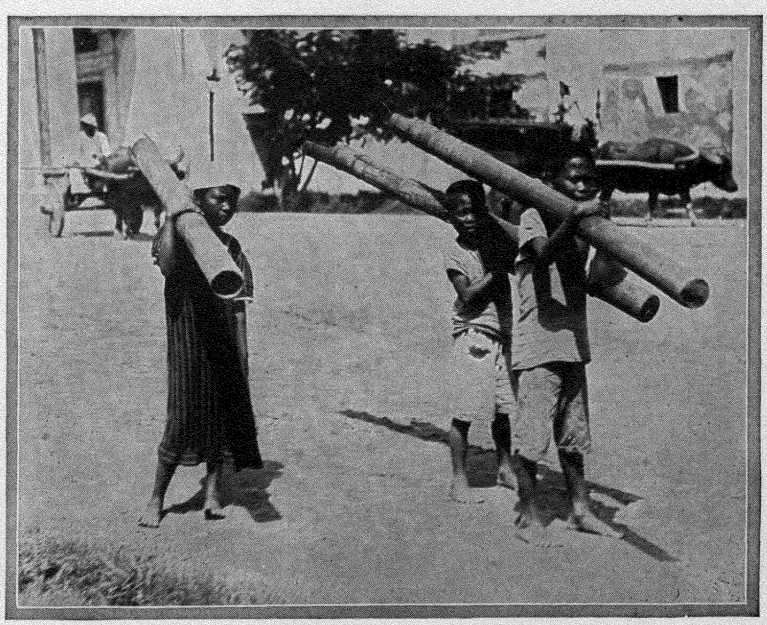
The phonograph idea, which I have advanced to many teachers here, is not so impractical as some declare. Let the industrial schools turn to and manufacture phonographs. Put one in every home. The Bureau of Education can manufacture records in the native dialects with an English translation.

Advice on sanitation, care of crops and so forth can then reach the people. Until the Filipinos speak one common language, instead of forty-seven varieties, they cannot form a nation. Are they to cling to their Malay tongues and be governed by a few Spanish-speaking politicians, or is our splendid work to go on to its fulfillment? I hope for the sake of humanity it will go on.

Cebu has been nearly wiped off the map several times by fire. Today the principal buildings are of reënforced concrete. The other elements, water and wind, have also paid their visit. Tidal waves have flooded the streets and in 1912 a terrible typhoon hit poor Cebu, killing 400 people and sinking or disabling seventeen ships in harbor. Now many of the galvanized roofs carry heavy iron chains as an insurance policy and other roofs, which are chainless, are covered with "typhoon insurance."

The new municipal water works is the city's pride.

"Stores enough water for six months," the hotelkeeper told



GOING FOR WATER WITH BAMBOO TUBES, CEBU.

me. "Great fire protection! Lots put aside for a 'rainless day'!"

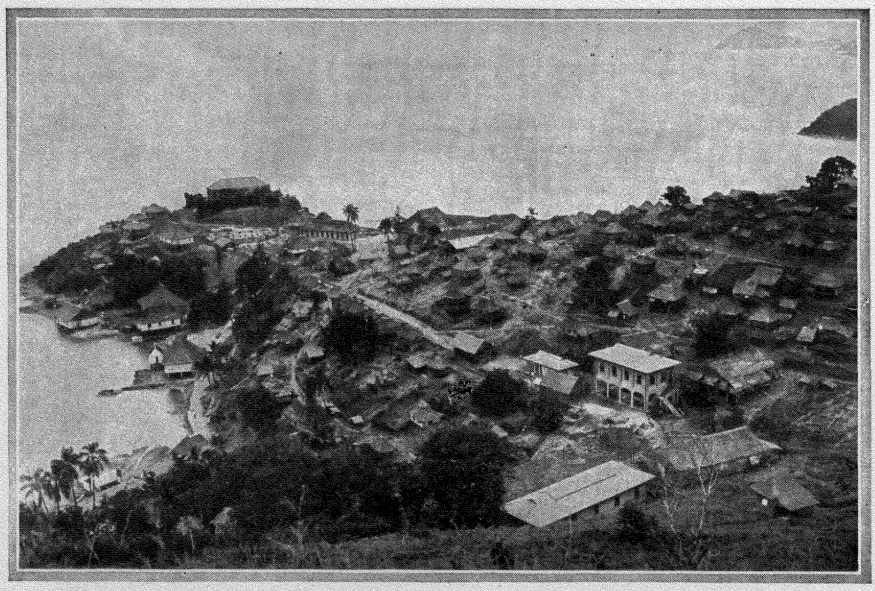
The "Osmeña Water Works," we read on the sign, and the "Osmeña Fountain" out on the new avenue. Señor Osmeña is Cebu's most distinguished citizen. Speaker of the National Assembly in Manila, he is slated for the Presidency of the Filipino republic by the Visayans.

"What would you do," I asked a native of Cebu who speaks Spanish, "if you had independence and a Tagalog became President?"

"We would go to war," he replied. Osmeña is the only Filipino entitled to be first President."

The Philippine Government has a model leper colony on the island of Culion, between Mindoro and Palawan, and Cebu, it seems, has been its chief source of supply. I asked a health officer about it.

"Well, a hundred years ago, the Spaniards established a leper hospital here and the afflicted were shipped in from all

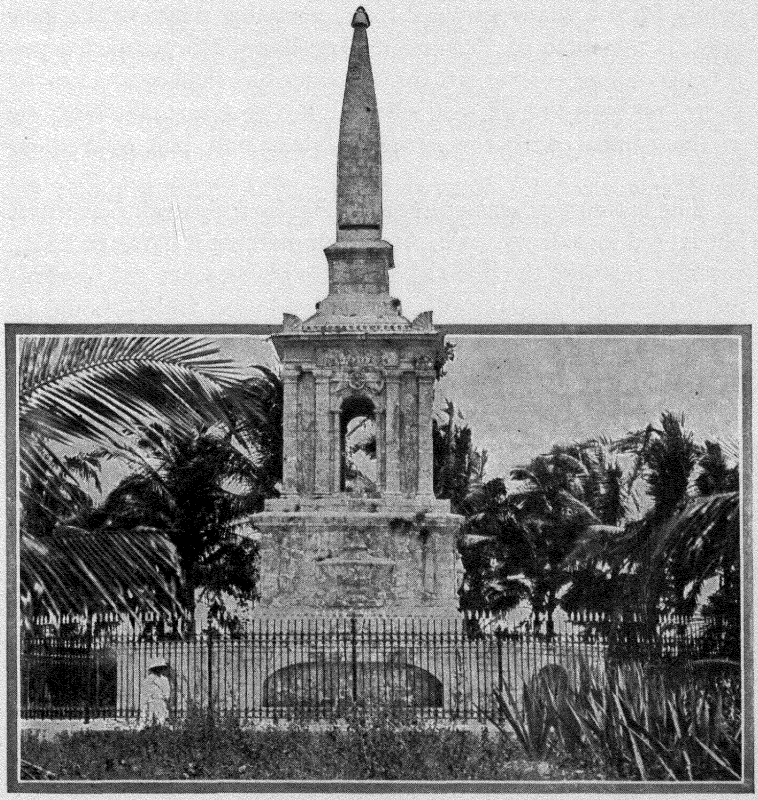


CULION LEPER COLONY. CEBU HAS SENT 4,000 LEPERS TO THE COLONY.

parts of the Visayas. The hospital overflowed and a lot of the lepers moved out, settling on the outskirts of the city and over on the little island of Mactan. They were never brought in and the disease has flourished. We've sent over 4,000 lepers to Culion, over 400 last year. Many of them have died—only about 2,500 there now."

The people in Cebu tell you that the climate is more healthful than in Manila, much drier. There were too many mosquitoes to suit me and not enough sewers. Some of the newer homes are on high ground back of the town toward the range of mountains, which forms the city's attractive background.

Dance halls are very popular here and seem quite respectable. From the hotel balcony I could look into one across the



THE TOMB OF MAGELLAN.

way, where young men and women waltzed, two-stepped and "ragged" to the latest American music. The men pay 20 *centavos* a dance and the girls get half of this. All Filipinos love dancing better than anything on earth, but how the women manage to keep the *chinelas* on their stockingless feet as they whirl about, is the deep mystery.

The traveler's Mecca in Cebu is to the island of Mactan, reached by launch in half an hour. At the village of Opon, where there is a new Osmeña pier, I hired a young Filipino to drive me to Magellan's tomb. The vehicle was a remarkable affair, called a *flecha.* You sit on a rattan-covered cart, with legs hanging out behind, and hold on hard to the railing. In about an hour we came to the end of the island, where coconut palms form a shady grove. Here, gleaming white in the sunlight, is the tomb of Ferdinand Magellan. His tomb, I say—it is his monument, rather, for his bones bleached on the nearby shore, no man knows just where. But to this point he came in the combat with the savage Malays and just over there he fell.

The monument was erected in 1866 by a Spanish Governor, but lapsed into decay. An American merchant, living in Cebu, recently restored the pile at his own expense, since the Government seemed disinterested. It is a landmark which should be reverently preserved for all time in remembrance of the greatest navigator the world has ever known.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MINDANAO.

MINDANAO, the second largest island in the Philippines, is just beaten by a nose, in the race for size, by Luzon. In fact, it took the judges some time to decide which was entitled to first prize. Both are eight times as large as Samar, winner of third place.

Mindanao, with over 40,000 square miles, is as large as Cuba and a little larger than the State of Maine. It lies 500 miles south of Manila, with which it is connected by a number of steamer lines. One of the Government's first acts was to provide transportation between these islands. Seventeen coast-guard cutters were purchased and given the task of preventing smuggling and promoting legitimate trade. Many towns which had never been visited by vessels large enough to carry cargo were put on regular routes. When the small planter found there was a market for his products he brought them to the coast. As trade developed commercial steamer lines took the place of the Government vessels, which steered off to search out other routes in need of service. Freight and passenger rates on all lines are fixed by the Bureau of Navigation in Manila, a control greatly appreciated by the shipper and the traveler.

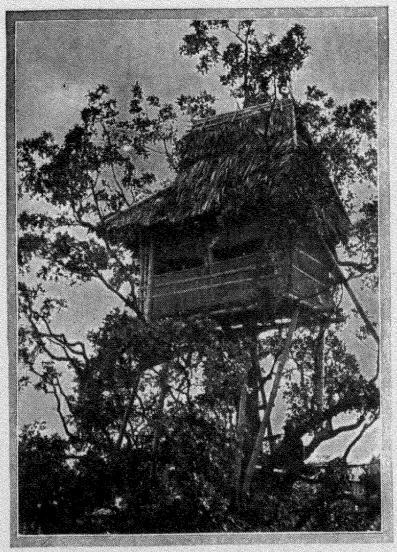
On reaching Mindanao we were surprised to see the name spelled "Mindanaw" on the side of a British firm's warehouse. The British take great license in the spelling of foreign names in every port of the world, performing a surgical operation whenever possible. A traveler once asked an American why the Burmah of our schoolbooks is now spelled "Burma."

"Oh!" replied the Yankee, "you see the British took it, and they drop their h's."

Authorities agree that, while undeveloped, Mindanao is the

richest island in the Philippines and, in many respects, the most interesting. It has 1,300 miles of coast line, a great mountain plateau, the highest peak in the archipelago and two magnificent rivers. And its people are as varied as its scenery.

In the hills of the interior are many pagan tribes, numbering over 250,000. These people were originally coast dwellers, gaining a living from fishing and the cultivation of rich valleys near the shore. Then other men arrived from Borneo and the Malay Peninsula, bloodthirsty, sea-roving pirates. They said they came to do a little trading, but pressed their bargains with free use of knife and spear. The coast people "took to the tall timber," and have never since returned to the shore. The wicked sea-gypsies, finding the country to their liking, settled, were later converted to the Mohammedan faith by an Arab from Malaya, and today there are 350,000 of these fierce followers of Mohammed occupying the greater part of Mindanao and the islands of the Sulu Sea. The Spaniards, who had warred with men of their faith in southern Europe, dubbed these people also Moros or Moors, a name which has clung to them ever since. They have been warlike first and last.



HOME IN TREE TOPS, MINDANAO.

In the wake of the Spaniards, with their forts and Catholic missions, another horde of trading sharks came down in Mindanao from the Visayan Islands, settling on the northern and northeastern coast. So here we have 250,000 simple hill people, primitive farmers, who are the only real producers of the country, hemmed in on all sides by 350,000 Moros and 50,000 Visayan-Filipinos. All three races hate one another, although they sprang origi-

nally from the same Malay stock. The Moros went up the hills, well armed, and forced the pagans to pay a tax, or tribute, of farm products and live stock. If these things were not forthcoming, the poor hill man was fined. On nonpayment he was dragged to the lowlands and added to the Sultan's ever-increasing band of slaves. The Spaniards were unable to prevent this form of graft and the merry game was in full swing when the Americans arrived.

We have changed all this. We have divided the island into three parts with different forms of government.

1. Misamis and Surigao, with their Christian Filipino towns fringing the coast, have the usual form of provincial government.

2. Agusan, with its many wild pagan tribes, has a separate form of administration. The Secretary of the Interior is the Good Father here, as among the head-hunters of Luzon.

3. The Moro Province, which includes not only the greater portion of Mindanao, but also the islands of the Sulu archipelago. This province is governed by the strong arm of the military.

The settlements in Misamis and Surigao are like the other "bamboo" towns in the

A MISAMIS PIPE MAKER.

Visayan Islands from whence these people came. The most imposing building is the Government school with a manual training branch.

In Luzon, rice is the leading article of diet. The hulling is the woman's work and every traveler remembers the thump! thump! of the heavy pestle in the crude wooden mortar under the house.

Farther south, in the Visayas, corn becomes the staple and each house is provided with its primitive grist mill, usually operated by men.

In Mindanao, the sago palm is the meal ticket. Nature is kind and raises them by the thousands. Each great palm produces one hundred pounds of sago, which is scraped out, washed and dried in the sun. The whole family "gets busy" here.

In Misamis I saw hanging baskets filled with rare orchids at the window of every humble home. Each house has its own squad of policemen, noisy little lizards, which scamper over walls and ceilings. Their clicking "That's so!" in the night hours sounds loud enough to have come from a crocodile, all out of proportion to their diminutive size. These little creatures are never molested, as they are the insect traps of the country. They sally forth at dusk to satisfy their magnificent appetites on mosquitoes, ants and flies and any other insects not too large for their mouths.

One of the great pests in Mindanao, as on other islands of the group, is the rat. There are many local varieties not found on other islands, but having the usual annoying and destructive appetite. Hordes of hill rats enter the village houses at night, leaving at daybreak. When the crops are in the field they do not enter the houses in such large numbers, but when outside food is scarce, it is really necessary to anchor one's shoes. I speak from first-hand knowledge, as I lost mine.

Some years ago the Government, realizing the economic loss to the farmers and the great hazard from bubonic plague, offered a bounty on rat skins. Some crafty Chinamen went

into the business of breeding rats by the wholesale, so the bounty was abolished.

The natives have devised a bow-and-arrow trap that is fairly effective at first, but the rats soon learn to avoid it. An American told me he could never catch more than five rats with the same type of trap. He has decided to import every variety of rat-trap on the market and organize a circulating club, each trap to progress to a neighbor when it has five scalps to its credit.

The death of an American editor in Manila last year from bubonic plague has caused renewed activity in the rat-killing campaign. A dead rat, infected with bubonic, was found in the editor's desk, conclusive evidence that he had been bitten by a flea from the rodent.

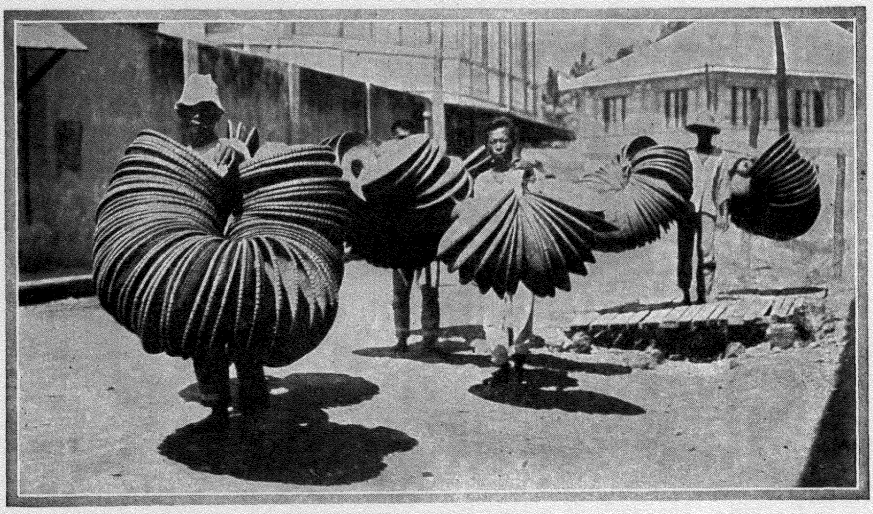
MAN WITH DURIAN FRUIT.

In a northern Mindanao market we first met the famous *durian*. No, it isn't a reptile or an animal, it's a native fruit, eight to twelve inches in diameter, with a very thick rind, covered with spines, and a "keep off" notice. If you venture to open one you will meet with an odor beside which Limburger cheese is a delicate perfume. Still, the *durian* is popular in the southern Philippines with some very brave Americans, as well as with natives. They say the wild beasts of the jungle fight for its possession and even domesticated animals yearn for this forbidden fruit.

I agreed to tackle a *durian* in the open, with a good stiff breeze blowing, but was forced to surrender before I had a fair

chance to judge of its taste. Only a soldier, skilled in attack, should enter this contest.

In Misamis we saw many styles of hats of native manufacture, woven from the bamboo. They are made double, one inside the other, and are strong and serviceable. One we bought for six *pesos* (three dollars gold), proved a huge success. These hats are exported in large quantities to Europe and America and seem more popular with foreigners than those woven from Manila hemp.



MISAMIS HAT SELLERS.

In the market of a Christian Filipino town we met a few shy pagans from the hills. They had brought bundles of bark down to the coast, used to flavor and impart a pinkish color to the coconut-blossom *tuba* beverage.

The Bukidnon plateau is the home of many of these wild people. Of the fourteen distinct pagan tribes in Mindanao the Bagobos and Manobos are the best known. The Bagobos weave a coarse hemp cloth which they ornament most gorgeously with beads. Some of these bead patterns tell the history of the tribe and are handed down from father to son.

Our Government has done splendid work in uplifting these savages. We have stopped their being imposed upon by the Moros. Trading stores have been opened in Agusan Province, where the natives sell basket-work, wood-carving, native cloth and articles of ornamentation for a good cash price and buy foreign goods and provisions. We operate experimental farms where seeds and plants are distributed, and encourage the people to take up the forty-acre homestead allotted each male by law.

Many Manobos who used to build their homes up in the trees, far away from their neighbors, now live on the ground in farming communities. The Agusan Farm School Settlement has over 10,000 banana plants under cultivation and an equal number of *papaya* trees.

The progress toward civilization has been greater among some of these wild tribes of Mindanao than with any other people in the Philippines. They have the longest road to travel. There is much work of this nature yet to be done, as some of the tribes are still very savage.

Some years ago a Government scientist was killed by the natives while collecting geological specimens. Professor Ickis was making his way across the island from the south with only one constabulary soldier as guard. In the wilderness of the headwaters of the Agusan River, the two men were attacked by Manobos. The Professor was felled by a blow on the head, but the Filipino soldier was frightfully tortured before being killed.

It has since been learned that the wild forest folk misunderstood the gathering of so many rocks by the scientist. They thought he intended to stone them. They claimed their right to kill the soldier, as a Filipino had once mistreated a Manobo woman. After many efforts the authorities succeeded in capturing the murderers. Professor Ickis' remains were recovered and sent to the States.

This is the only case of which I have heard where an American has been killed by the pagans of Mindanao, a great contrast to the bloody record of the Moros.

CHAPTER XIX.

ACROSS MORO LAND.

"WHY don't you go overland across Mindanao? Much more interesting than going by boat. Good automobile road part of the way and the army will provide an escort for the saddle trip through the jungle."

This advice from an American ex-soldier sounded good to us, even though our informant owned the automobile line and had come aboard at Iligan to hustle up passengers.

The United States army has charge of the road across the Lanao district in the Moro Province from Iligan, on the Sea of Mindanao, to Malabang, on the Celebes Sea. The road follows the coast to the army post at Camp Overton. Then it strikes inland, climbing 2,300 feet in twenty-three miles, to Camp

SOME LANAO MOROS.

Keithley, on the shore of Lake Lanao, dropping down from Camp Vicars, on the other side of the lake, to Torrey barracks at Malabang. The country, you will note, is well fortified and, although there has been no trouble with the Lanao Moros for over a year, an armed escort accompanies the few travelers who pass through.

In the Moro Province, where the Americans have met with their greatest difficulties in the Philippines, the Government positions are mainly held by army and constabulary officers. The Moro Province is divided into five districts. Four of these, Lanao, Zamboango, Cotabato and Davao, are on the island of Mindanao; the fifth district includes all the islands in the Sulu archipelago.

Lanao has long been cursed by the lawlessness of its Moro inhabitants and it is not yet considered safe to travel away from the ports unarmed. Major Gilheuser, Governor of the district, is a constabulary officer, a splendid type of American, and to his wise efforts in pacification the traveler crossing the beautiful Lanao country is indebted today. It was not long ago that wild Moros, armed with rifle, *kris* and *barong,* lay in wait along the highway.

The road from Camp Overton to the lake is through a majestic forest. It follows the foaming Agus River, leaping from highland lake to sea. Here lies a great source of hydro-electric power. At the Maria Cristina Falls the river drops 191 feet over a fern-hung precipice. We can estimate 30,000 horse-power at the falls and probably 500,000 horsepower between Lake Lanao and the coast. Some day a fraction of this force will be utilized in carrying freight and passengers to the plateau. Above the forest belt we reached an open, grassy plain where Moro ponies graze. Thousands of head of cattle could be pastured here. It certainly is a white man's country, if we can civilize the inhabitants, and I am of the opinion a Christian world demands their civilization or extinction.

On the highway we met our first Moro, a strange creature with long black hair twisted up in a rakish knot on one side of the head, while a gaudy cotton cloth, worn like a turban, slid

down toward the opposite ear. He wore a jersey-like shirt, skin-tight trousers and was barefooted. His figure was slim, almost girlish, the long hair adding to the air of femininity, but the expression of his face was very cruel. The color of his skin was brown, like that of the Filipinos farther north.

Of late the wicked Lanao Moros have turned over a new leaf. They begin to see that Uncle Sam isn't such a bad chap, after all. He treats them fairly and builds good roads, a great improvement over rocky trails. They are paying the road tax of two *pesos* and the *cédula* tax of $1.50 without a murmur.

The authorities have arranged a native court which meets weekly to settle all petty disputes, an arrangement very satisfactory to the people. The court consists of five wise men from various parts of Lanao, four Datos and one Mohammedan priest. It meets at the village of Dansalan on Lake Lanao, where the Governor lives.

In the old days, when Sultans held sway in Mindanao, the

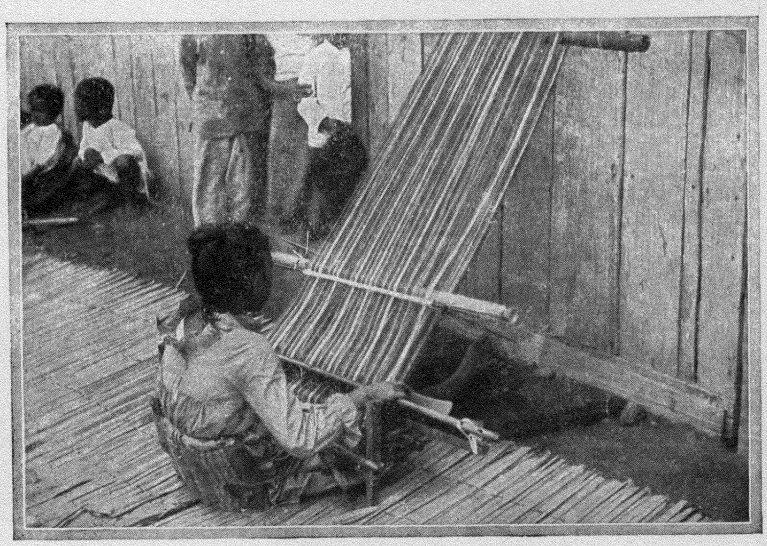
A MORO DATO WITH HIS THREE WIVES AND DAUGHTER, LAKE LANAO.

Datos were the nobles of the country and their power is still great with the masses. Many of them have made the long pilgrimage to Mecca and have the proud title of "Hadji."

In Dansalan we met a wealthy Dato, just back from Mecca, who was enthusiastic over the journey. He owned a pony and cart and wanted to buy an automobile, but was discouraged by the Governor, who was afraid he would run into every one on the road.

When his finances permit, the Moro takes unto himself the four wives permitted by the Koran, for all are faithful followers of the Prophet and believers in his Sacred Book. Many Datos have twenty wives, assuming that the "quartet law" applies only to common Moros. Some of these women of the upper-class harems never go out of the house and are quite fair, hardly resembling Malays. A constabulary officer, who saw one of them after a combat with the Moros, told me that the woman was no darker than a brunette in the States and quite pretty.

Moro women do not fill an important position in the household. The men never forget that their Koran declares women have no souls. Men, on the other hand, have only to die on

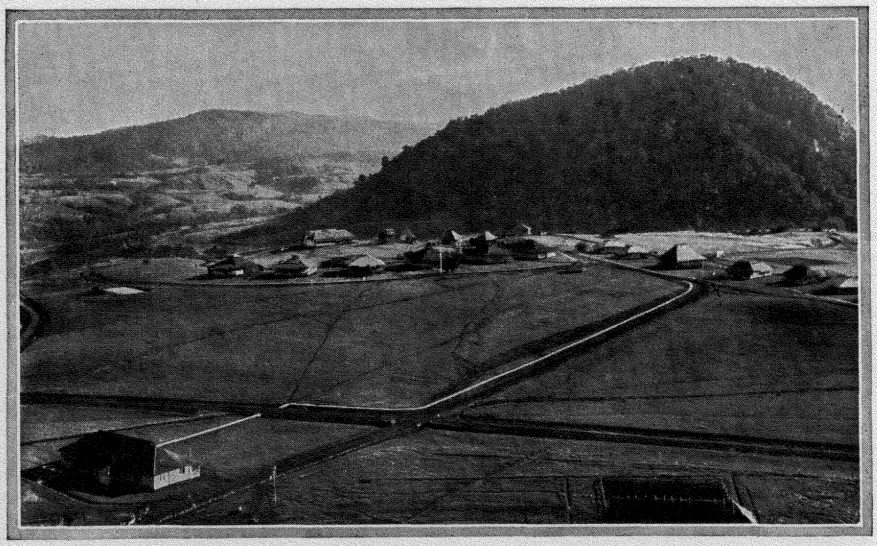


A MORO WEAVER.

the field of battle to receive a passport to Paradise and a brand-new set of heavenly wives. Unlike Mohammedans in other lands, Moros permit their women to go with faces uncovered. They also do the heavier part of the work, leaving household tasks for the weaker sex. The men are remarkably brave, very haughty and have a violent temper.

Both sexes are passionately fond of bright colors, red, yellow and green being a favorite combination. They weave the most attractive cloth in the Philippines and make excellent mats. Their inlaid work of silver and brass is quite unique; they make fine weapons and a great variety of brass dishes.

At thirteen the Moro lass reaches womanhood and is on the lookout for a suitor. She paints her underlip and finger nails a brilliant red and oils her hair. Her costume consists of a loose garment, covering the body from shoulder to knee and leaving neck, arms and legs exposed. Of course the would-be husband must pay for the girl—ponies, *carabaos,* weapons or slaves to her father. If she is especially attractive he must "put up" well and may have to pay on the installment plan. I heard of one case where a youth had paid a Dato three ponies



CAMP KEITHLEY, ON THE SHORE OF LAKE LANAO.

and two knives for a very nice girl and was still "shy" a *carabao*. Along came a rich man, who offered a big price for the damsel, and the suitor lost ponies and knives along with the lady.

The wife's position is never certain. Her husband can divorce her in three seconds if he is a fast talker. All he has to say is, "I divorce you!" three times, with his fingers crossed, and the separation is final. The woman does not lose standing, however, by being divorced, and may join another syndicate of wives, if the opportunity offers.

The military post, Camp Keithley, adjoins the native village of Dansalan, on the shore of Lake Lanao. This marvelously beautiful sheet of water, thirty-five miles by seventeen, surrounded by wooded hills, lies in an ancient crater. Scenery and climate combine in making it a most desirable place for an army post, a rival of Camp John Hay, near Baguio.

There is a full battalion of scouts stationed here. Native troops, under various names, have been employed in the Philippines since the beginning of American occupation. In 1901 Congress authorized the organization of the Philippine Scouts, the limit being placed at 12,000. So far only 5,000 infantry are enlisted. These men form part of our regular troops and are under United States army discipline. Privates receive $8 gold a month, the Government furnishing quarters, food and uniforms. The scouts are a highly trained body and have done excellent work in our battles with the Moros. Besides the 5,000 native scouts, we have 12,000 American soldiers in the Islands. At one time we had 60,000 men under arms. The command of the Philippines is considered the second position of rank in the service.

Camp Keithley was named for an American hero—an enlisted man, who, although wounded, fought his way through the Moro ranks to give alarm of night attack. He died as he reached an army sentinel near the spot where the post is now situated.

We heard of another hero, a young constabulary officer, who won his medal of honor in a hand-to-hand contest with the

Moros. Although he has been dead for three years, the name Furlong is still feared by the natives of Lanao, who have great respect for bravery.

We stopped overnight at Camp Keithley, crossing the lake early next morning. At times the water is too rough to permit crossing in small steamers, so a road is being built around the lake. Three of the boats now in use are old Spanish craft which our adversaries sank before leaving the island to our mercy. They gave the machinery a coat of white lead and located the sunken boats with buoys, before departing. We availed ourselves of this act of Castilian courtesy and raised the steamers without delay.

We were two hours in crossing from Keithley to Vicars, where about one hundred Moros were in evidence, and some of them did not resent the activity of our photographer.

In the charge of two typical American packers, furnished by the army quartermaster, and armed to the teeth, we started off on Missouri cargo mules on the twenty-six-mile ride to Malabang. This proved a most interesting trip. Near the lake we saw upland rice, raised by the Moros without flooding. They also raise a very good quality of coffee. The trail soon left the open plain and entered the jungle, where giant trees,

LAKE LANAO, 2,300 FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

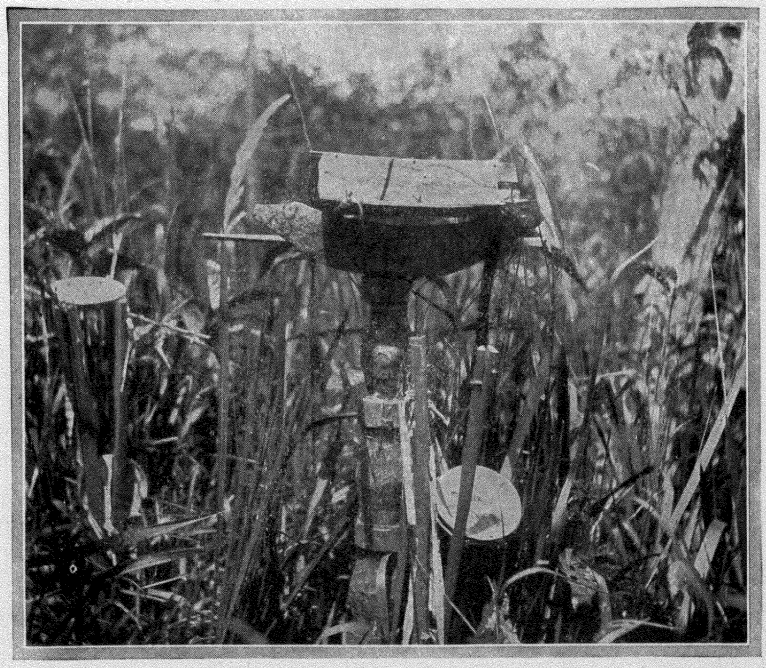
covered with creeping vines, formed a verdant wall on either side.

Our companions proved most entertaining. One had been a cattle ranger in Wyoming and the other hailed from New Mexico.

"You see," said the tall, thin one, with his hand on his pistol, "these yere Moros are bad actors. They are supposed to be peaceful now, but every now and then one of 'em breaks out wild, and cuts the boys up something fearful."

This did not sound very reassuring, but no Moros peered out from the forest. Instead we saw bands of brown monkeys, playing happily in the trees, and one big gray fellow, known as the Mindanao Macaque.

It was nightfall when we dismounted at Torrey barracks, within sight of the Celebes Sea. We had made record time, twenty-six miles in five hours, not counting the distance we traveled up and down on those trotting cargo mules!



A MORO GRAVE.

CHAPTER XX.

THE DATOS OF MORO LAND.

"YOU see these leading Datos in Moro Land form a sort of royalty, claiming descent from early Arab missionaries," the American officer told me. "Their blood is a bit mixed by this time, but they are still able to get away with it and have all the people bluffed into a healthy respect for their power. You must meet some of them."

This was in Cotabato District, on the west coast of Mindanao, where the largest river in the Philippines flows through a wide, fertile valley into the Celebes Sea. The sleepy little town of Cotabato lies five miles up stream and has been the seat of government in this part of the country since prehistoric times.

Dato Piang, an old Moro chief, lived forty miles up the river. As the officer assured us this old chap was "the whole

A MORO DATO AND HIS JUDGE.

show" in the Cotabato region and offered to go up and introduce us, we chartered a launch and set out.

The Rio Grande de Mindanao is as wide as its name, a muddy stream bordered by low banks, which are overflowed certain seasons of the year. Clusters of strange trees, with branches projecting straight out from the trunks, were pointed out as *kopoc,* or tree cotton.

"No, it isn't good for cloth," the American told us. "They ship the cotton to the States and use it for stuffing mattresses."

"What else do you export from here?" I asked.

"Gutta-percha, for one thing. The trees are thick over there in the forest. Almost half a million pounds came down the river last year. It's the only kind of rubber that will do for insulating marine cables, so it brings a good price."

We passed a sawmill and my inquiries brought forth a lot of data which checked up with the lumber information gathered in other parts of the Islands.

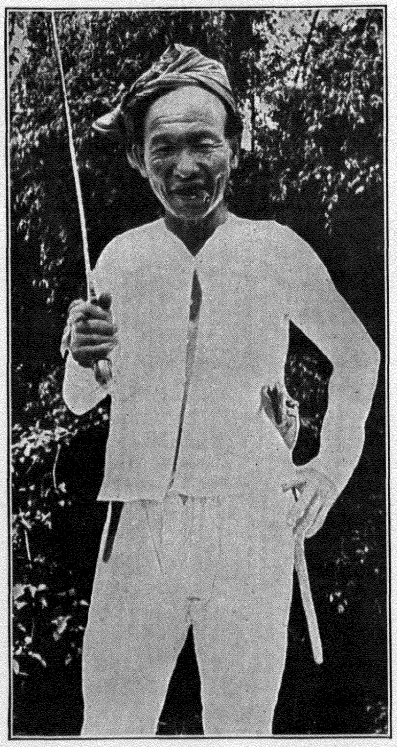
Lumbering in the Philippines promises to be a great business. The Islands have a virgin forest the area of Kentucky, 40,000 square miles, and half this amount as well is second-growth timber. There are over 2,500 varieties of tree species, four times as many as we have in the United States and Canada. Besides the finest hardwoods in the world, there is much timber suitable for building.

Major Ahern of the United States army, an expert forester, has been in charge of this branch of the work ever since we arrived on the grounds and has carried out a wise policy. The Government does not sell the land, only stumpage, and this at a very low figure—from $1 gold per thousand feet for building timber, up to $5 for *narra,* the native mahogany. Nature provides many of the tropical trees with a swelling buttress, as an additional brace for their great weight in shallow soil. This bulge, often three times the diameter of the main trunk, forms the material from which marvelous table tops are cut.

China paid a high tribute to Philippine hardwoods when the last Emperor of the Flowery Kingdom selected them for

his palace, after inspecting samples from all over the world. Thousands of specimens are sent to the United States for paperweights, the Bureau of Forestry charging twenty cents gold and four cents postage.

While the Philippine Government holds 99 per cent of all the standing timber, estimated at $20,000,000,000, a great deal of Oregon pine is shipped over here. This is due to lack of capital. Modern logging machinery has only just reached the Islands. It will be well for our lumbermen to cast an eye over the water to these undeveloped isles, where giant trees stand, like turkeys before Thanksgiving, "just waiting for the ax." If we ever give up the Philippines we will give up $20,000,000,000 worth of timber that we are going to need in the United States. Dato Piang, we learned, is a partner in the lumber business with an American in Cotabato. The Dato gets the wood out and the American saws it.



DATO PIANG.

The droll old Dato was at the landing of "Piang's Place" to meet our launch. I had heard so much of his power and wealth that I had pictured a very gorgeous creature, a character from the "Arabian Nights," all decked out in brocade and jewels. Instead I saw a grizzled old Malay, whose costume was not worth thirty cents. It was of dirty white cotton, and so was his turban. Some of his finger nails were an inch long and his teeth were stained black from betel.

We soon saw, however, that the greasy old Piang was a shrewd chap. They say he has Chinese blood, which accounts

for his intelligence. He speaks Spanish quite well and understands a little English. As a host we found him most agreeable. Food and drinks were served on a soiled tablecloth in the front room of his two-story house, and we were introduced to several minor Datos, who dance attendance on Piang.

One of these Moros was quite elaborately dressed and was followed by two bearers, one with a large umbrella, the other with a handsome brass spittoon.

"Doesn't Dato Piang ever rig himself up?" I asked the army officer, who knew the old chief well.

"Oh, you should have seen him when they had the fair at Cotabato," said the American, with a smile. "He came down the river in a barge of state, propelled by seventy rowers. From the mast flew his own peculiar flag, yellow, red and purple—and I can tell you the bamboo craft was 'some decorated.' There was a clown at the bow, who performed antics, and a dancing fool—just like the kings of old. There were twelve male drummers, dressed in scarlet, and a row of female tom-tom players. As for Dato Piang, I haven't enough adjectives to describe his splendor. You can bet that barge made a hit!"

Piang has a large harem. He has had forty-eight children and twenty-eight are still alive. Two of his sons speak English and one has traveled in the States. His settlement consists of many houses and shops. Among his varied business interests, I heard most of the manufactory, farther up the river, where articles of great beauty are made. There are wonderfully embossed "chow" dishes of metal, used for food, with gayly colored straw covers; brass gongs of many tones, and some of the finest weapons made in Moro Land—*krises, campilans* and *barongs,* inlaid with gold and silver.

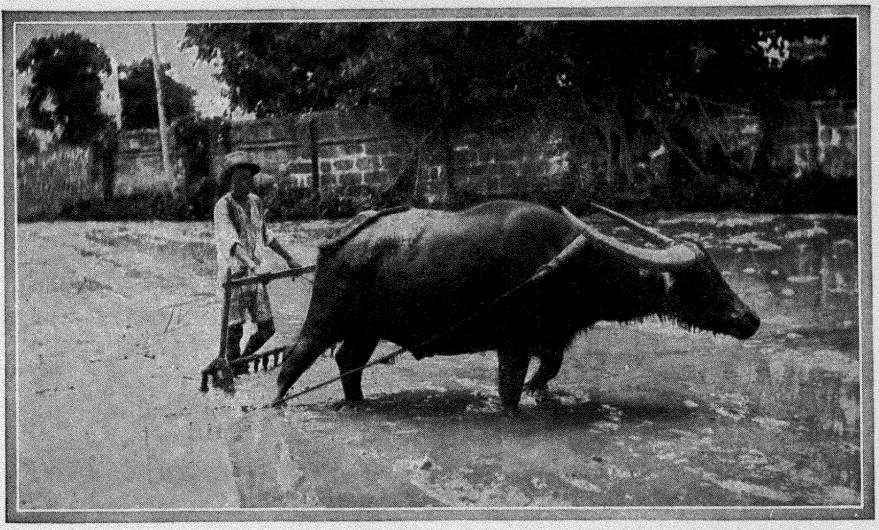
The most elaborate household in Mindanao does not belong to a Dato, but to a mere woman, the "Princessa," as she is called in Cotabato. This Malay lady, tracing her lineage from the Mohammedan conqueror of the island, has, as our American friend expressed it, "a most marvelous collection of junk." I have never seen so many barbaric urns, vases and trays outside of a curio shop. A dozen dancing girls attend

her highness, who takes herself very seriously. Her hair is piled high in a peak and she wears a gold-embroidered gown. Not long ago the "Princessa" left her own home to enter the harem of the Sultan of Maguindanao, who does not seem to cut much of a figure, although his title sounds pretty high. There are many Sultanates in Mindanao, but none of prime importance, like the Sultanate of Sulu.

The history of the Moros is only traditional before their conversion to the faith of Islam. With Mohammedanism came knowledge, art and a degree of civilization, and the old manuscripts, in the possession of the Datos, record family history in a systematic manner.

Cotabato's fertile acres are but sparsely populated. As large quantities of rice are annually imported into the Philippines from French Cochin-China, the Government decided to bring Visayans down from the crowded island of Cebu to the rich lands bordering the Mindanao River. This tract, forty

THE "PRINCESSA" OF COTABATO AND HER ATTENDANTS.



PLOWING A RICE FIELD.

miles above Dato Piang's place, is called the Carpenter Rice Colony, after the former executive secretary. Five hundred families from an alien isle have settled here among the Moros, each receiving forty acres, a *carabao* and a credit of 500 *pesos*. This loan is to be repaid in four annual payments. A company of constabulary soldiers, stationed near by, furnishes protection to the immigrants.

In the southeast corner of Mindanao is the District of Davao, which contains some of the best hemp land in the archipelago. There are over forty American settlers in this section and they are prospering, now that hemp has gone up. Some of them raise Davao lemons, on the side, the size and shape of an orange, and filled with juice. The highest mountain in the Philippines is in this part of the country, Apo, reaching to 10,311 feet; and just off the coast is the greatest ocean depth in the world. A German vessel, sounding two years ago, marked off six miles, which puts Guam's coast record in second place.

Our last port in Mindanao was Zamboanga, on the tip

end of the western peninsula, capital of the Moro Province. This, to my mind, is the most beautiful city in the Islands, a little spotless town, kept spick and span by military rule. With its time-worn fortress, wide, shaded avenues, coral-surfaced streets, cool parks and attractive homes, Zamboanga is in a class by itself. The old gray fort tells the story of a mellow past. For centuries this has been the borderland of Christian invasion against the Mohammedans.

We met another Dato here, Dato Mandi, who was no less than Deputy Governor of the whole Zamboanga District, a proof that the Americans appreciated his power with the Moros.

Fourteen miles from the city, by a splendid motor road, is San Ramon prison, built in the midst of a coconut grove, overlooking the sea. The five hundred Moro prisoners have built their own home—burned the brick and put up the buildings. Instead of a grim, stone wall, shutting off God's air and sunshine, an open grating surrounds these buildings. This is unique and a vast improvement over prisons in the States. The men who are not busy on road work split and dry cocoanuts, for San Ramon is a great plantation. Work in the open air proves the best method of redemption.

In regard to helping the wicked, weak or ignorant toward better things, I heard of an unusual method employed by a capable American woman in charge of a school for Moro girls. The first day the pupils appeared she gave them a bath with palm-olive soap; the second day she washed their heads in coal oil; the third day they got a dose of castor oil. Then she began the lessons.

CHAPTER XXI.

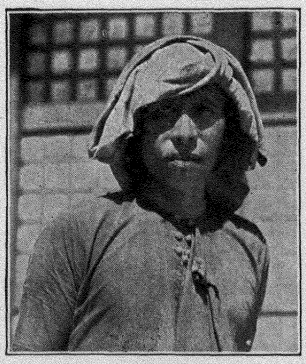
BLOOD-SOAKED JOLO.

OF THE two hundred and fifty palm-fringed, sun-kissed isles which form a chain from Mindanao to Borneo, one —the island of Sulu—has stamped its name on the entire archipelago. Popularly known as Jolo, after its chief city, it has been the scene of almost constant bloodshed for over three hundred years.

While all Moros are "poor benighted 'eathen, but first-class fightin' men," the Sulu brand is rated as the world's greatest scrapper. He has always fought, and to a finish. The Spaniards learned this, for their soldiers, sent to maintain peace, returned in "pieces." Bitter, bloody battles have marked our sixteen years' effort to subdue these fanatical fatalists, yet today they are still defiant.

Long before Magellan reached the Philippines, the Sulus had become Mohammedans. Their ruler, the Sultan, was recognized throughout the archipelago. They had laws and an organized government, an alphabet and a system of education. They fished and planted, had firearms and forts. Natural-born navigators with speedy craft, they lorded it over the Southern seas.

When the Spaniards expelled the Sulus' brother Mohammedans from Manila, the real contest began. Moro warcraft harried the coast towns of the northern islands. Ten thousand Christian Filipinos were captured and enslaved. The women were distributed among the chiefs, the men among the warriors as field hands. The aged were



A TYPICAL SULU MORO FACE.

frequently sold to wild tribes in Borneo to be sacrificed in pagan rites.

As a proof of the fear inspired by these pirates, watch-towers stand today in many ports of the islands, where Spanish sentinels kept a sharp lookout for "those cursed Sulus." Their reputation has worn well. A merchant on the island of Cebu told me that even now, if some one would stand in the middle

JOLO PIER, ISLAND OF SULU.

of a village street on a dark night and yell "Moros!" half the town would take to the woods.

The Spaniards retaliated. They sent seasoned troops, commanded by their ablest generals, to Jolo, the Wasps' Nest. They were practically exterminated by the brass cannon of the Sulus.

More troops! More slaughter! Then whole fleets were dispatched from Manila, a regular Armada! A landing was finally effected and the town of Jolo fortified. But holding it was as hard as handling a pack of wildcats. The Spaniards had to build a wall around the place.

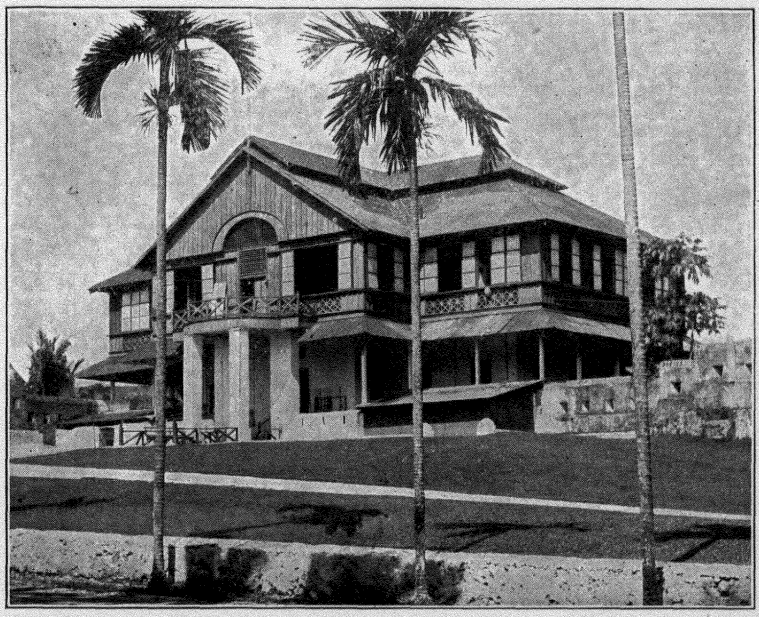
Killing Christian soldiers continued to be a popular Sulu pastime. It was not until 1878 that Spain at last succeeded in securing a protectorate over the islands, paying annual tribute to the Sultan and his leading Datos. Even then some Moros not on the salary list kept on with the fireworks and the city's gates were closed for months at a time.

Moslems have a very unpleasant habit of going *juramentado*. The British call it "running amuck," in their Mohammedan colonies. A man gets all worked up about something, makes an oath to kill a Christian and cuts up every foreigner in sight. A Spanish general lost twelve men by this form of attack.

"Go up to the Sultan's house," he commanded, "and shoot it up!" The soldiers obeyed. This brought the Sultan to the fort in a rush.

"General! General!" he cried. "Your men are shooting into my house!"

"Can't help it," replied the General. "They've all gone *juramentado!*"



UNITED STATES MILITARY HEADQUARTERS, JOLO.

Spain was still fighting the Sulus when Dewey sailed into Manila Bay. The Spanish troops left Jolo in May, 1899, and we garrisoned the fort the same day. What we have learned at first hand about the Sulu Moros since then would fill volumes!

From time to time a brief synopsis of this experience has flashed by wireless from Jolo to Zamboanga and on to make headlines for the press. A bit of sameness, perhaps, in these dispatches to the stay-at-homes:

"Heroic Dash Up to Moro Cotta! Hand-to-Hand Conflict With Demons!" But to the men making history there is variety enough!

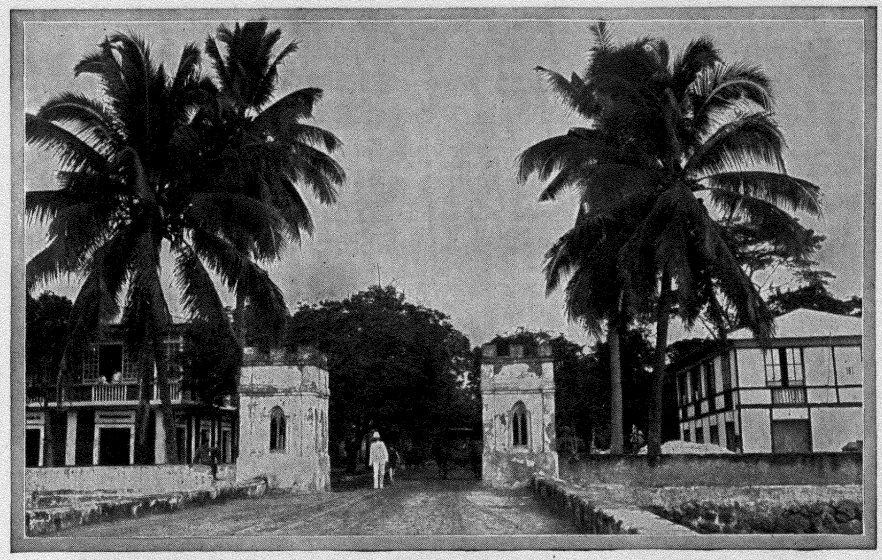
Not many of us in the States know exactly what a Moro *cotta* is; but we do know that Jolo is on the map and we have a wholesome respect for their fighting men.

I, for one, did not appreciate what a wonderful series of fortifications Nature had given the Sulus until I visited Jolo. Thirteen hours out from Zamboanga we steamed past the battle-scarred island. Its sky-line showed a series of extinct volcanoes, their bowl-shaped craters plainly visible. As I stood gazing at the port we were nearing, a ship's officer came on deck.

"Do you see that peak back of the town?" he asked. "That's Dajo, where General Wood rounded up a band of renegades back in '96—killed every Moro in the bunch, 1,400 of 'em. You see these craters make great defenses," he went on. "Every one of them has been a Moro *cotta* some time or other. You heard about Bagsak? Forgotten? Well, look up some of the boys in Jolo who were in the fight. They'll give you a story worth while."

As we came alongside the dock I saw a familiar scene, although I had never before been in Jolo. There they were—the old lighthouse, the great stone gate, the waving palms—all the first-act setting of George Ade's comic opera, "The Sultan of Sulu."

I looked about for a *jinrikisha,* as we had used them in Zamboanga and found them very comfortable.



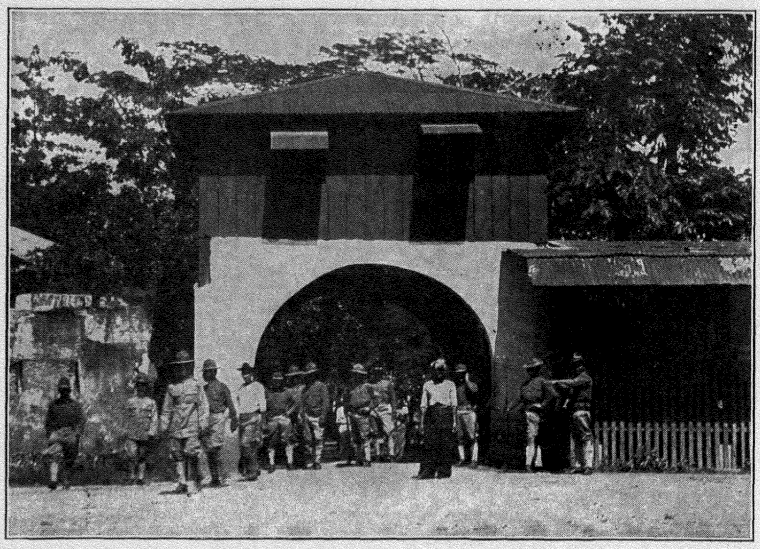
ENTRANCE TO THE TOWN OF JOLO FROM THE PIER. GEORGE ADE REPRODUCED THIS SCENE IN HIS COMIC OPERA, "THE SULTAN OF SULU."

"We don't have rickshaws here," said an American on the pier. "Zambo's the only place you'll find them in the Philippines. This town is too small for them, anyway, and no one would care to go outside the walls in that sort of a rig. Too easy for a Moro to give you a *bolo* in the back."

Walled Jolo is a tabloid town, not over five hundred yards square. It is beautifully laid out, with broad, clean streets, lined with double rows of flame trees, and three attractive little parks. The wall has five gates, but only two are now open—the pier entrance and one land gate. Outside the walls is the Moro village of Tulay, and the Chinese settlement. A part of the outer town, called Busbus, received its name from a place of execution in the days of the independent Sultanate. Persons convicted of capital crimes were tied to a tree here and hacked to pieces. Hence the name Busbus—to chop up. You cannot get away from bloodstains in Jolo. I became saturated

with tales of courage and daring, feats of little bands of soldiers who have kept Uncle Sam busy stamping medals of honor.

When the Stars and Stripes were raised on the island, we had visions of a peaceful rule. We had the experience of other nations ruling Mohammedan subjects to draw on—England in India, Egypt, Borneo and British Malaya; France in Algiers; Italy in Tripoli; Holland in the East Indies; to say nothing of Spain's long years with Moors and Moros. We knew that the



UNITED STATES SOLDIERS ENTERING THE GATE TO JOLO.

Moros had refused to join Aguinaldo's revolt against us. We began gently.

Colonel Scott, who had turned Apaches into farmers in the States, brought fatherly methods to Jolo. He was patient and kind. But the Sulu is ruled only by fire and iron. The Colonel was obliged to fight a powerful chief and his followers near Crater Lake, where he was terribly wounded, losing half his fingers in a *bolo* rush. Unwilling to give up until he conquered them, the gallant soldier tracked the fanatics, with open wounds, for three dreadful months.

Then came the big Dajo battle, where our troops, with slight loss, climbed the mountain and killed every Moro in the crater. Orders were issued for all Sulus to give up their weapons, the Government agreeing to pay a fixed price for every gun and *kris*. As a Moro's standing among his fellows is dependent on the quantity and quality of his weapons, this command was resisted. We then began a vigorous campaign to collect them and we are still at it. Originally we estimated the guns on the island to number 1,500. Already we have gathered in 5,000, a most marvelous assortment, from ancient Spanish to modern types. *Krises* and *campilans* must also be given up, but a man is allowed to keep his working *bolos*.

This weapon-collecting has been grilling work. We have

A MORO TREE HOUSE.

used scouts, including several companies of Mindanao Moros, and constabulary, besides our regular soldiers.

Six battles were fought in a year's time, Bagsak, in June, 1913, being the fiercest engagement of American arms in the Philippines. In fact, the history of modern warfare contains no parallel to the five days of incessant battle on this mountain slope and crest.

Bagsak, with its six cultivated acres within the crater, has long been the stronghold for rebels. All around the mountain the Moros built unusually strong defenses, or *cottas,* consisting of adobe walls on bamboo framework, reënforced by loopholed logs. Our troops surrounded Bagsak at night and at dawn the mountain batteries started the attack on the lowest *cottas.* As these were demolished, the plucky Mindanao scouts led the slow ascent to the crater. Every inch was contested. At night our men built barbed-wire entanglements around their camps as a protection from knife thrusts, but the loss, even then, was heavier than by day. It took one hundred and twenty hours to crawl up 2,000 feet.

A MORO WAR DANCE.

On the fifth day the Sulus were driven to their last *cotta.* They knew that the end had come and they laughed at death, for death on the battleground means Paradise Eternal to the Moslem. Two hours of desperate hand-to-hand fighting and our men reached the crater's brink. For an hour a leaden hail poured in on the wild-eyed warriors—and it was the end.

The end? Yes—of Bagsak, which will long be remembered for contempt of danger, the testing of men by fire and sword —but not the end of the Sulu resistance.

"Were any women killed at Bagsak?" I asked an officer, just out of the hospital. He eyed me cautiously before replying.

"You people over in the States don't understand," he said. "Moro women dress like men and fight quite as desperately. In the heat of battle we can't stop to inquire the sex. I got that *bolo* thrust in my side from a woman." The subject was dropped.

"How many Moros were killed at Bagsak?" I inquired.

"I don't know," he said, "the crater wasn't quite full. We got over six hundred guns."

Lieutenant Whitney of the Philippine constabulary, who received his medal of honor at Bagsak, where he was seriously wounded, was made Governor of Jolo. Not long afterward he was attacked by two Sulus armed with *bolos.* Grasping the nearer with his left arm in such a manner that he was unable to use his knife, the Governor, who was still badly crippled, shot the second man, then turned his pistol on the one at near range. I saw the knives which were taken from the dead Moros and heard much of Whitney's coolness and courage. He was ruling the Sulus with a rod of iron and, if only he is allowed to carry out his policy, all the bad Moros will soon be below ground.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE SULTAN OF SULU.

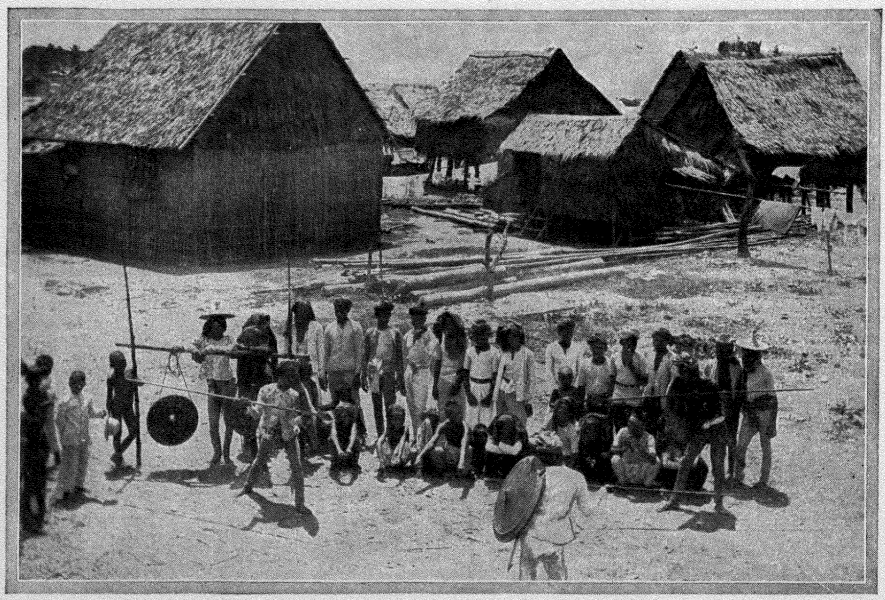
"I'M AFRAID you can't see the Sultan of Sulu. He's not in Jolo just now—living on the other side of the island."

My looks must have shown my disappointment, for coming to Sulu and not seeing the Sultan was like a visit to Washington with the Capitol left out.

Sulu is only a ten by thirty island, so "the other side" did not sound very far away.

"Why can't we ride over to see the Sultan?" I asked. "We want to take his photograph."

It was unsafe, they said. Sulu was filled with bad Moros. No civilians wanted at large. This seemed to settle it. A few



MORO SPEAR DANCE.

hours later, however, we were gliding away from Jolo's pier on a small steamer which we had chartered, bound for "the other side."

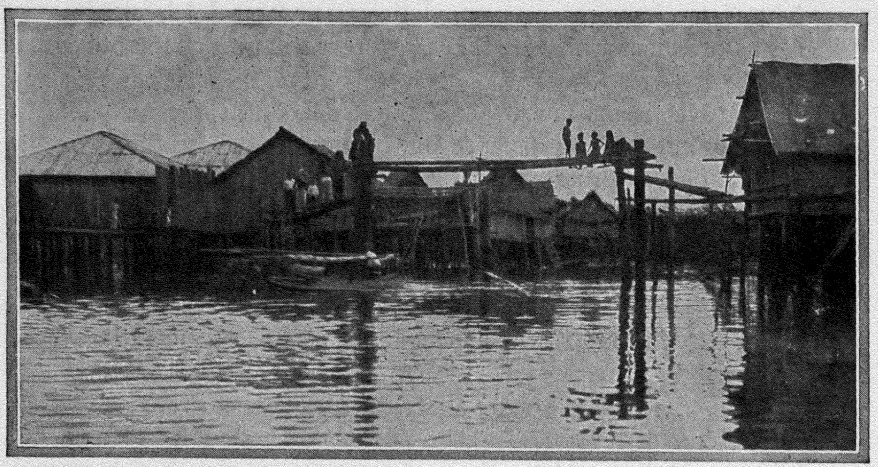
We had heard much about the Sultan. In these sunny isles, within striking distance of the equator, where the even climate hardly permits of weather conversation, the void is filled by anecdotes of this representative of Allah. There is nothing wrong with the Sultan's ancestral tree. He can trace his royal branch back to the first Moslem ruler of the Sulu archipelago.

When the Mayflower anchored at Plymouth Rock, sovereignty on this edge of the world was maintained by three Sultans. One was at Johore on the Malay Peninsula; another at Brunei in North Borneo; a third on the island of Sulu. Though all were Mohammedans, there was great rivalry and jealousy among them. Each was supreme over a large territory; each ruled many subjects, had many ships, and made quite a display of royal splendor.

The Sultans of Johore and Sulu were on bad terms with the ruler of Brunei, whose territory lay between, so they arranged an alliance against him. A princess of Johore was given in marriage to the Sultan of Sulu. In those days the bride went to the home of the groom, so a gorgeous fleet was equipped to escort the lady to the Sulu Sea. Many gifts were sent to the prospective bridegroom, half a dozen elephants being a special feature.

But alas and alack! The wicked Borneo Sultan heard of the program. Out on the China Sea went his armed fleet to intercept the Johore flotilla. The bride was captured and taken to Brunei, where she was added to the Sultan's harem. The elephants sailed on in safety to Sulu. There they multiplied, but had such an unpleasant habit of pulling up young coconut trees that they were finally killed off by the Sulus.

The forlorn bridegroom did not overlook the bad turn done him by Brunei. At the very first opportunity he sent a raiding expedition to Borneo, capturing many headsmen, whom he held as hostages until exchanged for a large section of territory.



MAIBUN, OLDEST SETTLEMENT ON ISLAND OF SULU. SULTANS HAVE ALWAYS HAD A PALACE HERE.

This land in Borneo remained subject to Sulu rule through many reigns, until 1865, when a British company offered the Sultan and his heirs $5,000 (Mexican currency) annually for 30,000 square miles, including 600 miles of coast line. This offer was too tempting to be refused, and the British flag now flies over North Borneo. So you see the Sultan of Brunei, whose entire territory became in time British owned or protected, paid quite a penalty for bride-stealing.

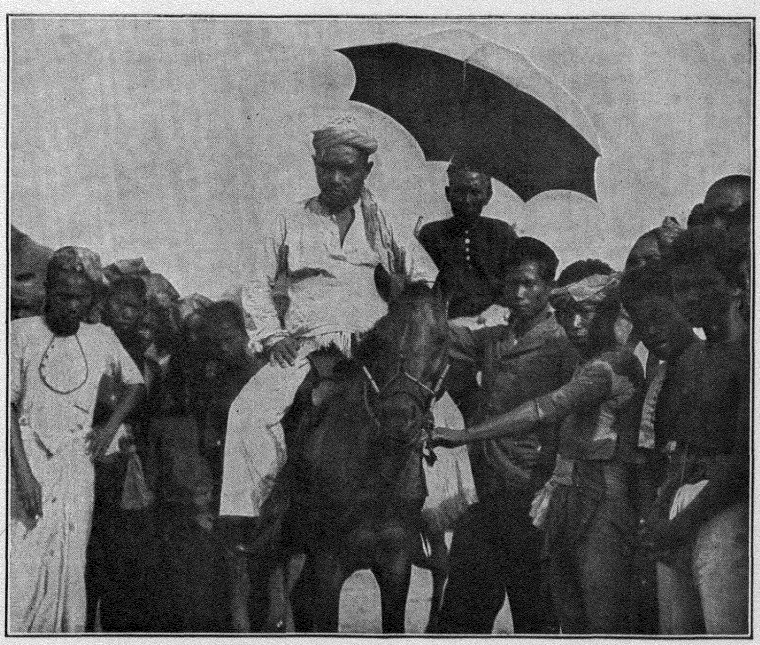
"There's Maibun," said the captain, "that bunch of shacks over to the right." I had expected more than this, for the place is the oldest settlement on the island and has long been the home of Sultans. We approached at low tide and the odor from the mud was almost unbearable. Most of the town is built on piles over the water, a popular method in the Sulu country. About 1,000 inhabitants would be a generous estimate. A motley crowd assembled, as visitors are rare here, and word was sent to the Sultan, who lives on a hill half a mile from the town. Before we could call on him, he called on us.

Down the road he came, Jamalul Kiram II., not as I pic-

tured his ancestors, mounted on bespangled elephants, but astride a somewhat moth-eaten pony and carrying a big yellow umbrella. A member of his court followed, also mounted. Behind him came the rabble.

His highness was most gracious, shook hands, offered us a chew of betel from his highly ornate brass box and conversed in rather poor Spanish. He posed for his photograph and seemed pleased when told that it would be published later. He is forty-seven years old and has been Sultan since 1894. The Spaniards put one of his relatives on the throne in 1886, but as Jamalul Kiram was in direct line, his father and brother having ruled, the Sulus backed him almost to a man. They made it so warm for the usurper that he was forced to retire.

The present Sultan's rule, however, has been disappointing. He seems to have lost much of his influence with his people and his reign has been as bloody as any in Moro history, although he has taken no part in the conflicts. His palace in Jolo is as



HIS HIGHNESS, THE SULTAN OF SULU.

unpretentious as his home in Maibun, but in Singapore, down in the Straits Settlements, he owns a real palace which he rents to a Chinese gentleman.

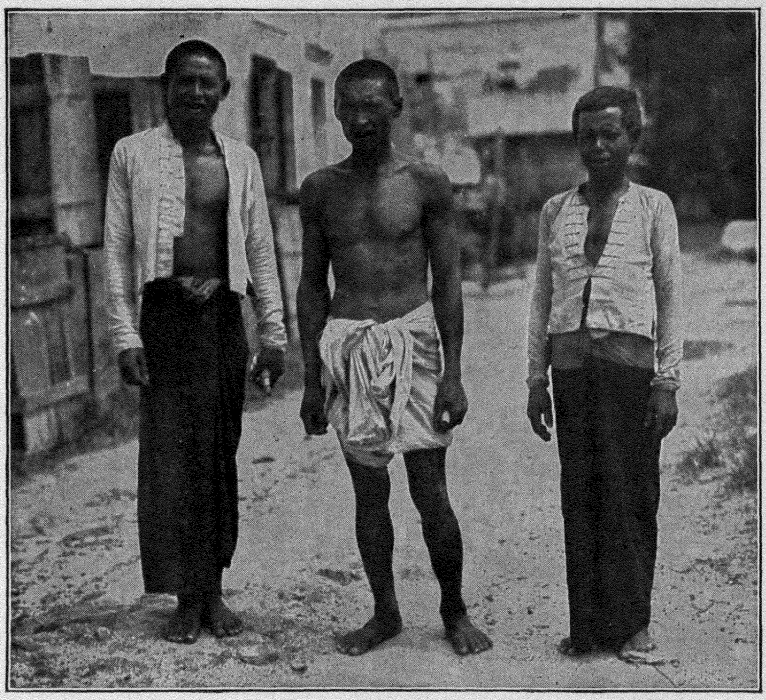
Some years ago the Sultan made a tour of the world, visiting many cities in the United States, and has made several trips to Singapore. He usually travels with four wives and a retinue, putting on quite a little style.

His income is considerable. Besides his annual revenue from the North Borneo Company, Uncle Sam pays him $5,000 a year, for which amount he is supposed to use his influence toward peace. As one of the boys in Jolo expressed it, "We aren't getting a run for our money."

Then he has quite a revenue from the rent of pearling grounds and takes many of the large pearls as his right from native divers. Altogether he should be a rich man, but unfortunately he is an inveterate gambler and loses money and pearls to the crafty Chinese fan-tan players.

Our tour of the Philippines was nearing its end as we

MORO CHILDREN READY TO DIVE FOR COINS, ISLAND OF SULU.



SOME SULU SMUGGLERS.

reached the southernmost islands. The two hundred and fifty isles of the Sulu archipelago form a long chain stretching from Mindanao southwestward to Borneo.

Although the Sulus have long cultivated the land, their principal revenue has come from the sea—in piracy, smuggling and pearling. It is difficult to say which has been the most profitable; certainly piracy has been the most popular and held its own until the advent of steam. Smuggling is a comparatively modern business. Pearling is a very ancient occupation.

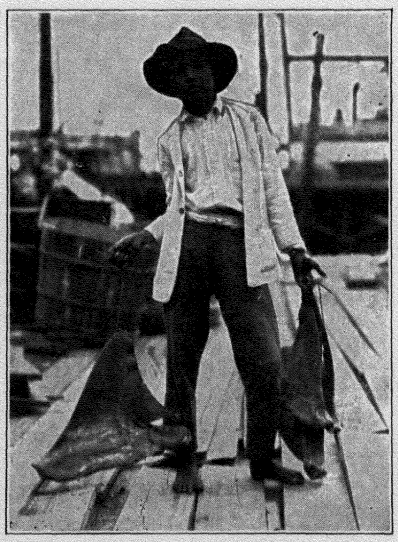
The forefathers of the Sulus ate oysters, using the shells for plates, and ornamented their children with pearl necklaces. Long ago the Chinese sailed down to the Sulu Sea in

their junks to trade silks and porcelain for pearls and pearl shells.

In the old days all the large pearls were the private property of the Sultan, furnishing him a splendid income, as the vast pearling grounds of the Sulu and Celebes Seas give the finest round pearls in the world. But it is not the pearls, strange to say, that make the business so attractive today. Less than five per cent of the shells contain pearls, so they supply the "sporting chance." It is the shell known commercially as mother-of-pearl which brings the steady income.

The town of Jolo is the trade center for a vast stretch of tropic sea and here congregate the buyers from Europe on the lookout for the only gems produced in the "Kingdom of the Sea." Over forty sailing vessels with diving apparatus make their headquarters at Jolo. There is considerable outlay in the equipment, each vessel costing $4,000. They make two ten-day trips a month. Each boat carries a crew of eight, two of them divers. The divers are the important men, receiving a percentage of the haul besides a monthly salary. The pearling boats are chiefly owned by Chinese and Japanese, the Sultan of Sulu owning one.

At daylight the divers descend to the ocean floor and are carried along by the current, the vessels following. When their baskets are filled they are ready to ascend.



SHARKS' FINS.

"Do they have much trouble with sharks?" I asked the captain, as we passed a pearler on our way south from Maibun.

"No, that's not what bothers them," said the skipper, well acquainted with Sulu waters. "It's paralysis that gets them, caused by pulling them up to the surface too quickly. They should be pulled out on the installment plan, giving

them a chance to work their arms and legs and get the excess of nitrogen out of their systems. You see, the great pressure of the water forces it into their blood."

Natives still dive for pearls without the modern air-pump, and some operate a dredge, but the majority of the shells are gathered by the new method.

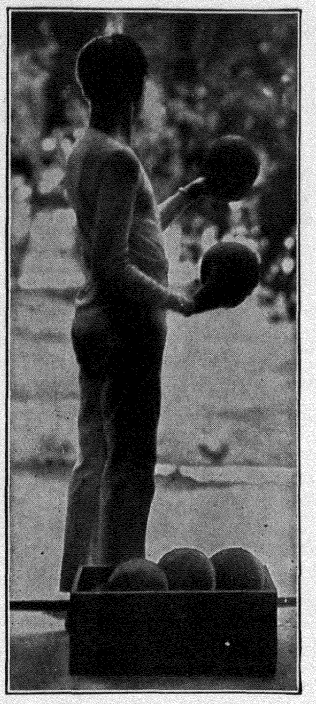
"Did you ever hear how the sea became phosphorescent?" asked the captain that night, as we plowed our way through gleaming water.

"The natives say that long ago a brave Rajah fought a wicked giant. The Rajah killed his enemy, but in pulling back his *kris*, his magic golden ring flew off and rolled into the sea. He saw it gleaming near the shore and reached for it, but it broke into a thousand dazzling lights which scattered over the water. And that's why the sea down here is phosphorescent."

EDIBLE BIRDS' NESTS FOR SALE

From Jolo we sailed south to Siasi, Tawi-Tawi and Bongao, isles not far from the coast of Borneo. The southernmost constabulary post in the Philippines is stationed on Bongao and the brave young officer in charge here keeps peace, far away from reënforcements from Jolo. Swallows' nests and sharks' fins, so prized by the Chinese as food, are among the strange shipments from this part of the world.

These are the islands which give Uncle Sam's representatives a tropical nightmare, for this is the principal smuggling ground. It is just an easy hop from Borneo over to these southern islands; then smooth sailing on to Jolo and Mindanao, with transshipment to the northern Philippines.



OPIUM BALLS.

Speedy craft, sneaking over with firearms, keep the Sulus well supplied. Opium, too, which is under Government ban in the Philippines, comes over in this manner, its price being so attractive that the natives will resort to any device to evade official vigilance. They even fill the bamboo masts of their fleet *vintas,* as the boats are known, with opium, and hang it to the keels. The Government has put a fast cruiser on this trail, hoping to stop the traffic.

In North Borneo the British company "farms out" the opium monopoly to Chinamen, the poppy from which it is made coming from India in round balls the size of a Dutch cheese. Water is added and the mass is boiled into a paste. The opium farm's plant is being increased to supply Philippine trade, so business looks good for the Sulus, superb smugglers of the Southern seas.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WHAT WE SHOULD DO.

WE NOW have arrived at the point where it is necessary to sum up the result of our investigations and observations in the Philippines. Clearly, the United States Government under past administrations has achieved splendid results in these Islands. The change and improvements effected have been, in fact, surprising. From a stagnant, almost barbarous condition at the time of American occupation, the interests and population of the Islands have been lifted toward a distinctly higher plane.

Consider what is being done in the matter of the education of the rising generation of these tribes. Not much can be expected of the adults, to be sure, but the future of the Islands may be molded for good by the educating of the young. In that lies the real hope for the Philippines. English is now taught in the almost 3,000 public schools, and to an average enrollment in 1913 of 329,756 pupils. That is mainly the work of the United States, and it means something. Turn the Islands over to the Filipinos, and unquestionably the school system will retrograde and culture decline.

There are successful trade and industrial schools in the Islands, and elementary agriculture is taught in all the public schools. For higher education there is the free State-supported University of the Philippines, with colleges of Liberal Arts, Medicine and Surgery, Engineering, Agriculture and a School of Fine Arts. In 1913 there were 704 students in the collegiate departments and 694 in the School of Fine Arts. A very good showing, you observe. It would be a pity to put this fine school system into the hands of half-baked native Filipino politicians. We have done things well in the Philippines mainly because they have been done by intelligent authority, much

as we have done things in the Panama Canal Zone, Porto Rico and Hawaii.

Besides establishing the school system, we have done many other praiseworthy things. We have enormously increased the commerce of the Islands and expanded the agricultural area; we have installed 590 postoffices with 437 postal savings banks, which have 39,909 accounts; we have strung the Islands with telegraph lines and cables; we have increased the railroads from 120 miles in 1898 to 604 miles, with 440 miles building; we have extended the system of roads until they comprise 4,531 miles, about one-half of which is hard-surfaced, and having 5,660 permanent bridges and culverts. We have established successful newspapers and banks in the Islands, as well as courts of justice; we have liberalized religion, and put the money of the country on a secure gold basis. In my opinion, we have done exceedingly well.

However, having done well thus far, it is unfortunately now the policy of the American administration to undo much of what we have done. In my opinion, that will be the result of the present administration's policy of Filipino independence, if carried into effect. A bill has recently been introduced in the United States Congress the ultimate intention of which is to give the Filipinos entire self-government. The bill has been approved by the President and leaders of the administration. The measure provides for a Government in which the Governor-General and the members of the Supreme Court are the only officials to be appointed by the President, and does away with the Philippine Commission. An upper and lower house of legislature are to be voted for by the people, and the preamble states that it never was the intention of the people of the United States to hold the Islands permanently, which means that presently they are to be handed back to the natives. In my belief, a distinct and disastrous blunder is being perpetrated.

I am convinced by what I saw in the Islands that it would be, ultimately, injurious to the Filipinos themselves to give them independence, because they will be incapable of progres-

sive self-government for generations to come, and *always* unable to protect themselves against conquest by any nation that sees fit to attack them. I predict that, if given independence, the passing of a year or two would see them convulsed by revolutions, for the reason that the country consists of separate islands and the population of mixed, inharmonious races. Besides, great as has been our influence in teaching them civilized ways, they are, and will be for a long time to come, entirely unfit to use the franchise *intelligently* and *peacefully,* an absolute essential in self-government. They have no proper conception of what liberty and equality mean, and are wholly unfit for a republic.

The mistake has been that from the first we have encouraged the Filipinos to look forward to the day when they will have complete control of their Government. This has kept them stirred up and dissatisfied, and has concentrated the attention of the people on political conditions rather than on economic affairs, an influence that has worked them injury.

Business institutions in the Islands are, naturally, at a loss to know what to look forward to in the future. If the United States remains in charge, they feel that things will be stable, if the Islands are turned back into the hands of the natives, business men do not know whether the Government will hang together, or what the laws will be. Depression has begun in the Philippines; the Islands are rich in resources, and capital is needed, but capital fears to invest where there is so much uncertainty.

True, there is a certain demand for independence in the Islands, but it is mainly made by the native politicians, who would be freed of all restraint, and with what results you have but to remember the revolutionary history of most tropic countries. Still, admitting that it is possible that they might maintain self-government against internal disruption, how long would their independence last? If they are not able to protect themselves against outside aggression, what is to become of their independence?

We propose to hand them something which they cannot

keep unless we protect them, and when they have involved themselves in trouble with other nations, we will have to go to war in their behalf about disputes in which we have no part and over which we have no control.

If we are to assume responsibility, it is my conviction that we should have control, especially of a territory so distant as the Philippines, and one so obviously unfit for self-government. On our part, responsibility without control has the appearance of sheer foolishness, nothing less. In point of fact, the Filipinos are not fitted for wisely using the partial governmental control which has already been given them, much less complete mastery of the Islands. This fact is clinched by the unsatisfactory conditions developing in the Islands.

Here are some items to consider:

1. The Filipinization of the military service has continued with greater activity than formerly.

2. Governor Harrison, who stated in his first address to the Philippine people that he owed his appointment to the activity of Manuel Quezon, Philippine Commissioner in Washington, is not popular with the Americans in Manila.

3. A number of departments have been discontinued, the reason given being that the Philippine Government cannot properly maintain them, indicating inefficiency.

4. Many Americans are out of employment, and have not sufficient funds to pay their passage home to the States, the result of a bad policy.

5. The Moro Province is no longer under military control. The scouts have been replaced by native constabulary soldiers, in smaller numbers, a bad thing.

6. The condition of sanitation is bad in Manila, owing to the appointment of Filipinos as inspectors. If the flies have come into Manila in great numbers because of neglected garbage cans, etc., the condition must be doubly bad in cities like Cebu and Iloilo, where sanitary conditions are not so advanced as in the capital.

7. There is no longer work to take young American engineers to the Philippines. The stage of construction seems

to have ended, for the present, at least. We need these islands for our young men to go to instead of to some country south of the equator, under a different flag.

8. The business men of the Islands are uncertain about the future, a fact that makes depression.

9. The custom collections fell off 2,889,765 *pesos* in the last six months of 1913. In the first three months of 1914 the total trade of the principal ports of the Islands decreased 1,525,500 *pesos,* showing the effect of mistaken administrative policy.

However, the gravest question of all is our moral responsibility to this people, a people that we liberated from the tyranny of Spain, and now propose to turn loose to probable self-destruction or the questionable mercies of Japan or China. We have done them much good; we should continue to teach and develop them; it is a plain case of moral obligation, as well as good business. If we wish to avoid war about the Philippines, we should make them a permanent, integral part of the United States; if we wish to invite war concerning them, a sure way is to throw them on their own childish resources, then attempt to protect them from other nations. To "make good" the platform of the political party at present dominant in the United States, this course is now contemplated. I sincerely hope that it may not be carried forward to its inevitable disastrous conclusion. We need the Philippines in the Orient as we need the Hawaiian Islands in the Pacific on the road to that Orient, and I enter my everlasting protest against the abandoning of the people of these beautiful islands to the disastrous destiny which almost surely must be theirs if the difficult task of self-government is placed in their childish hands. We need not fear; bread cast upon the water returns, and with time we will find the Philippines valuable and profitable, as well as an example of what strong, civilized nations should do in the uplifting of the younger, weaker branches of the human race. Where the Stars and Stripes once float they should never be pulled down.

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